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REA

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FAUST: A TRAGEDY.

BY GOETHE.

Part I.

EDITED AND ANNOTATED BY F. H. HEDGE, D.D.

METRICAL VERSION BY MISS SWANWICK.

ALSO,

A PROSE TRANSLATION OF THE SAME, BY A. HAYWARD.

Part II.

TRANSLATED BY MISS SWANWICK.

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AUG 13 1941

FAUST.

INTRODUCTION BY THE AMERICAN EDITOR.

The notion of a formal compact with a personal fiend, once so prevalent, had in the Middle Ages a special application to such as were versed beyond the mark of their time in the mysteries of physical science, like Friar Bacon, Albert the Great, and Cornelius Agrippa. Dr. Faustus, of German tradition, was one of those to whom this suspicion attached. Johann Faust, not to be confounded with his namesake, the reputed inventor of the art of printing, was a veritable historical personage. Born at Knittlingen, in Würtemberg, he studied medicine, and also magic, then a recognized branch of learning, at the University of Cracow, visited various parts of Europe, and afterward led a wandering life in Germany, professing supernatural power, and styling himself *philosophus philosophorum*. Melancthon, as reported by his pupil Manlius, speaks of him as having visited Wittenberg some time after the battle of Pavia, 1525, and as boasting that by his magic arts he had procured the victory in that battle for Charles V.

He is also mentioned by Philip Begardi, a physician of repute in his day, in a work entitled "Index Sanitatum," published in 1539.

Around this slight nucleus of historic fact there clustered, in the sixteenth century, portentous accretions of fabulous matter. A supposed league with the enemy of mankind was precisely the soil for such growths. Gast, a theologian of the time, who dined with Faust at Basel, as he says in his *Sermones Conviviales*, represents him accompanied by two devils, one in the shape of a dog, the other in that of a horse.

His death, of which nothing certain is known, was depicted with great horror of circumstance as a warning against commerce with Satan. By some he is said to have been torn in pieces by the Adversary when the term of his service — twenty-four years — had expired; by others to have been turned on his face in the coffin as often as he was laid in the right position.

The earliest printed narrative of Faust's adventures is that of Spiess, published in Frankfort, in 1587. An English translation of this in 1590 furnished Marlowe with the subject matter of his "Dr. Faustus, a Tragedy," which enjoyed a brief popularity on the English stage, but was not published until ten years after the author's death.

Goethe appears to have derived his knowledge of the Faust legend partly from the work of Widmann, published in 1599, and another more modern in its form, which appeared in 1728, and partly from the puppet plays exhibited in Frankfort and other cities of Germany, of which that legend was then a favorite theme. He was not the only writer of his day who made use of it. Some thirty of his contemporaries had produced their Fausts during the interval which elapsed between the conception and completion of his great work. Oblivion seems to have overtaken them all, with the exception of Lessing's, of which, unfortunately, we have only a few fragments. The MS. of the complete work was unaccountably lost on its way to the publisher, between Dresden and Leipzig.

It is known to all who are familiar with Goethe's life and writings, that the composition of Faust proceeded spasmodically, with many and long interruptions between the inception and conclusion. Projected in 1769, at the age of twenty, it was not completed till the year 1831, at the age of eighty-two. The reasons for so long a delay in the case of a writer who often composed so rapidly, have been widely discussed by recent critics. The true explanation I think is to be found in the fact of the author's removal to Weimar when only a small portion of the work had been

written, when only the general conception and one or two leading ideas were present to his thought, and before the plan of the whole was matured. That change of residence, with the new interests, the official duties, the multiplicity of engagements attending it, made a thorough break in Goethe's literary life. Several works begun or planned were left unfinished, and Faust among the rest. Some of these were never resumed, and the same fate would apparently have befallen Faust but for the urgent solicitation of friends. He took the MS. with him to Rome, and from there he wrote, in 1788, to friends at home, that he was going to work upon his Faust again, and that he thought that he had recovered the thread of the piece. For "thought," Bayard Taylor says "felt sure;" but Goethe's language was not so decided.* The thread of an unfinished work after the lapse of fifteen years is not easily recovered; my own opinion is, that Goethe never did recover it; and hence the long delay in the completion of the work. We know, at any rate, that the only addition made to it then was the scene in the Witch's Kitchen. That, as we learn from Eckermann, was written in the villa Borghese — the most unlikely place in the world for such a composition. In the midst of southern and classic associations, this extravaganza of northern diablerie! In 1790 a fragment of the First Part was published, wanting several of the best scenes in the work, as we now have it. Then again there is a long gap. Meanwhile he had become acquainted and intimate with Schiller, and at his instigation he made several unsuccessful attempts to finish Faust. Grief for Schiller's death, which occurred in 1805, caused new delay; but at last, in 1808, the First Part was published entire as we now have it in a uniform edition of the author's works. Meanwhile a portion of the Second Part, comprising the whole of the third act, had been already composed. This was published separately, in 1827, with the title, "Helena, a Classic-Romantic Phantasmagoria." With the exception of parts of the first act in 1828, nothing more of the second part

* "*Ich glaube*" is his expression.

of Faust appeared in print during the author's lifetime. But the octogenarian had rigorously bound himself to finish it if possible before, as he said, the great night should come, "in which no man can work." Fortunately the closing scenes were already written. Slowly and painfully the work proceeded at intervals during the three remaining years, and was not completed until within seven months of his death.

Had ever a poet's masterpiece such a genesis? Birth-pangs extending over sixty years!

The history of its composition reveals itself here and there in the finished work, especially in the second part. The first half of the fifth act gives one the impression of an outline not filled up, indications instead of representations; a design imperfectly executed. Single passages, striking in themselves, are loosely connected, and this first half bears no proportion to the last. The fourth act is rich in suggestion, but labors in the structure. The third act, an exquisite poem in itself, is an interlude, and does not further the development of the plot. The same may be said of the Classical Walpurgis Night in the second. In short, although one grand design may be supposed in the poet's mind to have comprehended and clinched the whole, the want of unity in the execution of the Second Part is painfully apparent to all in whose estimation the interest of single portions does not compensate for the halting of the plot. Even the First Part, with all its grandeur and its fire, its pathos and its sweetness, bears marks of interruption in its composition. A single prose scene contrasts with strange though not unpleasant effect the metrical movement of the rest. Gaps and seams and joints and splicings are here and there apparent. The work is too great to be injured by them, but they bear witness of arrested and fitful composition. The scene with Valentine, one of the most spirited, is introduced with some violence by Mephistopheles' serenade before Gretchen's door. The Walpurgisnachtstraum, or "Oberon and Titania's Golden Wedding" is lugged in with no motive in the drama, whose action it only serves to interrupt. In old English poems the divisions are sometimes called

"Fyttes" (fits). It has seemed to me that the term would be an apt designation of the scenes in Faust. They were thrown off by the author as the fit took him.

But the effect of the long arrest which, after Goethe's removal to Weimar, delayed the completion of the Faust, is most apparent in the wide gulf which separates, as to character and style, the Second Part from the First. So great indeed is the distance between the two, that without external historical proofs of identity, it would seem from internal evidence altogether improbable, in spite of the slender thread of the fable which connects them, that both poems were the work of one and the same author. And really they were not the same. The change which had come over Goethe when returned from Italy had gone down to the very springs of his intellectual life. The fervor and the rush, the sparkle and foam of his early productions had been replaced by the stately calm and the luminous breadth of view that is born of experience. The torrent of the mountains had become the river of the plain. Romantic impetuosity had changed to classic repose. He could still, by occasional efforts of the will, cast himself back into old moods, resume the old thread, and so complete the first Faust. But we may confidently assert that he could not, after the age of forty, have originated the poem, any more than, before his Italian tour, he could have written the second Faust, purporting to be a continuation of the first. The difference in spirit and style is enormous.

As to the question which of the two is the greater production, it seems to me a very preposterous one. They are incommensurable. It is like asking which is greater, Dante's Commedia or Shakespeare's Macbeth. As to which is the more generally interesting, no question can arise. There are thousands who enjoy and admire the First Part to one who even reads the Second. The interest of the former is poetic and thoroughly human; the interest of the other is partly poetic, but mostly philosophical and scientific. The one bears you irresistibly on; you forget the writer

and his genius in the theme. The other draws your attention to the manner, and leaves you cold and careless of the theme. The transition from the first to the second is like the change from a hill country to a richly-cultured champaign; from the wild picturesqueness of nature to the smooth perfection of art.

In one respect, at least, the Second Part is nowise inferior to the First, namely, in rhythmical beauty. It abounds in metrical prodigies, proof at once of the marvellous plasticity of the language, and the technical skill of the poet, whose versification, at the age of fourscore, exhibits all the ease and dexterity of youth, and to whom it seems to have been as natural to utter himself in verse as in prose.

The symbolical character of Faust is assumed by all the critics, and in part confessed by the author himself. Besides the general symbolism pervading and motiving the whole, a symbolism of human destiny, and here and there a shadowing forth of the poet's private experience, there are special allusions, local, personal, enigmatic conceits, which have furnished topics of learned discussion, and taxed the ingenuity of numerous commentators. We need not trouble ourselves with these subtleties. But little exegesis is needed for a right comprehension of the true and substantial import of the work.

The key to the plot is given in the "Prologue in Heaven." The Devil, in the character of Mephistopheles, asks permission to tempt Faust; he boasts his ability to get entire possession of his soul, and drag him down to hell. The Lord grants the permission, and prophesies the failure of the attempt. "Well, then, be it allowed! Draw this spirit from its Source, and if you can lay hold of him, drag him with you on your downward path; and stand ashamed when you are forced to confess that a good man in his dark strivings has a consciousness of the right way."

Here we have a hint of the author's design. He does not intend that the Devil shall succeed; he does not mean to follow the conclusion of the legend, and send Faust to hell. He had the penetration to see,

and he meant to show, that the notion implied in the old popular superstition of selling one's soul to the Devil; the notion that evil can obtain the entire and final possession of the soul, is a fallacy; that the soul is not man's to dispose of, and cannot be so traded away. We are the soul's, not the soul ours. Evil is self-limited; the good in man must finally prevail. So long as he strives, he is not lost; Heaven will come to the aid of his better nature. This is the doctrine, the philosophy of Faust. In the First Part, stung by disappointment in his search of knowledge, by failure to lay hold of the superhuman, and urged on by his baser propensities, personified in Mephistopheles, he abandons himself to sensual pleasure, seduces innocence, burdens his soul with heavy guilt, and seems to be entirely given over to evil. This Part ends with Mephistopheles' imperious call, "Her zu mir," as if secure of his victim. Before the appearance of the Second Part, the reader was at liberty to accept that conclusion. But in the Second Part, Faust gradually wakes from the intoxication of passion, outgrows the dominion of appetite, plans great and useful works, whereby Mephistopheles loses more and more his hold of him, and after his death is baffled in his attempt to appropriate Faust's immortal part, to which the heavenly Powers assert their right.

Such is a brief outline of the fable, and this is the issue prefigured in the Prologue in Heaven. But whether this was Goethe's original plan is somewhat doubtful. The Prologue in Heaven was not written until the larger portion of the First Part had been published. It seems not unlikely that Faust's salvation was an afterthought, and that Goethe's original design was to follow the legend, and consign his hero to the Devil at the end of his career. We may suppose that riper thought rejected such an ending, and occasioned the temporary arrest of the whole undertaking, until the idea of the Prologue in Heaven occurred to him as offering a way of escape from the sorry finale of the legendary Faust, and a better treatment of the theme.

But the Prelude on the Stage "proposes to trav-

erse the entire circle of creation, and to pass with considerate rapidity from heaven through the world to hell." This seems to imply the intention, after all, to make hell the terminus of Faust's career. And yet the Prelude on the Stage we know to have been written after the publication of the first instalment of the play, probably at the same time with the Prologue in Heaven. Here, then, is a contradiction, — the Prelude pointing downward to the Pit as the woful consummation of the plot, the Prologue in Heaven directing to the skies. The contradiction can only be solved by supposing that the author forgot himself for the moment, and wrote in the sense of his original design.

Another discrepancy has been noticed by the critics. Chr. Herm. Weisse was the first to call attention to certain passages, from which it is evident that Goethe's first intention was to represent Mephistopheles as the emissary of the Earth-Spirit whom Faust invokes in the first scene of the First Part. The Prologue in Heaven, which, as I have said, was an afterthought, provided another and better way of introducing this leading character, but the passages referring to the former method were suffered to remain, either from inadvertence or want of time and will to rewrite them. And so we have in the First Part of Faust these croppings out of an earlier formation of the poet's mind, like the upheavals of a lower stratum of the earth's crust. It is a proof of the author's genius that, with all these irregularities, the play has won for itself the suffrage of two generations, and maintains its place as the literary masterpiece of modern time.

The Prologue in Heaven was at first an offence to English readers, on account of its seeming irreverence. The earlier translators omitted it, or all that portion which follows the Song of the Angels. Anster thinks to evade the difficulty by using the German "der Herr," instead of The Lord. But the Prologue, as I said, suggests the motive of the piece, and foreshows the conclusion. To omit it is to prejudice the right understanding of the whole. And as to irreverence,

It is not necessary to adopt Mr. Lewes' apology drawn from mediæval use in the Miracle Plays, whose representations of Deity are accompanied with familiarities of speech quite shocking to modern sentiment. The Faust-legend was not a mediæval production, and the puppet-plays founded upon it are not to be classed with the old miracle-plays. Nor had these puppet-plays, any more than the legend itself, a prologue in heaven; rather, some of them, a prologue in hell. The Prologue is Goethe's own conception, suggested, as he tells us, by the book of Job. But nothing could be further from the poet's intention than to travesty or degrade that venerable poem. The alleged irreverence of Mephistopheles' conference with "The Lord" requires no other excuse than that Goethe's devil was bound to speak in character. He is the spirit that denies, the mocking spirit. His whole being is a mockery of the Holy; he can speak only as he is. Madame de Stael would have had him spiteful and defiant; it was Goethe's choice to make him skeptical and scoffing, a kind of exaggerated, infernal likeness of Voltaire, of whom Goethe says that in his youth he could have strangled him for his irreverent treatment of the Bible. In reality, there is no more irreverence in Mephistopheles' talk than in that of Satan in Job. What differences them is the humor so foreign to the Hebrew, so characteristic of the modern mind.

In the old Faust legend, the compact with the devil specifies a term of years, during which Faust was to have all that he desired of earthly good, and at the expiration of which Mephistopheles was to have possession of his soul. In Goethe's play, no date is agreed on; the hero stipulates for only one draught of full satisfaction. "If ever I shall lie down satisfied, if ever you can flatter me into thinking that I am happy, if ever you can cheat me with enjoyment, if ever I shall say to the passing moment, 'Stay! thou art so fair,' then you may lay me in fetters; then may the death-bell sound, and time for me be no more."

The intrigue with Margaret, which follows the scene in the Witch's Kitchen, and occupies, with the exception of the Walpurgisnacht, the remainder of

the First Part, constitutes no portion of the original story. It is an episode of Goethe's own creation. But the interest of this episode is so intense, its pathos so overpowering, that the interpolation has become the real bearer of the drama. It is this that Faust first suggests, and stands for with the mass of readers.

The character of Margaret is unique; its duplicate is not to be found in all the picture galleries of fiction. Shakespeare, in the wide range of his feminine *personnel*, has no portrait like this. A girl of low birth and vulgar circumstance, imbued with the ideas and habits of her class, speaking the language of that class, from which she never for a moment deviates into finer phrase, takes on, through the magic handling of the poet, an ideal beauty. Externally common and prosaic in all her ways, she is yet thoroughly poetic, transfigured in our conception by her perfect love. To that love, unreasoning, unsuspecting, to the excess of that which in itself is no fault, but beautiful and good, her fall and ruin are due. Her story is the tragedy of her sex in all time. As Schlegel said of the "Prometheus Bound," "It is not a single tragedy, but tragedy itself." When Mephistopheles, with a sneer, suggests that she is not the first who incurs the doom that befalls her, Faust, in his transport of penitent passion, bursts forth with the reply, "Woe! woe! by no human soul to be comprehended; that more than one being has sunk into the depths of this wretchedness; that the first did not atone for all the rest with her writhing death-agony in the sight of the ever-pardoning."

It is important to note, as throwing light on the author's design, that, surrendered as he is to the reckless pursuit of pleasure, Faust's better nature is not utterly extinguished, but asserts itself from time to time in strong rebellion against the dominion of his baser appetites. The potion administered to him in the Witch's Kitchen has inflamed his animal passions, and after his first encounter with Margaret, he bids Mephistopheles to deliver her at once into his arms. Mephistopheles declares this to be impossible, but engages, when Margaret is absent, to conduct him to

her chamber. While there, overcome, it would seem, by the spirit of the place, the abode of purity and innocence, he repents his purpose, upbraids himself, and vows never to return. He will not pursue the game. The box of jewels, which Mephistopheles has brought as a lure, he does not care to leave. Mephistopheles ridicules his scruples, and himself deposits the jewels in the girl's wardrobe.

Again after making her acquaintance and winning her affection, he still resists the temptation to abuse the power he has over her. He seeks to escape by leaving the city and betaking himself to the wilderness. But Mephistopheles discovers his retreat, and works on his compassion by representing how Margaret pines for him. Faust replies, "Thou monster, begone! Do not speak to me of that beautiful creature. Urge not the desire for her on my already half-crazed senses." But finally, as if feeling himself impelled by irresistible fate, exclaims, "Hell, thou wilt have this victim. Help, devil; what must be, let it be done quickly. Let her doom fall upon me, that we may both go to perdition together."

And at last, obliged to flee the city on account of the death of Valentine, whom he has killed in a duel, after plunging into a vortex of mad dissipation, indicated by the revels of the Walpurgisnacht, when he hears of the arrest of Margaret, he does not leave her to her fate, but returns to rescue her at the risk of his life.

As the First Part deals with individual character and destiny, so the Second spreads before us the great wide world of public life. We have the imperial court, with its gaieties, its jealousies, its intrigues and financial embarrassments, which Mephistopheles relieves by the device of a paper currency; we have war, we have industrial enterprise. And in the midst of these we have two interludes, in the second act the classical Walpurgis Night, which commentators interpret as symbolizing a mediation between the classic and romantic in literature and art; and for the whole of the third act we have the Helena, supposed to symbolize moral education through the influence of the beautiful.

By the discipline of these varied experiences, Faust is led on through the hundred years of his earthly life, to the supreme moment when, contemplating in imagination the benefit which must accrue to coming generations from his labors, — a free people on a free soil, — he exclaims, "Might I see that consummation, I could say to the moment, 'Tarry, thou art so fair;' the trace of my earthly days will endure for æons." "In anticipation of that exalted happiness, I already enjoy the highest moment." Then, in accordance with his own stipulation in the compact with Mephistopheles, he sinks back and expires. The Lemures seize him and lay him in the grave. Mephistopheles claims his soul, and summons his spirits, the lean devils with long, crooked horns, and the stout devils with short, straight horns, to aid him in securing his prey. Angels come to the rescue; they scatter roses, which purify the air, and charm the sleeper with dreams of paradise, singing, as they scatter, —

"Roses with tender ray,
Incense that render aye,
Hovering, fluttering,
Secret life uttering,
Leaf-winged, reposing here,
Blossoms unclosing here,
Hasten to bloom!

To Faust.
Spring round thee beaming
Purple and green, —
Paradise dreaming,
Slumber serene!"

But the breath of the demons blasts and wilts the falling roses; they shrivel and at last take fire, and fall flaming and scorching on the hellish crew until they are forced to retreat; all but Mephistopheles, who stands his ground; but, entranced by the beauty of the angels, neglects his purpose, and fails to secure the immortal part of Faust, which the angels appropriate and bear aloft.

"This member of the upper spheres,
We rescue from the Devil,
For whoso strives and perseveres
May be redeemed from evil."

The last two lines may be supposed to contain the author's justification of Mephistopheles' defeat and Faust's salvation. Though a man surrender himself to evil, if there is that in him which evil cannot satisfy, an impulse by which he outgrows the gratifications of vice, extends his horizon, and lifts his desires; pursues an onward course until he learns to place his aims outside of himself, and to seek satisfaction in works of public utility, he is beyond the power of Satan; he may be redeemed from evil.

One could wish, indeed, that more decisive marks of moral development had been exhibited in the latter stages of Faust's career. But here comes in the Christian doctrine of grace, which Goethe applies to the problem of man's destiny. Faust is represented as saved by no merit of his own, but by the interest which Heaven has in every soul in which there is the possibility of a heavenly life.

And so the new-born, ascending spirit is committed by the Mater gloriosa to the tutelage of Gretchen, "una poenitentium," now purified from all the stains of earth, to whom is given the injunction, —

> "Lift thyself up to higher spheres!
> When he divines he'll follow thee."

And the Mystic Choir chants the epilogue which embodies the moral of the play.

> "Mortal that perishes
> Types the ideal,
> All that faith cherishes
> Thus becomes real.
> Wrought superhumanly,
> Here it is done;
> The ever womanly
> Draweth us on."

In editing Miss Swanwick's Faust, which seems to me, on the whole, the best of the English metrical translations, I have added notes to Part I., where explanation or comment seemed to be needed, and have made a few verbal alterations in the text. The second Part I have left unaltered.

F. H. Hedge.

DEDICATION.[1]

Dim forms, ye hover near, a shadowy train,
As erst upon my troubled sight ye stole.
Say, shall I strive to hold you once again?
Still for the fond illusion yearns my soul?
Ye press around! Come then, resume your reign,
As upwards from the vapory mist ye roll;
Within my breast youth's throbbing pulses bound,
Fanned by the magic air that breathes your march around.

Shades fondly loved appear, your train attending,
And visions fair of many a blissful day;
First-love and friendship their fond accents blending,
Like to some ancient, half expiring lay;
Sorrow revives, her wail of anguish sending
Back o'er life's devious labyrinthine way,
The dear ones naming who, in life's fair morn,[2]
By Fate beguiled, from my embrace were torn.

They hearken not unto my later song,
The souls to whom my earlier lays I sang;
Dispersed forever is the friendly throng,
Mute are the voices that responsive rang.
My song resoundeth stranger crowds among,
E'en their applause is to my heart a pang;
And those who heard me once with joyful heart,
If yet they live, now wander far apart.

A strange unwonted yearning doth my soul,
To yon calm solemn spirit-land, upraise;
In faltering cadence now my numbers roll,
As when on harp Æolian, Zephyr plays;
My pulses thrill, tears flow without control,
A tender mood my steadfast heart o'ersways;
What I possess as from afar I see;
Those I have lost become realities to me.

PRELUDE ON THE STAGE.

MANAGER. DRAMATIC POET. MERRYMAN.

MANAGER.

YE twain, whom I so oft have found
True friends in trouble and distress,
Say, in our scheme on German ground,
What prospect have we of success?
Fain would I please the public, win their thanks;
Because they live and let live, as is meet.
The posts are now erected and the planks,[3]
And all look forward to a festal treat.
Their places taken, they, with eyebrows raised,
Sit patiently, and fain would be amazed.
I know the art to hit the public taste,
Yet so perplexed I ne'er have been before;
'Tis true, they're not accustomed to the best,
But then they read immensely, that's the bore.
How make our entertainment striking, new,
And yet significant and pleasing too?
For to be plain, I love to see the throng,
As to our booth the living tide progresses;
As wave on wave successive rolls along,[4]
And through heaven's narrow portal forceful presses;
Still in broad daylight, ere the clock strikes four,
With blows their way towards the box they take;
And, as for bread in famine, at the baker's door,
For tickets are content their necks to break.
Such various minds the bard alone can sway,
My friend, oh, work this miracle to-day!

POET.

Oh, speak not of the motley multitude,
At whose aspect the spirit wings its flight;
Shut out the noisy crowd, whose vortex rude
Still draws us downward with resistless might.
Lead to some nook, where silence loves to brood,
Where only for the bard blooms pure delight,

Where love and friendship, gracious heavenly pair,
Our hearts true bliss create, and tend with fostering care.

What there up-welleth deep within the breast,
What there the timid lip shaped forth in sound,
A failure now, now haply well expressed,
In the wild tumult of the hour is drowned;
Oft doth the perfect form then first invest
The poet's thought, when years have sped their round;
What dazzles satisfies the present hour,
The genuine lives, of coming years the dower.

MERRYMAN.

This cant about posterity I hate;
About posterity were I to prate,
Who then the living would amuse? For they
Will have diversion, ay, and 'tis their due.
A sprightly fellow's presence at your play,
Methinks, should always go for something too;
Whose genial wit the audience still inspires,
Is not embittered by its changeful mood;
A wider circle he desires,
To move with greater power, the multitude.
To work, then! Prove a master in your art!
Let phantasy with all her choral train,
Sense, reason, feeling, passion, bear their part,
But mark! let folly also mingle in the strain!

MANAGER.

And, chief, let incidents enough arise!
A show they want, they come to feast their eyes.
When stirring scenes before them are displayed,
At which the gaping crowd may wondering gaze,
Your reputation is already made,
The man you are all love to praise.
The masses you alone through masses can subdue,
Each then selects in time what suits his bent.
Bring much, you somewhat bring to not a few,
And from the house goes every one content.
You give a piece, in pieces give it, friend!
Such a ragout, success must needs attend;
'Tis easy to serve up, as easy to invent.

A finished whole what boots it to present!
'Twill be in pieces by the public rent.

POET.

How mean such handicraft as this you cannot feel!
How it revolts the genuine artist's mind!
The sorry trash in which these coxcombs deal,
Is here approved on principle, I find.

MANAGER.

Such a reproof disturbs me not a whit!
Who on efficient work is bent,
Must choose the fittest instrument.
Consider! 'tis soft wood you have to split;
Think too for whom you write, I pray!
One comes to while an hour away;
One from the festive board, a sated guest;
Others, more dreaded than the rest,
From journal-reading hurry to the play.
As to a masquerade, with absent minds, they press,
Sheer curiosity their footsteps winging;
Ladies display their persons and their dress,
Actors unpaid their service bringing.
What dreams beguile you on your poet's height?
What puts a full house in a merry mood?
More closely view your patrons of the night!
The half are cold, the other half are rude.
One, the play over, craves a game of cards;
Another a wild night in wanton joy would spend.
Poor fool, the muses' fair regards
Why court for such a paltry end?
I tell you, give them more, still more, 'tis all I ask,
Thus you will ne'er stray widely from the goal;
Your audience seek to mystify, cajole; —
To satisfy them — that's a harder task.
What ails thee? art enraptured or distressed?

POET.

Depart! elsewhere another servant choose!
What! shall the bard his godlike power abuse?
Man's loftiest right, kind nature's high bequest,
For your mean purpose basely sport away?

Whence comes his mastery o'er the human breast,
Whence o'er the elements his sway,
But from the harmony that, gushing from his soul,
Draws back into his heart the wondrous whole?
When round her spindle, with unceasing drone,
Nature still whirls th' unending thread of life;
When Being's jarring crowds, together thrown,
Mingle in harsh inextricable strife;
Who deals their course unvaried till it falls,
In rhythmic flow to music's measured tone?
Each solitary note whose genius calls,
To swell the mighty choir in unison?
Who in the raging storm sees passion lour,
Or flush of earnest thought in evening's glow,
Who, in the springtide, every fairest flower
Along the loved one's path would strow?
From green and common leaves whose hand doth twine,
The wreath of glory, won in every field?
Makes sure Olympos, blends the power divine?—
Man's mighty spirit, in the bard revealed!

MERRYMAN.

Come then, employ your lofty inspiration,
And carry on the poet's avocation,
Just as we carry on a love affair.
Two meet by chance, are pleased, they linger there,
Insensibly are linked they scarce know how;
Fortune seems now propitious, adverse now,
Then comes alternate rapture and despair;
And 'tis a true romance ere one's aware.
Just such a drama let us now compose.
Plunge boldly into life — its depths disclose!
Each lives it, not to many is it known,
'Twill interest wheresoever seized and shown;
Bright pictures, but obscure their meaning:
A ray of truth through error gleaming,
Thus you the best elixir brew,
To charm mankind and edify them too.
Then youth's fair blossoms crowd to view your play,
And wait as on an oracle; while they,
The tender souls, who love the melting mood,

Suck from your work their melancholy food;
Now this one, and now that, you deeply stir,
Each sees the working of his heart laid bare;
Their tears, their laughter, you command with ease.
The lofty still they honor, the illusive love,
Your finished gentlemen you ne'er can please;
A growing mind alone will grateful prove.

POET.

Then give me back youth's golden prime,
When my own spirit too was growing,
When from my heart th' unbidden rhyme
Gushed forth, a fount forever flowing;
Then shadowy mist the world concealed,
And every bud sweet promise made,
Of wonders yet to be revealed,
As through the vales, with bloom inlaid,
Culling a thousand flowers I strayed.
Naught had I, yet a rich profusion;
The thirst for truth, joy in each fond illusion.
Give me unquelled those impulses to prove; —
Rapture so deep, its ecstasy was pain,
The power of hate, the energy of love,
Give me, oh, give me back my youth again!

MERRYMAN.

Youth, my good friend, you certainly require
When foes in battle round you press,
When a fair maid, her heart on fire,
Hangs on your neck with fond caress,
When from afar, the victor's crown,
Allures you in the race to run;
Or when in revelry you drown
Your sense, the whirling dance being done.
But the familiar chords among
Boldly to sweep, with graceful cunning,
While to its goal, the verse along
Its winding path is sweetly running;
This task is yours, old gentleman, to-day;
Nor are you therefore in less reverence held;
Age does not make us childish, as folk say,
It finds us genuine children e'en in eld.

MANAGER.

A truce to words, mere empty sound,
Let deeds at length appear, my friends
While idle compliments you round,
You might achieve some useful ends.
Why talk of the poetic vein?
Who hesitates will never know it;
If bards ye are, as ye maintain,
Now let your inspiration show it.
To you is known what we require,
Strong drink to sip is our desire;
Come, brew me such without delay!
To-morrow sees undone, what happens not to-day;
Still forward press, nor ever tire!
The possible, with steadfast trust,
Resolve should by the forelock grasp;
Then she will ne'er let go her clasp,
And labors on, because she must.

On German boards, you're well aware,
The taste of each may have full sway;
Therefore in bringing out your play,
Nor scenes nor mechanism spare!
Heaven's lamps employ, the greatest and the least.
Be lavish of the stellar lights,
Water, and fire, and rocky heights,
Spare not at all, nor birds nor beast.
Thus let creation's ample sphere
Forthwith in this our narrow booth appear,
And with considerate speed, through fancy's spell,
Journey from heaven, thence through the world, to hell!

PROLOGUE IN HEAVEN.

THE LORD. THE HEAVENLY HOSTS. *Afterwards* MEPHISTOPHELES.

The three Archangels come forward.[5]

RAPHAEL.

STILL quiring as in ancient time
With brother spheres in rival song,
The sun with thunder-march sublime
Moves his predestined course along.
Angels are strengthened by his sight,
Though fathom him no angel may;
Resplendent are the orbs of light,
As on creation's primal day.

GABRIEL.

And lightly spins earth's gorgeous sphere,
Swifter than thought its rapid flight;
Alternates Eden-brightness clear,
With solemn, dread-inspiring night;
The foaming waves, with murmur hoarse,
Against the rocks' deep base, are hurled;
And in the sphere's eternal course
Are rocks and ocean swiftly whirled.

MICHAEL.

And rival tempests rush amain
From sea to land, from land to sea,
And raging form a wondrous chain
Of deep mysterious agency;
Full in the thunder's fierce career,
Flaming the swift destructions play;
But, Lord, thy messengers revere
The mild procession of thy day.

THE THREE.

Angels are strengthened by thy sight,
Though fathom thee no angel may;
Thy works still shine with splendor bright,
As on creation's primal day.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Since thou, O Lord, approachest us once more,
And how it fares with us, to ask art fain,
Since thou hast kindly welcomed me of yore,
Thou see'st me also now among thy train.
Excuse me, fine harangues I cannot make,
Though all the circle look on me with scorn;
My pathos soon thy laughter would awake,
Hadst thou the laughing mood not long forsworn.
Of suns and worlds I nothing have to say,
I see alone mankind's self-torturing pains.
The little world-gold still the self-same stamp retains,
And is as wondrous now as on the primal day.
Better he might have fared, poor wight,
Hadst thou not given him a gleam of heavenly light;
Reason he names it and doth so
Use it than brutes more brutish still to grow.
With deference to your grace, he seems to me
Like any like long-legged grasshopper to be,
Which ever flies, and flying springs,
And in the grass its ancient ditty sings.
Would he but always in the grass repose!
In every heap of dung he thrusts his nose.

THE LORD.

Hast thou naught else to say? Is blame
In coming here, as ever, thy sole aim?
Does nothing on the earth to thee seem right?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

No, Lord! I find things there in miserable plight.
Men's wretchedness in sooth! so deplore,
Not even I would plague the sorry creatures more.

THE LORD.

Know'st thou my servant, Faust?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

The doctor?

THE LORD.

Right.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

He serves thee in strange fashion, as I think.
Poor fool! Not earthly is his food or drink.
An inward impulse hurries him afar,
Himself half conscious of his frenzied mood;
From heaven claimeth he its brightest star,
And from the earth craves every highest good,
And all that's near, and all that's far,
Fails to allay the tumult in his blood.

THE LORD.

Though now he serves me with imperfect sight,
I will ere long conduct him to the light.
The gardener knoweth, when the green appears,
That flowers and fruit will crown the coming years.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

What wilt thou wager? Him thou yet shall lose,
If leave to me thou wilt but give,
Gently to lead him as I choose!

THE LORD.

So long as he on earth doth live,
So long 'tis not forbidden thee.
Man still must err, while he doth strive.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I thank you; for not willingly
I traffic with the dead, and still aver
That youth's plump blooming cheek I very much prefer.
I'm not at home to corpses; 'tis my way,
Like cats with captive mice to toy and play.

THE LORD.

Enough! 'tis granted thee! Divert
This mortal spirit from his primal source;
Him canst thou seize, thy power exert
And lead him on thy downward course,
Then stand abashed, when thou perforce must own,
A good man, in the direful grasp of ill,
His consciousness of right retaineth still.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Agreed!—the wager will be quickly won.
For my success no fears I entertain;
And if my end I finally should gain,
Excuse my triumphing with all my soul.
Dust he shall eat, ay, and with relish take,
As did my cousin, the renownèd snake.

THE LORD.

Here too thou'rt free to act without control;
I ne'er have cherished hate for such as thee.
Of all the spirits who deny,
The scoffer is least wearisome to me.
Ever too prone is man activity to shirk,
In unconditioned rest he fain would live;
Hence this companion purposely I give,
Who stirs, excites, and must, as devil, work.
But ye, the genuine sons of heaven, rejoice!
In the full living beauty still rejoice!
May that which works and lives, the ever-growing,
In bonds of love enfold you, mercy-fraught,
And Seeming's changeful forms, around ye flowing,
Do ye arrest, in ever-during thought!
(*Heaven closes, the Archangels disperse.*)

MEPHISTOPHELES (*alone*).

The ancient one I like sometimes to see,
And not to break with him am always civil;
'Tis courteous in so great a lord as he,
To speak so kindly even to the devil.

THE FIRST PART

OF

THE TRAGEDY OF FAUST

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Characters in the Prologue for the Theatre.

THE MANAGER.
THE DRAMATIC POET.
MERRYMAN.

Characters in the Prologue in Heaven.

THE LORD.
RAPHAEL, GABRIEL, MICHAEL } The Heavenly Host.
MEPHISTOPHELES.

Characters in the Tragedy.

FAUST.
MEPHISTOPHELES.
WAGNER, a Student.
MARGARET.
MARTHA, Margaret's Neighbor.
VALENTINE, Margaret's Brother.
OLD PEASANT.
A STUDENT.
ELIZABETH, an Acquaintance of Margaret's.
FROSCH, BRANDER, SIEBEL, ALTMAYER } Guests in Auerbach's Wine Cellar.

Witches, old and young; Wizards, Will-o'-the-wisp, Witch Peddler, Protophantasmist. Servibilis, Monkeys, Spirits, Journeymen, Country-folk, Citizens, Beggar, Old Fortune-teller, Shepherd, Soldier, Students, etc.

In the Intermezzo.

OBERON.	ARIEL.
TITANIA.	PUCK, etc., etc.

THE TRAGEDY OF FAUST.

Night. — A high vaulted narrow Gothic chamber. — FAUST, *restless, seated at his desk.*

FAUST.

I HAVE, alas! Philosophy,
Medicine, Jurisprudence too,
And to my cost Theology,
With ardent labor, studied through.
And here I stand, with all my lore,
Poor fool, no wiser than before.
Magister, doctor styled, indeed,
Already these ten years I lead,
Up, down, across, and to and fro,
My pupils by the nose, — and learn
That we in truth can nothing know!
This in my heart like fire doth burn.
'Tis true, I've more cunning than all your dull tribe,
Magistrate and doctor, priest, parson, and scribe;
Scruple or doubt comes not to enthrall me,
Neither can devil nor hell now appall me —
Hence, also, my heart must all pleasure forego!
I may not pretend,[7] aught rightly to know,
I may not pretend, through teaching, to find
A means to improve or convert mankind.
Then I have neither goods nor treasure,
No worldly honor, rank, or pleasure:
No dog in such a fashion would longer live!
Therefore myself to magic I give,
In hope through spirit-voice and might,
Secrets now veiled to bring to light,
That I no more, with aching brow,
Need speak of what I nothing know;
That I the force may recognize
That binds creation's inmost energies;
Her vital powers, her embryo seeds survey,
And fling the trade in empty words away.

O full-orbed moon, did but thy rays
Their last upon mine anguish gaze!
Beside this desk, at dead of night,
Oft have I watched to hail thy light:
Then, pensive friend! o'er book and scroll,
With soothing power, thy radiance stole!
In thy dear light, ah, might I climb,
Freely, some mountain height sublime,
Round mountain caves with spirits ride,
In thy mild haze o'er meadows glide,
And, purged from knowledge-fumes, renew
My spirit, in thy healing dew!

Woe's me! still prisoned in the gloom
Of this abhorred and musty room,
Where heaven's dear light itself doth pass,
But dimly through the painted glass!
Hemmed in by volumes thick with dust,
A prey to worms and mouldering rust,
And to the high vault's topmost bound,
With smoky paper compassed round;
With boxes round thee piled, and glass,
And many a useless instrument,
With old ancestral lumber blent —
This is thy world! a world! alas!
And dost thou ask why heaves thy heart,
With tightened pressure in thy breast?
Why the dull ache will not depart,
By which thy life-pulse is oppressed?
Instead of nature's living sphere,
Created for mankind of old,
Brute skeletons surround thee here,
And dead men's bones in smoke and mould.

Up! Forth into the distant land!
Is not this book of mystery
By Nostradamus' proper hand,[8]
An all-sufficient guide? Thou'lt see
The courses of the stars unrolled;
When nature doth her thoughts unfold
To thee, thy soul shall rise and seek
Communion high with her to hold,

As spirit doth with spirit speak!
Vain by dull poring to divine
The meaning of each hallowed sign.
Spirits! I feel you hovering near;
Make answer if my voice you hear!
(*He opens the book and perceives the sign of the Macrocosmos.*)

M474651

Ah! at this spectacle through every sense,
What sudden ecstasy of joy is flowing!
I feel new rapture, hallowed and intense,
Through every nerve and vein with ardor glowing.
Was it a god who charactered this scroll,
Which doth the inward tumult still,
The troubled heart with rapture fill,
And by a mystic impulse, to my soul,
Unveils the working of the wondrous whole?
Am I a God? What light intense!
In these pure symbols do I see,
Nature exert her vital energy.
Now of the wise man's words I learn the sense;
"Unlocked the spirit-world doth lie;
Thy sense is shut, thy heart is dead!
Up, scholar, lave, with courage high,
Thine earthly breast in the morning-red!"
(*He contemplates the sign.*)

How all things live and work, and ever blending,
Weave one vast whole from Being's ample range!
How powers celestial, rising and descending,
Their golden buckets ceaseless interchange!
Their flight on rapture-breathing pinions winging,
From heaven to earth their genial influence bringing.
Through the wide sphere their chimes melodious ringing!

A wondrous show! but ah! a show alone!
Where shall I grasp thee, infinite nature, where?
Ye breasts, ye fountains of all life, whereon
Hang heaven and earth, from which the withered heart
For solace yearns, ye still impart

Your sweet and fostering tides — where are ye — where?
Ye gush, and must I languish in despair?
(*He turns over the leaves of the book impatiently, and perceives the sign of the Earth-spirit.*)

How all unlike the influence of this sign!
Earth-spirit, thou to me art nigher,
E'en now my strength is rising higher,
E'en now I glow as with new wine;
Courage I feel, abroad the world to dare,
The woe of earth, the bliss of earth to bear,
To mingle with the lightnings' glare,
And mid the crashing shipwreck not despair.

Clouds gather over me —
The moon conceals her light —
The lamp is quenched —
Vapors are rising — Quivering round my head
Flash the red beams — Down from the vaulted roof
A shuddering horror floats,
And seizes me!
I feel it, spirit, prayer-compelled, 'tis thou
Art hovering near! Unveil thyself!
Ha! How my heart is riven now!
Each sense, with eager palpitation,
Is strained to catch some new sensation!
I feel my heart surrendered unto thee!
Thou must! Thou must! Though life should be the fee!
(*He seizes the book, and pronounces mysteriously the sign of the spirit. A ruddy flame flashes up; the spirit appears in the flame.*)

SPIRIT.

Who calls me?

FAUST (*turning aside*).

Dreadful shape!

SPIRIT.

With might
Thou hast compelled me to appear,
Long hast been sucking at my sphere,
And now —

FAUST.

Woe's me! I cannot bear thy sight.

SPIRIT.

To know me thou didst breathe thy prayer,
My voice to hear, to gaze upon my brow;
Me doth thy strong entreaty bow —
Lo! I am here! — what pitiful despair
Grasps thee, the demigod! Where's now the soul's deep cry?
Where is the breast, which in its depths a world conceived,
And bore and cherished; which, with ecstasy,
To rank itself with us, the spirits, heaved?
Where art thou, Faust? whose voice I heard resound,
Who toward me pressed with energy profound?
Art thou he? Thou,— whom thus my breath can blight,
Whose inmost being with affright
Trembles, a crushed and blighted worm?

FAUST.

Shall I yield, thing of flame, to thee?
Faust, and thine equal, I am he!

SPIRIT.

In the currents of life, in action's storm,
I float and I wave
With billowy motion!
Birth and the grave,
A limitless ocean,
A constant weaving
With change still rife,
A restless heaving,
A glowing life —
Thus time's whirring loom unceasing I ply,
And weave the life-garment of deity.

FAUST.

Thou, restless spirit, dost from end to end
O'ersweep the world; how near I feel to thee!

SPIRIT.

Thou'rt like the spirit, thou dost comprehend,
Not me! (*Vanishes*)

FAUST (*deeply moved*).

Not thee?
Whom then?
I, God's own image!
And not rank with thee! (*A knock*).
Oh death! I know it — 'tis my famulus — [10]
My fairest fortune now escapes!
That all these visionary shapes
A soulless groveller should banish thus!
(WAGNER *in his dressing-gown and night-cap, a lamp in his hand.* FAUST *turns round reluctantly*).

WAGNER.

Pardon! I heard you here declaim;
A Grecian tragedy you doubtless read?
Improvement in this art is now my aim,
For nowadays it much avails. Indeed
An actor, oft I've heard it said at least,
May give instruction even to a priest.

FAUST

Ay, if your priest should be an actor too,
As not improbably may come to pass,

WAGNER.

When in his study pent the whole year through,
Man views the world as through an optic glass,
On a chance holiday, and scarcely then,
How by persuasion can he govern men?

FAUST.

If feeling prompt not, if it doth not flow
Fresh from the spirit's depths, with strong control
Swaying to rapture every listener's soul,
Idle your toil; the chase you may forego!
Brood o'er your task! Together glue,
Cook from another's feast your own ragout,
Still prosecute your paltry game,
And fan your ash-heaps into flame!
Thus children's wonder you'll excite,
And apes', if such your appetite:
But that which issues from the heart alone,
Will bend the hearts of others to your own.

WAGNER.

The speaker in delivery will find
Success alone; I still am far behind.

FAUST.

A worthy object still pursue!
Be not a hollow tinkling fool!
Sound understanding, judgment true,
Find utterance without art or rule;
And when with earnestness you speak,
Then is it needful cunning words to seek?
Your fine harangues, so polished in their kind,
Wherein the shreds of human thought ye twist,
Are unrefreshing as the empty wind,
Whistling through withered leaves and autumn mist!

WAGNER.

Oh, Heavens! art is long and life is short!
Still as I prosecute with earnest zeal
The critic's toil, I'm haunted by this thought,
And vague misgivings o'er my spirit steal.
The very means how hardly are they won,
By which we to the fountains rise!
And, haply, ere one half the course is run,
Checked in his progress, the poor devil dies.

FAUST.

Parchment, is that the sacred fount whence roll
Waters, he thirsteth not who once hath quaffed?
Oh, if it gush not from thine inmost soul,
Thou hast not won the life-restoring draught.

WAGNER.

Your pardon! 'tis delightful to transport
Oneself into the spirit of the past,
To see in times before us how a wise man thought,
And what a glorious height we have achieved at last.

FAUST.

Ay, truly! even to the loftiest star!
To us, my friend, the ages that are passed
A book with seven seals, close-fastened, are;
And what the spirit of the times men call,

Is merely their own spirit after all,
Wherein, distorted oft, the times are glass'd.
Then truly, 'tis a sight to grieve the soul!
At the first glance we fly it in dismay;
A very lumber-room, a rubbish-hole;
At best a sort of mock-heroic play,
With saws pragmatical and maxims sage,
To suit the puppets and their mimic stage.

WAGNER.

But then the world and man, his heart and brain!
Touching these things all men would something know.

FAUST.

Ay! what 'mong men as knowledge doth obtain!
Who on the child its true name dares bestow?
The few who somewhat of these things have known,
Who their full hearts unguardedly revealed,
Nor thoughts, nor feelings, from the mob concealed,
Have died on crosses, or in flames been thrown.
Excuse me, friend, far now the night is spent,
For this time we must say adieu.

WAGNER.

Still to watch on I had been well content,
Thus to converse so learnedly with you.
But as to-morrow will be Easter-day,
Some further questions grant, I pray;
With diligence to study still I fondly cling;
Already I know much, but would know everything.
(*Exit.*)

FAUST (*alone*).

How he alone is ne'er bereft of hope,
Who clings to tasteless trash with zeal untired
Who doth, with greedy hand, for treasure grope,
And finding earthworms, is with joy inspired!

And dare a voice of merely human birth,
E'en here, where shapes immortal thronged, intrude?
Yet, ah! thou poorest of the sons of earth,
For once, I e'en to thee feel gratitude.
Despair the power of sense did well-nigh blast,

And thou didst save me ere I sank dismayed;
So giant-like the vision seemed, so vast,
I felt myself shrink dwarfed as I surveyed!

I, God's own image, from this toil of clay
Already freed, with eager joy who hailed
The mirror of eternal truth unveiled,
Mid light effulgent and celestial day: —
I, more than cherub, whose unfettered soul
With penetrative glance aspired to flow
Through nature's veins, and, still creating, know
The life of gods, — how am I punished now!
One thunder-word hath hurled me from the goal!

Spirit! I dare not lift me to thy sphere.
What though my power compelled thee to appear,
My art was powerless to detain thee here.
In that great moment, rapture-fraught,
I felt myself so small, so great;
Fiercely didst thrust me from the realm of thought
Back on humanity's uncertain fate!
Who'll teach me now? What ought I to forego?
Ought I that impulse to obey?
Alas! our every deed, as well as every woe,
Impedes the tenor of life's onward way!

E'en to the noblest by the soul conceived,
Some feelings cling of baser quality;
And when the goods of this world are achieved,
Each nobler aim is termed a cheat, a lie.
Our aspirations, our soul's genuine life,
Grow torpid in the din of earthly strife.

Though youthful phantasy, while hope inspires,
Stretch o'er the infinite her wing sublime,
A narrow compass limits her desires,
When wrecked our fortunes in the gulf of time.
In the deep heart of man care builds her nest,
O'er secret woes she broodeth there,
Sleepless she rocks herself and scareth joy and rest;
Still is she wont some new disguise to wear,
She may as house and court, as wife and child appear,
As dagger, poison, fire and flood;

Imagined evils chill thy blood,
And what thou ne'er shalt lose, o'er that dost shed
the tear.

I am not like the gods! Feel it I must;
I'm like the earth-worm, writhing in the dust,
Which, as on dust it feeds, its native fare,
Crushed 'neath the passer's tread, lies buried there.

Is it not dust, wherewith this lofty wall,
With hundred shelves, confines me round,
Rubbish, in thousand shapes, may I not call
What in this moth-world doth my being bound?
Here, what doth fail me, shall I find?
Read in a thousand tomes that, everywhere,
Self-torture is the lot of human-kind,
With but one mortal happy, here and there?
Thou hollow skull, that grin, what should it say,
But that thy brain, like mine, of old perplexed,
Still yearning for the truth, hath sought the light of day,
And in the twilight wandered, sorely vexed?
Ye instruments, forsooth, ye mock at me, —
With wheel, and cog, and ring, and cylinder;
To nature's portals ye should be the key;
Cunning your wards, and yet the bolts ye fail to stir.
Inscrutable in broadest light,
To be unveiled by force she doth refuse,
What she reveals not to thy mental sight,
Thou wilt not wrest from her with levers and with
screws.
Old useless furnitures, yet stand ye here,
Because my sire ye served, now dead and gone,
Old scroll, the smoke of years dost wear,
So long as o'er this desk the sorry lamp hath shone.
Better my little means have squandered quite away,
Than burdened by that little here to sweat and groan!
Wouldst thou possess thy heritage, essay,
By use to render it thine own!
What we employ not, but impedes our way,
That which the hour creates, that can it use alone!

But wherefore to yon spot is riveted my gaze?
Is yonder flasket there a magnet to my sight?

Whence this mild radiance that around me plays,
As when, 'mid forest gloom, reigneth the moon's soft light?

Hail, precious phial! Thee, with reverent awe,
Down from thine own receptacle I draw!
Science in thee I hail and human art.
Essence of deadliest powers, refined and sure,
Of soothing anodynes abstraction pure,
Now in thy master's need thy grace impart!
I gaze on thee, my pain is lulled to rest;
I grasp thee, calmed the tumult in my breast;
The flood-tide of my spirit ebbs away;
Onward I'm summoned o'er a boundless main,
Calm at my feet expands the glassy plain,
To shores unknown allures a brighter day.

Lo, where a car of fire, on airy pinion,
Comes floating towards me! I'm prepared to fly
By a new track through ether's wide dominion,
To distant spheres of pure activity.
This life intense, this godlike ecstasy —
Worm that thou art such rapture canst thou earn?
Only resolve with courage stern and high,
Thy visage from the radiant sun to turn;
Dare with determined will to burst the portals
Past which in terror others fain would steal!
Now is the time, through deeds, to show that mortals
The calm sublimity of gods can feel;
To shudder not at yonder dark abyss,
Where phantasy creates her own self-torturing brood,
Right onward to the yawning gulf to press,
Around whose narrow jaws rolleth hell's fiery flood;
With glad resolve to take the fatal leap,
Though danger threaten thee, to sink in endless sleep!

Pure crystal goblet, forth I draw thee now,
From out thine antiquated case, where thou
Forgotten hast reposed for many a year!
Oft at my father's revels thou didst shine,
To glad the earnest guests was thine,
As each to other passed the generous cheer.
The gorgeous bredeⁿ of figures, quaintly wrought,

Which he who quaffed must first in rhyme expound,
Then drain the goblet at one draught profound,
Hath nights of boyhood to fond memory brought.
I to my neighbor shall not reach thee now,
Nor on thy rich device shall I my cunning show.
Here is a juice, makes drunk without delay;
Its dark brown flood thy crystal round doth fill;
Let this last draught, the product of my skill,
My own free choice, be quaffed with resolute will,
A solemn festive greeting, to the coming day!
(*He places the goblet to his mouth.*)
(*The ringing of bells, and choral voices.*)

CHORUS OF ANGELS.[12]

Christ is arisen!
Mortal, all hail to thee,
Thou whom mortality,
Earth's sad reality,
Held as in prison.

FAUST.

What hum melodious, what clear silvery chime,
Thus draws the goblet from my lips away?
Ye deep-toned bells, do ye with voice sublime,
Announce the solemn dawn of Easter-day?
Sweet choir! are ye the hymn of comfort singing,
Which once around the darkness of the grave,
From seraph-voices, in glad triumph ringing,
Of a new covenant assurance gave?

CHORUS OF WOMEN.

We, his true-hearted,
With spices and myrrh,
Embalmed the departed,
And swathed him with care;
Here we conveyed Him,
Our Master, so dear;
Alas! Where we laid Him,
The Christ is not here.

CHORUS OF ANGELS.

Christ is arisen!
Perfect through earthly ruth,

Radiant with love and truth,
He to eternal youth
Soars from earth's prison.

FAUST.

Wherefore, ye tones celestial, sweet and strong,
Come ye a dweller in the dusk to seek?
Ring out your chimes believing crowds among,
The message well I hear, my faith alone is weak;
From faith her darling, miracle, hath sprung.
Aloft to yonder spheres I dare not soar,
Whence sound the tidings of great joy;
And yet, with this sweet strain familiar when a boy,
Back it recalleth me to life once more.
Then would celestial love, with holy kiss,
Come o'er me in the Sabbath's stilly hour,
While, fraught with solemn meaning and mysterious power,
Chimed the deep-sounding bell, and prayer was bliss;
A yearning impulse, undefined yet dear,
Drove me to wander on through wood and field:
With heaving breast and many a burning tear,
I felt with holy joy a world reveal'd.
Gay sports and festive hours proclaimed with joyous pealing,
This Easter hymn in days of old;
And fond remembrance now, doth me, with childlike feeling,
Back from the last, the solemn step, withhold.
O still sound on, thou sweet celestial strain!
The tear-drop flows, — earth, I am thine again!

CHORUS OF DISCIPLES.

He whom we mourned as dead,
Living and glorious,
From the dark grave hath fled,
O'er death victorious;
Almost creative bliss
Waits on his growing powers;
Ah! Him on earth we miss;
Sorrow and grief are ours.
Yearning he left his own,

Mid sore annoy;
Ah! we must needs bemoan,
Master, thy joy!

CHORUS OF ANGELS.

Christ is arisen,
Redeemed from decay.
The bonds which imprison
Your souls, rend away!
Praising the Lord with zeal,
By deeds that love reveal,
Like brethren true and leal
Sharing the daily meal,
To all that sorrow feel
Whispering of heaven's weal,
Still is the master near,
Still is he here!

BEFORE THE GATE.

Promenaders of all sorts pass out.

SEVERAL MECHANICS' APPRENTICES.

Why choose ye that direction, pray?

OTHERS.

To the hunting-lodge we're on our way.

THE FIRST.

We towards the mill are strolling on.

A MECHANIC.

A walk to the Wasserhof were best.

A SECOND.

The road is not a pleasant one.

THE OTHERS.

What will you do?

A THIRD.

I'll join the rest.

A FOURTH.

Let's up to Burghof, there you'll find good cheer,
The prettiest maidens and the best of beer,
And brawls of a prime sort.

A FIFTH.

You scapegrace! How!
Your skin still itching for a row?
Thither I will not go, I loathe the place.

SERVANT GIRL.

No, no! I to the town my steps retrace.

ANOTHER.

Near yonder poplars he is sure to be.

THE FIRST.

And if he is, what matters it to me!
With you he'll walk, he'll dance with none but you,
And with your pleasures what have I to do?

THE SECOND.

To-day he will not be alone, he said
His friend would be with him, the curly-head.

STUDENT.

My! how those buxom girls step on!
Come, brother, we will follow them anon.
Strong beer, a damsel smartly dressed,
Pungent tobacco — are what I like best.

BURGHER'S DAUGHTER.

Look at those handsome fellows there!
'Tis really shameful, I declare,
The very best society they shun,
After those servant-girls forsooth, to run.

SECOND STUDENT. (*to the first*).

Not quite so fast! for in our rear,
Two girls, well-dressed, are drawing near;
Not far from us the one doth dwell,
And sooth to say, I like her well.
They walk demurely, yet you'll see,
That they will let us join them presently.

THE FIRST.

Not I! restraints of all kinds I detest.
Quick! let us catch the wild-game ere it flies,
The hand on Saturday the mop that plies,
Will of a Sunday fondle you the best.

BURGHER.

No, this new Burgomaster, I like him not; each hour
He grows more arrogant, now that he's raised to power;
And for the town, what doth he do for it?
Are not things worse from day to day?
To more restraints we must submit;
And taxes more than ever pay.

BEGGAR. (*sings*).

Kind gentlemen and ladies fair,
So rosy-checked and trimly dressed,
Be pleased to listen to my prayer,
Relieve and pity the distressed.
Let me not vainly sing my lay!
His heart's most glad whose hand is free.
Now when all men keep holiday,
Should be a harvest-day to me.

ANOTHER BURGHER.

I know naught better on a holiday,
Than chatting about war, and war's alarms,
When folk in Turkey are all up in arms,
Fighting their deadly battles far away,
We at the window stand, our glasses drain,
And watch adown the stream the painted vessels glide,
Then, blessing peace, and peaceful times again
Homeward we turn our steps at eventide.

THIRD BURGHER.

Ay, neighbor! So let matters stand for me!
There they may scatter one another's brains,
And wild confusion round them see —
So here at home in quiet all remains!

OLD WOMAN (*to the* BURGHERS' DAUGHTERS).

Heyday! How smart! The fresh young blood!
Who would not fall in love with you?
Not quite so proud! 'Tis well and good!
And what you wish that I could help you to.

BURGHER'S DAUGHTER.

Come, Agatha! I care not to be seen
Walking in public with these witches. True,

My future lover, last St. Andrew's E'en,
In flesh and blood she brought before my view.[13]

ANOTHER.

And mine she showed me also in the glass,
A soldier's figure, with companions bold;
I look around, I seek him as I pass,
In vain, his form I nowhere can behold.

SOLDIERS.

Fortress with turrets
Rising in air,
Damsel disdainful,
Haughty and fair,
These be my prey!
Bold is the venture,
Costly the pay!

Hark, how the trumpet
Thither doth call us,
Where either pleasure
Or death may befall us.
Hail to the tumult!
Life's in the field!
Damsel and fortress
To us must yield.
Bold is the venture,
Costly the pay!
Gaily the soldier
Marches away.

FAUST *and* WAGNER.

FAUST.

Loosed from their fetters are streams and rills
Through the gracious spring-tide's all-quickening glow;
Hope's budding joy in the vale doth blow;
Old Winter back to the savage hills
Withdraweth his force, decrepid now.
Thence only impotent icy grains
Scatters he as he wings his flight,
Striping with sleet the verdant plains;
But the sun endureth no trace of white;

Everywhere growth and movement are rife,
All things investing with hues of life: [14]
Though flowers are lacking, varied of dye,
Their colors the motley throng supply.
Turn thee around, and from this height,
Back to the town direct thy sight.
Forth from the hollow, gloomy gate,
Stream forth the masses, in bright array.
Gladly seek they the sun to-day;
The Resurrection they celebrate:
For they themselves have risen, with joy,
From tenement sordid, from cheerless room,
From bonds of toil, from care and annoy,
From gable and roof's o'er-hanging gloom,
From crowded alley and narrow street,
And from the churches' awe-breathing night,
All now have issued into the light.
But look! how spreadeth on nimble feet
Through garden and field the joyous throng,
How o'er the river's ample sheet,
Many a gay wherry glides along;
And see, deep sinking in the tide,
Pushes the last boat now away.
E'en from you far hill's path-worn side,
Flash the bright hues of garments gay,
Hark! Sounds of village mirth arise;
This is the people's paradise.
Both great and small send up a cheer;
Here am I man, I may be one here,

WAGNER.

Sir doctor, in a walk with you
There's honor and instruction too;
Yet here alone I care not to resort,
Because I coarseness hate of every sort.
This fiddling, shouting, skittling, I detest;
I hate the tumult of the vulgar throng;
They roar as by the evil one possessed,
And call it pleasure, call it song.

PEASANTS (*under the linden-tree*)
Dance and Song.

The shepherd for the dance was dressed,
With ribbon, wreath, and colored vest,
A gallant show displaying.
And round about the linden-tree,
They footed it right merrily.
  Juchhe! Juchhe!
  Juchheisa! Heisa! He!
So fiddle-bow was braying.

Our swain amidst the circle pressed,
He pushed a maiden trimly dressed,
And jogged her with his elbow;
The buxom damsel turned her head,
"Now that's a stupid trick!" she said,
  Juchhe! Juchhe!
  Juchheisa! Heisa! He!
Don't be so rude, good fellow!

Swift in the circle they advance,
They dance to right, to left they dance,
The skirts abroad are swinging.
And they grow red, and they grow warm,
Elbow on hip, they arm in arm,
  Juchhe! Juchhe!
  Juchheisa! Heisa! He!
Rest, talking now or singing.

Don't make so free! How many a maid
Has been betrothed and then betrayed;
And has repented after!
Yet still he flattered her aside,
And from the linden, far and wide,
  Juchhe! Juchhe!
  Juchheisa! Heisa! He!
Sound fiddle-bow and laughter.

OLD PEASANT.

Doctor, 'tis really kind of you,
To condescend to come this way,
A highly learned man like you,
To join our mirthful throng to-day.

Our fairest cup I offer you,
Which we with sparkling drink have crowned,
And pledging you, I pray aloud,
That every drop within its round,
While it your present thirst allays,
May swell the number of your days.

FAUST.

I take the cup you kindly reach,
Thanks and prosperity to each!
(*The crowd gather round in a circle.*)

OLD PEASANT.

Ay, truly! 'tis well done, that you
Our festive meeting thus attend;
You, who in evil days of yore,
So often showed yourself our friend!
Full many a one stands living here,
Who from the fever's deadly blast,
Your father rescued, when his skill
The fatal sickness stay'd at last.
A young man then, each house you sought,
Where reigned the mortal pestilence.
Corpse after corpse was carried forth,
But still unscathed you issued thence.
Sore then your trials and severe;
The Helper yonder aids the helper here.

ALL.

Heaven bless the trusty friend, and long
To help the poor his life prolong!

FAUST.

To Him above in homage bend,
Who prompts the helper and Who help doth send.
(*He proceeds with* WAGNER.)

WAGNER.

With what emotions must your heart o'erflow,
Receiving thus the reverence of the crowd!
Great man! How happy, who like you doth know
Such use for gifts by heaven bestow'd!
You to the son the father shows;
They press around, inquire, advance,

Hushed is the fiddle, checked the dance.
Still where you pass they stand in rows,
And each aloft his bonnet throws,
They fall upon their knees, almost
As when there passeth by the Host.

FAUST.

A few steps further, up to yonder stone!
Here rest we from our walk. In times long past,
Absorbed in thought, here oft I sat alone,
And disciplined myself with prayer and fast.
Then rich in hope, with faith sincere,
With sighs, and hands in anguish pressed,
The end of that sore plague, with many a tear,
From heaven's dread Lord, I sought to wrest,
These praises have to me a scornful tone.[15]
Oh, could'st thou in my inner being read,
How little either sire or son,
Of such renown deserve the meed!
My sire, of good repute, and sombre mood,
O'er nature's powers and every mystic zone,
With honest zeal, but methods of his own,
With toil fantastic loved to brood;
His time in dark alchemic cell,
With brother adepts he would spend,
And there things contrary compel
Through numberless receipts to blend.
A ruddy lion there, a suitor bold,[16]
In tepid bath was with the lily wed.
Thence both, while open flames around them rolled,
Were tortured to another bridal bed.
Was then the youthful queen descried
With many a hue, to crown the task; —
This was our medicine; the patients died,
"Who were restored?" none cared to ask.
With our infernal mixture thus, ere long,
These hills and peaceful vales among,
We raged more fiercely than the pest;
Myself the deadly poison did to thousands give;
They pined away, I yet must live,
To hear the reckless murderers blest.

WAGNER.

Why let this thought your soul o'ercast?
Can man do more than with nice skill,
With firm and conscientious will,
Practise the art transmitted from the past?
If duly you revere your sire in youth,
His lore you gladly will receive;
In manhood, if you spread the bonds of truth,
Then may your son a higher goal achieve.

FAUST.

O blest, whom still the hope inspires,
To lift himself from error's turbid flood!
What man knows not, is just what he requires,
And what he knows he cannot use for good.
But let not moody thoughts their shadow throw
O'er the calm beauty of this hour serene!
In the rich sunset see how brightly glow
Yon cottage homes, girt round with verdant green!
Slow sinks the orb, the day is now no more;
Yonder he hastens to diffuse new life.
Oh, for a pinion from the earth to soar,
And after, ever after him to strive!
Then should I see the world below,
Bathed in the deathless evening beams,
The vales reposing, every height aglow,
The silver brooklets meeting golden streams.
The savage mountain, with its caverned side,
Bars not my godlike progress. Lo, the ocean,
Its warm bays heaving with a tranquil motion,
To my rapt vision opes its ample tide!
But now at length the god appears to sink;
A new-born impulse wings my flight,
Onward I press, his quenchless light to drink,
The day before me, and behind the night,
The pathless waves beneath, and over me the skies.
Fair dream, it vanished with the parting day!
Alas! that when on spirit-wing we rise,
No wing material lifts our mortal clay.
But 'tis our inborn impulse, deep and strong,
Upward and onward still to urge our flight,

When far above us pours its thrilling song
The sky-lark, lost in azure light,
When on extended wing amain
O'er pine-crowned height the eagle soars,
And over moor and lake, the crane
Still striveth towards its native shores.

WAGNER.

To strange conceits oft I myself must own,
But impulse such as this I ne'er have known:
Nor woods, nor fields, can long our thoughts engage,
Their wings I envy not the feathered kind;
Far otherwise the measures of the mind,
Bear us from book to book, from page to page!
Then winter nights grow cheerful; keen delight
Warms every limb; and ah! when we unroll
Some old and precious parchment, at the sight
All heaven itself descends upon the soul.

FAUST.

Your heart by one sole impulse is possessed;
Unconscious of the other still remain!
Two souls, alas! are lodged within my breast,
Which struggle there for undivided reign:
One to the world, with obstinate desire,
And closely-cleaving organs, still adheres;
Above the mist, the other doth aspire,
Which sacred vehemence, to purer spheres.
Oh, are there spirits in the air,
Who float 'twixt heaven and earth dominion wielding.
Stoop hither from your golden atmosphere,
Lead me to scenes, new life and fuller yielding!
A magic mantle did I but possess,
Abroad to waft me as on viewless wings,
I'd prize it far beyond the costliest dress,
Nor would I change it for the robe of kings.

WAGNER.

Call not the spirits who on mischief wait!
Their troop familiar, streaming through the air,
From every quarter threaten man's estate,
And danger in a thousand forms prepare!

They drive impetuous from the frozen north,
With fangs sharp-piercing, and keen arrowy tongues,
From the ungenial east they issue forth,
And prey, with parching breath, upon your lungs:
If, wafted on the desert's flaming wing,
They from the south heap fire upon the brain,
Refreshment from the west at first they bring,
Anon to drown thyself and field and plain.
In wait for mischief, they are prompt to hear;
With guileful purpose our behest obey;
Like ministers of grace they oft appear,
And lisp like angels, to betray.
But let us hence! Gray eve doth all things blend,
The air grows chill, the mists descend!
'Tis in the evening first our home we prize —
Why stand you thus, and gaze with wandering eyes?
What in the gloom thus moves you?

FAUST.

Yon black hound[17]
See'st thou, through corn and stubble circling round?

WAGNER.

I've marked him long, naught strange in him I see!

FAUST.

Note him! What takest thou the brute to be?

WAGNER.

But for a poodle, whom his instinct serves
His master's track to find once more.

FAUST.

Dost mark how round us, with wide spiral curves,
He wheels, each circle closer than before?
And, if I err not, he appears to me
A fiery whirlpool in his track to leave.

WAGNER.

Naught but a poodle black of hue I see;
'Tis some illusion doth your sight deceive.

FAUST.

Methinks a magic coil our feet around,
He for a future snare doth lightly spread.

WAGNER.

Around us as in doubt I see him shyly bound,
Since he two strangers seeth in his master's steed.

FAUST.

The circle narrows, he's already near!

WAGNER.

A dog dost see, no spectre have we here;
He growls, doubts, lays him on his belly too,
And wags his tail — as dogs are wont to do.

FAUST.

Come hither, sirrah! join our company!

WAGNER.

A simple poodle, he appears to be!
Thou standest still, for thee he'll wait;
Thou speak'st to him, he fawns upon thee straight;
Aught you may lose, again he'll bring,
And for your stick will into water spring.

FAUST.

Thou'rt right indeed; no traces now I see
Whatever of a spirit's agency.
'Tis training — nothing more.

WAGNER.

A dog well taught
E'en by the wisest of us may be sought.
Ay, to your favor he's entitled too,
Apt scholar of the students, 'tis his due!

(*They enter the gate of the town.*)

Study.

FAUST (*entering with the poodle*).

Behind me now lie field and plain
As night her veil doth o'er them draw,
Our better soul resumes her reign
With feelings of foreboding awe.
Lulled is each stormy deed to rest,
And tranquillized each wild desire;
Pure charity doth warm the breast,
And love to God the soul inspire.

Be quiet, poodle! Rush not round thus! Stay thee!
Why at the threshold snuffest thou so?
Behind the stove now quietly lay thee,
My softened cushion to thee I'll throw.
As thou, without, didst please and amuse me,
Running and frisking about on the hill,
So my shelter I'll not refuse thee;
A welcome guest, if thou'lt be still.

Ah! when within our narrow room,
The friendly lamp again doth glow,
An inward light dispels the gloom
In hearts that strive themselves to know.
Reason begins again to speak,
Again the bloom of hope returns,
The streams of life we fain would seek,
Ah, for life's source our spirit yearns.

Cease, poodle, cease! with the tone that arises,
Hallowed and peaceful, my soul within,
Accords not thy growl, thy bestial din.
We find it not strange, that man despises
What he conceives not;
The good and the fair he misprizes;
What lies beyond him he doth contemn;
Snarleth the poodle at it, like men?

But ah! E'en now I feel, howe'er I yearn for rest,
Contentment welleth up no longer in my breast.
Yet wherefore must the stream, alas, so soon be dry,
That we once more athirst should lie?
This sad experience oft I've proved!
The want admitteth of compensation;
We learn to prize what from sense is removed,
Our spirits yearn for revelation,
Which nowhere burneth with beauty blent,
More pure than in the New Testament.

To the ancient text an impulse strong
Moves me the volume to explore,
And to translate its sacred lore,
Into the tones beloved of the German tongue.
(He opens a volume, and applies himself to it.)

'Tis writ, "In the beginning was the word!"
I pause, perplexed! Who now will help afford?
I cannot the mere word so highly prize;
I must translate it otherwise,
If by the spirit guided as I read.
"In the beginning was the Sense!" Take heed,
The import of this primal sentence weigh,
Lest thy too hasty pen be led astray!
Is force creative then of Sense the dower?
"In the beginning was the Power!"
Thus should it stand: yet, while the line I trace,
A something warns me, once more to efface.
The spirit aids! from anxious scruples freed,
I write, "In the beginning was the deed!"

Am I with thee my room to share,[18]
Poodle, thy barking now forbear,
Forbear thy howling!
Comrade so noisy, ever growling,
I cannot suffer here to dwell.
One or the other, mark me well,
Forthwith must leave the cell.
I'm loath the guest-right to withhold;
The door's ajar, the passage clear;
But what must now mine eyes behold!
Are nature's laws suspended here?
Real is it, or a phantom show?
In length and breadth how doth my poodle grow!
He lifts himself with threatening mien,
In likeness of a dog no longer seen!
What spectre have I harbored thus!
Huge as a hippopotamus,
With fiery eye, terrific tooth!
Ah! now I know thee, sure enough!
For such a base, half-hellish brood,
The key of Solomon is good.[19]

SPIRITS (*without*).

Captured there within is one!
Stay without and follow none!
Like a fox in iron snare,
Hell's old lynx is quaking there,

But take heed!
Hover round above, below,
To and fro,
Then from durance is he freed!
Can ye aid him, spirits all,
Leave him not in mortal thrall!
Many a time and oft hath he
Served us, when at liberty.

FAUST.

The monster to confront at first,
The spell of four must be rehearsed;

Salamander shall kindle,
Writhe, nymph of the wave,
In air sylph shall dwindle,
And Kobold shall slave,

Who doth ignore
The primal four,
Nor knows aright
Their use and might,
O'er spirits will he
Ne'er master be!

Vanish in the fiery glow,
Salamander!
Rushingly together flow,
Undine!
Shimmer in the meteor's gleam,
Sylphide!
Hither bring thine homely aid,
Incubus! Incubus!
Step forth! The spell concludeth thus!

None of the four
Lurks in the beast:
He grins at me, untroubled as before;
I have not hurt him in the least.
A spell of fear
Thou now shalt hear.

Art thou, comrade fell,
Fugitive from hell?
See then this sign,

Before which incline
The murky troops of Hell!
With bristling hair now doth the creature swell.
Canst thou, reprobate,
Read the uncreate,
Unspeakable, diffused
Throughout the heavenly sphere,
Shamefully abused,
Transpierced with nail and spear!
Behind the stove, tamed by my spells,
Like an elephant he swells;
Wholly now he fills the room,
He into mist will melt away.
Ascend not to the ceiling! Come,
Thyself at the master's feet now lay!
Thou seest that mine is no idle threat.
With holy fire I will scorch thee yet!
Wait not the might
That lies in the triple-glowing light!
Wait not the might
Of all my arts in fullest measure!

MEPHISTOPHELES

(*As the mist sinks, comes forward from behind the stove, in the dress of a travelling scholar*).

Why all this uproar? What's the master's pleasure?

FAUST.

This then the kernel of the brute!
A travelling scholar? Why I needs must smile.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Your learned reverence humbly I salute!
You've made me swelter in a pretty style.

FAUST.

Thy name?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

The question trifling seems from one,
Who it appears the Word doth rate so low;
Who, undeluded by mere outward show,
To Being's depth would penetrate alone.

FAUST.

With gentlemen like you indeed
The inward essence from the name we read,
As all too plainly it doth appear,
When Beelzebub, Destroyer, Liar, meets the ear.
Who then art thou?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Part of that power which still
Produceth good, whilst ever scheming ill.

FAUST.

What hidden mystery in this riddle lies?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I am the spirit who evermore denies!
And justly; for whate'er to light is brought
Deserves again to be reduced to naught;
Then better 'twere that naught should be.
Thus all the elements which ye
Destruction, Sin, or briefly, Evil, name,
As my peculiar element I claim.

FAUST.

Thou nam'st thyself a part, and yet a whole I see.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

The modest truth I speak to thee.
Though folly's microcosm, man, it seems,
Himself to be a perfect whole esteems,
Part of the part am I, which at the first was all.

A part of darkness, which gave birth to light.
Proud light, who now his mother would enthrall,
Contesting space and ancient rank with night.
Yet he succeedeth not, for struggle as he will,
To forms material he adhereth still;
From them he streameth, them he maketh fair,
And still the progress of his beams they check;
And so, I trust, when comes the final wreck,
Light will, ere long, the doom of matter share.

FAUST.

Thy worthy avocation now I guess!

Wholesale annihilation won't prevail,
So thou'rt beginning on a smaller scale.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

And, to say truth, as yet with small success.
Opposed to nothingness, the world,
This clumsy mass, subsisteth still;
Not yet is it to ruin hurled,
Despite the efforts of my will.
Tempests and earthquakes, fire and flood, I've tried;
Yet land and ocean still unchanged abide!
And then of humankind and beasts, the accursed brood,
Neither o'er them can I extend my sway.
What countless myriads have I swept away!
Yet ever circulates the fresh young blood.
It is enough to drive me to despair!
As in the earth, in water, and in air,
In moisture and in drought, in heat and cold,
Thousands of germs their energies unfold!
If fire I had not for myself retained,
No sphere whatever had for me remained.

FAUST.

So thou with thy cold devil's fist,
Still clenched in malice impotent,
Dost the creative power resist,
The active, the beneficent!
Henceforth some other task essay,
Of Chaos thou the wondrous son!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

We will consider what you say,
And talk about it more anon!
For this time have I leave to go?

FAUST.

Why thou shouldst ask, I cannot see.
Since one another now we know,
At thy good pleasure, visit me.
Here is the window, here the door,
The chimney, too, may serve thy need.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I must confess, my stepping o'er

Thy threshold a slight hindrance doth impede;
The wizard-foot doth me retain.

FAUST.

The pentagram thy peace doth mar?[20]
To me, thou son of hell, explain,
How camest thou in, if this thine exit bar?
Could such a spirit aught ensnare?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Observe it well, it is not drawn with care,
One of the angles, that which points without,
Is, as thou seest, not quite closed.

FAUST.

Chance hath the matter happily disposed!
So thou my captive art? No doubt!
By accident thou thus are caught!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

In sprang the dog, indeed, observing naught;
Things now assume another shape,
The devil's in the house and can't escape.

FAUST.

Why through the window not withdraw?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

For ghosts and for the devil 'tis a law,
Where they stole in, there they must forth. We're free
The first to choose; as to the second, slaves are we.

FAUST.

E'en hell hath its peculiar laws, I see!
I'm glad of that! a pact may then be made,
The which, you gentlemen, will surely keep?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Whate'er therein is promised thou shalt reap,
No tittle shall remain unpaid.
But such arrangements time require;
We'll speak of them when next we meet;
Most earnestly I now entreat,
This once permission to retire.

FAUST.

Another moment prithee here remain,
Me with some happy word to pleasure.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Now let me go! ere long I'll come again,
Then thou may'st question at thy leisure.

FAUST.

To capture thee was not my will.
Thyself hast freely entered in the snare:
Let him who holds the devil, hold him still!
A second time so soon he will not catch him there.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

If it so please thee, I'm at thy command;
Only on this condition, understand;
That worthily thy leisure to beguile,
I here may exercise my arts awhile,

FAUST.

Thou'rt free to do so! Gladly I'll attend;
But be thine art a pleasant one!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

My friend,
This hour enjoyment more intense,
Shall captivate each ravish'd sense,
Than thou could'st compass in the bound
Of the whole year's unvarying round;
And what the dainty spirits sing,
The lovely images they bring,
Are no fantastic sorcery.
Rich odors shall regale your smell,
On choicest sweets your palate dwell,
Your feelings thrill with ecstasy.
No preparation do we need,
Here we together are. Proceed.

SPIRITS.

Hence, overshadowing gloom [21]
Vanish from sight!
O'er us thine azure dome,
Bend, beauteous light!

Dark clouds that o'er us spread,
Melt in thin air!
Stars, your soft radiance shed,
Tender and fair.
Girt with celestial might,
Winging their airy flight,
Spirits are thronging.
Follows their forms of light
Infinite longing!
Flutter their vestures bright
O'er field and grove!
Where in their leafy bower
Lovers the livelong hour
Vow deathless love.
Soft bloometh bud and bower!
Bloometh the grove!
Grapes and spreading vine
Crown the full measure;
Fountains of foaming wine
Gush from the pressure.
Still where the currents wind,
Gems brightly gleam.
Leaving the hills behind
On rolls the stream;
Now into ample seas,
Spreadeth the flood;
Laving the sunny leas,
Mantled with wood.
Rapture the feathered throng,
Gaily careering,
Sip as they float along;
Sunward they're steering;
On towards the isles of light
Winging their way,
That on the waters bright
Dancingly play.
Hark to the choral strain,
Joyfully ringing!
While on the grassy plain
Dancers are springing;
Climbing the steep hill's side,
Skimming the glassy tide,

Wander they there;
Others on pinions wide
Wing the blue air;
On towards the living stream,
Towards yonder stars that gleam,
Far, far away;
Seeking their tender beam
Wing they their way.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Well done, my dainty spirits! now he slumbers;
Ye have entranced him fairly with your numbers;
This minstrelsy of yours I must repay. —
Thou art not yet the man to hold the devil fast! —
With fairest shapes your spells around him cast,
And plunge him in a sea of dreams!
But that this charm be rent, the threshold passed,
Tooth of rat the way must clear.
I need not conjure long it seems,
One rustles hitherward, and soon my voice will hear.

The master of the rats and mice,
Of flies and frogs, of bugs and lice,
Commands thy presence; without fear
Come forth and gnaw the threshold here,
Where he with oil has smeared it. Thou
Com'st hopping forth already! Now
To work! The point that holds me bound
Is in the outer angle found.
Another bite — so — now 'tis done —
Now, Faustus, till we meet again, dream on.

FAUST (*awaking*).

Am I once more deluded! must I deem
This troop of thronging spirits all ideal?
The devil's presence, was it nothing real?
The poodle's disappearance, but a dream?

Study.

FAUST. MEPHISTOPHELES.

FAUST.

A knock? Come in! who now would break my rest?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

'Tis I!

FAUST.

Come in!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Thrice be the words expressed.

FAUST.

Then I repeat, Come in!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

'Tis well,
I hope that we shall soon agree!
For now your humors to dispel,
Here, as a youth of high degree,
I come in gold-laced scarlet vest,
And stiff silk mantle richly dressed,
A cock's gay feather for a plume,
A long and pointed rapier, too;
And briefly I would counsel you
To don at once the same costume,
And free from trammels, speed away,
That what life is you may essay.

FAUST.

In every garb I needs must feel oppressed,
My heart to earth's low cares a prey.
Too old the trifler's part to play,
Too young to live by no desire possess'd.
What can the world to me afford?
Renounce! renounce! is still the word;
This is the everlasting song
In every ear that ceaseless rings,
And which, alas, our whole life long
Hoarsely each passing moment sings.
But to new horror I awake each morn,
And I could weep hot tears, to see the sun
Dawn on another day, whose round forlorn
Will satisfy no wish of mine — not one,
Which still, with froward captiousness, impairs
E'en the presentiment of every joy,
While low realities and paltry cares

The spirit's fond imaginings destroy.
And even I then, when falls the veil of night,
Stretched on my bed, I languish in despair;
Appalling dreams my soul affright;
No rest vouchsafed me even there.
The god, who throned within my breast resides,
Deep in my soul can stir the springs;
With sovereign sway my energies he guides,
He cannot move external things;
And so existence is to me a weight,
Death fondly I desire and life I hate.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

And yet, methinks, by most 'twill be confessed
That Death is never quite a welcome guest.

FAUST.

Happy the man around whose brow he binds
The blood-stained wreath in conquest's dazzling hour;
Or whom, excited by the dance, he finds
Dissolved in bliss in love's delicious bower!
O that before the lofty spirit's might,
Enraptured, I had rendered up my soul!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Yet did a certain man refrain one night,
Of its brown juice to drain the crystal bowl.

FAUST.

To play the spy diverts you then?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I own,
Though not omniscient, much to me is known.

FAUST.

If o'er my soul the tone familiar, stealing,[22]
Drew me from harrowing thought's bewildering maze,
Touching the lingering chords of childlike feeling,
With the sweet harmonies of happier days:
So curse I all around the soul that windeth
Its magic and alluring spell,
And with delusive flattery bindeth
Its victim to the dreary cell!

Cursed before all things be the high opinion,
Wherewith the spirit girds itself around!
Of shows delusive cursed be the dominion,
Within whose mocking sphere our sense is bound!
Accursed of dreams the treacherous wiles,
The cheat of glory, deathless fame!
Accursed what each as property beguiles,
Wife, child, slave, plough, whate'er its name!
Accursed be mammon, when with treasure
He doth to daring deeds incite:
Or when to steep the soul in pleasure,
He spreads the couch of soft delight!
Cursed be the grape's balsamic juice!
Accursed love's dream, of joys the first!
Accursed be hope! accursed be faith!
And more than all, be patience cursed!

CHORUS OF SPIRITS (*invisible*).

Woe! woe!
Thou hast destroyed
The beautiful world
With violent blow;
'Tis shivered! 'tis shattered
The fragments abroad by a demigod scattered!
Now we sweep
The wrecks into nothingness!
Fondly we weep
The beauty that's gone!
Thou 'mongst the sons of earth,
Lofty and mighty one,
Build it once more!
In thine own bosom the lost world restore!
Now with unclouded sense
Enter a new career;
Songs shall salute thine ear,
Ne'er heard before!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

My little ones these spirits be.
Hark! with shrewd intelligence,
How they recommend to thee
Action, and the joys of sense!

In the busy world to dwell,
Fain they would allure thee hence:
For within this lonely cell,
Stagnate sap of life and sense.

Forbear to trifle longer with thy grief,
Which, vulture-like, consumes thee in this den.
The worst society is some relief,
Making thee feel thyself as man with men.
Nathless it is not meant, I trow,
To thrust thee 'mid the vulgar throng.
I to the upper ranks do not belong;
Yet if, by me companioned, thou
Thy steps through life forthwith wilt take,
Upon the spot myself I'll make
Thy comrade;—
Should it suit thy need,
I am thy servant, am thy slave indeed!

FAUST.

And how must I thy services repay?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Thereto thou lengthened respite hast!

FAUST.

No! no!
The devil is an egotist, I know:
And, for Heaven's sake, 'tis not his way
Kindness to any one to show.
Let the condition plainly be exprest;
Such a domestic is a dangerous guest.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I'll pledge myself to be thy servant *here*,
Still at thy back alert and prompt to be;
But when together *yonder* we appear,
Then shalt thou do the same for me.

FAUST.

But small concern I feel for yonder world;
Hast thou this system into ruin hurled,
Another may arise the void to fill.
This earth the fountain whence my pleasures flow,

This sun doth daily shine upon my woe,
And if this world I must forego,
Let happen then, — what can and will.
I to this theme will close mine ears,
If men hereafter hate and love,
And if there be in yonder spheres
A depth below or height above.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

In this mood thou mayst venture it. But make
The compact, and at once I'll undertake
To charm thee with mine arts. I'll give thee more
Than mortal eye hath e'er beheld before.

FAUST.

What, sorry devil, hast thou to bestow?
Was ever mortal spirit, in its high endeavor,
Fathomed by Being such as thou?
Yet food thou hast which satisfieth never,
Hast ruddy gold, that still doth flow
Like restless quicksilver away,
A game thou hast, at which none win who play,
A girl who would, with amorous eyen,
E'en from my breast, a neighbor snare,
Lofty ambition's joy divine,
That, meteor-like, dissolves in air.
Show me the fruit that, ere 'tis plucked, doth rot,
And trees, whose verdure daily buds anew.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Such a commission scares me not,
I can provide such treasures, it is true;
But, my good friend, a season will come round,
When on what's good we may regale in peace.

FAUST.

If e'er upon my couch, stretched at my ease, I'm found,
Then may my life that instant cease;
Me canst thou cheat with glozing wile
That I be pleased with the repast,
Me with joy's lure canst thou beguile —
Let that day be for me the last!
Be this our wager!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Be it!

FAUST.

Sure and fast!
When to the moment I shall say,
"Linger awhile, so fair thou art!"
Then mayst thou fetter me straightway,
Then to the abyss will I depart;
Then may the solemn death-bell sound,
Then from thy service thou art free,
The index then may cease its round,
And time be never more for me!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I shall remember; pause, ere 'tis too late.

FAUST.

Thereto a perfect right hast thou.
My strength I do not rashly overrate.
Slave am I here, at any rate,
If thine, or whose, it matters not, I trow.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

At doctors' feast I will this day
Attend, my duties to commence. —
But one thing! —Accidents may happen, hence
A line or two in writing grant, I pray.

FAUST.

A writing, pedant! dost demand from me?
Man, and man's plighted word, are these unknown to thee?
Is't not enough, that by the word I gave,
My doom for evermore is cast?
Doth not the world in all its currents rave,
And must a promise hold me fast?
Yet fixed is this delusion in our heart;
Who, of his own free will, therefrom would part?
How blest within whose breast truth reigneth pure!
No sacrifice will he repent when made!
A formal deed, with seal and signature,
A spectre this from which all shrink afraid.
The word its life renounces in the pen,

Leather and wax usurp the mastery then.
Spirit of evil! what dost thou require?
Brass, marble, parchment, paper, dost desire?
Shall I with chisel, pen, or graver write?
Thy choice is free; to me 'tis all the same.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Wherefore thy passion so excite,
And thus thine eloquence inflame?
A scrap is for our compact good.
Thou under-signest merely with a drop of blood.

FAUST.

If this will satisfy thy mind,
Thy whim I'll gratify, howe'er absurd.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Blood is a juice of very special kind.

FAUST.

Be not afraid that I shall break my word!
The scope of all my energy
Is in exact accordance with my vow.
Vainly I have aspired too high;
I'm on a level with but such as thou;
Me the great spirit scorned, defied;
Nature from me herself doth hide;
Rent is the web of thought; my mind
Doth knowledge loathe of every kind.
In depths of sensual pleasure drowned,
Let us our fiery passions still!
Enwrapped in magic's veil profound,
Let wondrous charms our senses thrill!
Plunge we in time's tempestuous flow,
Stem we the rolling surge of chance!
There may alternate weal and woe,
Success and failure, as they can,
Mingle and shift in changeful dance!
Excitement is the sphere for man.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Nor goal, nor measure is prescribed to you.
If you desire to taste of everything,

To snatch at joy while on the wing,
May your career amuse and profit too!
Only fall to and don't be over coy!

FAUST.

Hearken! The end I aim at is not joy;
I crave excitement, agonizing bliss,
Enamored hatred, quickening vexation.
Purged from the love of knowledge, my vocation,
The scope of all my powers henceforth be this,
To bare my breast to every pang, — to know
In my heart's core all human weal and woe,
To grasp in thought the lofty and the deep,
Men's various fortunes on my breast to heap,
And thus to theirs dilate my individual mind,
And share at length with them the shipwreck of mankind.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Oh, credit me, who still as ages roll,
Have chewed this bitter fare from year to year,
No mortal, from the cradle to the bier,
Digests the ancient leaven! Know, this whole
Doth for the Deity alone subsist!
He in eternal brightness doth exist,
Us unto darkness he hath brought, and here
Where day and night alternate, is your sphere.

FAUST.

But 'tis my will!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Well spoken, I admit!
But one thing puzzles me, my friend;
Time's short, art long; methinks 'twere fit
That you to friendly counsel should attend.
A poet choose as your ally!
Let him thought's wide dominion sweep,
Each good and noble quality,
Upon your honored brow to heap;
The lion's magnanimity,
The fleetness of the hind,
The fiery blood of Italy,
The North's more steadfast mind!

Let him to you the mystery show
To blend high aims and cunning low;
And while youth's passions are aflame
To fall in love by rule and plan!
I fain would meet with such a man;
Would him Sir Microcosmus name.

FAUST.

What then am I, if I aspire in vain
The crown of our humanity to gain,
Towards which my every sense doth strain?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Thou'rt after all — just what thou art.
Put on thy head a wig with countless locks,
Raise to a cubit's height thy learned socks,
Still thou remainest ever, what thou art.

FAUST.

I feel it, I have heaped upon my brain
The gathered treasure of man's thought in vain;
And when at length from studious toil I rest,
No power, new-born, springs up within my breast;
A hair's breadth is not added to my height,
I am no nearer to the infinite.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Good sir, these things you view indeed,
Just as by other men they're viewed;
We must more cleverly proceed,
Before life's joys our grasp elude.
The devil! thou hast hands and feet,
And head and back are also thine;
What I enjoy with relish sweet,
Is it on that account less mine?
If for six stallions I can pay,
Do I not own their strength and speed?
A proper man I dash away,
As their two dozen legs were mine indeed.
Up then, from idle pondering free,
And forth into the world with me!
I tell you what; — your speculative churl
Is like a beast which some ill spirit leads,

On barren wilderness, in ceaseless whirl,
While all around lie fair and verdant meads.

FAUST.

But how shall we begin?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

We will go hence with speed,
A place of torment this indeed!
A precious life, thyself to bore,
And some few youngsters evermore!
Leave it to neighbor Paunch; — withdraw,
Why wilt thou plague thyself with thrashing straw?
The very best that thou dost know
Thou dar'st not to the striplings show.
One in the passage now doth wait!

FAUST.

I'm in no mood to see him now.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Poor lad! He must be tired, I trow;
He must not go disconsolate.
Hand me thy cap and gown; the mask
Will set me off in glorious state.

(*He changes his dress.*)

Now leave it to my wit! I ask
But quarter of an hour; meanwhile equip,
And make all ready for our pleasant trip!

(*Exit* FAUST.)

MEPHISTOPHELES (*in* FAUST'S *long gown*).

Mortal! the loftiest attributes of men,
Reason and Knowledge, only thus contemn,
Still let the Prince of lies, without control,
With shows and mocking charms delude thy soul,
I have thee unconditionally then! —
Faith hath endowed him with an ardent mind,
Which unrestrained still presses on for ever,
And whose precipitate endeavor
Earth's joys o'erleaping, leaveth them behind.
Him will I drag through life's wild waste,

Through scenes of vapid dullness, where at last
Bewildered, he shall falter, and stick fast;
And, still to mock his greedy haste,
Viands and drink shall float his craving lips beyond —
Vainly he'll seek refreshment, anguish-tost,
And were he not the devil's by his bond,
Yet must his soul infallibly be lost!

A STUDENT *enters.*[24]

STUDENT.

But recently I've quitted home,
Full of devotion am I come
A man to know and hear, whose name
With reverence is known to fame.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Your courtesy much flatters me!
A man like other men you see;
Pray have you yet applied elsewhere?

STUDENT.

I would entreat your friendly care!
I've youthful blood and courage high;
Of gold I bring a fair supply;
To let me go my mother was not fain;
But here I longed true knowledge to attain,

MEPHISTOPHELES.

You've hit upon the very place.

STUDENT.

And yet my steps I would retrace.
These walls, this melancholy room,
O'erpower me with a sense of gloom;
The space is narrow, nothing green,
No friendly tree is to be seen:
And in these halls, with benches lined,
Sight, hearing fail, fails too my mind.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

It all depends on habit. Thus at first
The infant takes not kindly to the breast,
But before long, its eager thirst

Is fain to slake with hearty zest:
Thus at the breasts of wisdom day by day
With keener relish you'll your thirst allay.

STUDENT.

Upon her neck I fain would hang with joy;
To reach it, say, what means must I employ?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Explain ere further time we lose,
What special faculty you choose?

STUDENT.

Profoundly learned I would grow,
What heaven contains would comprehend,
O'er earth's wide realm my gaze extend,
Nature and science I desire to know.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

You are upon the proper track, I find,
Take heed, let nothing dissipate your mind.

STUDENT.

My heart and soul are in the chase!
Though to be sure I fain would seize,
On pleasant summer holidays,
A little liberty and careless ease.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Use well your time, so rapidly it flies;
Method will teach you time to win;
Hence, my young friend, I would advise,
With college logic to begin!
Then will your mind be so well braced,
In Spanish boots so tightly laced,
That on 'twill circumspectly creep,
Thought's beaten track securely keep,
Nor will it ignis-fatuus like,
Into the path of error strike.
Then many a day they'll teach you how
The mind's spontaneous acts, till now
As eating and as drinking free,
Require a process;— one! two! three!

In truth the subtle web of thought
Is like the weaver's fabric wrought:
One treadle moves a thousand lines,
Swift dart the shuttles to and fro,
Unseen the threads together flow,
A thousand knots one stroke combines.
Then forward steps your sage to show,
And prove to you, it must be so;
The first being so, and so the second.
The third and fourth deduced we see;
And if there were no first and second,
Nor third nor fourth would ever be.
This, scholars of all countries prize, —
Yet 'mong themselves no weavers rise.
He who would know and treat of aught alive,
Seeks first the living spirit thence to drive:
Then are the lifeless fragments in his hand,
There only fails, alas! the spirit-band.
This process, chemists name, in learned thesis,
Mocking themselves, *Naturæ encheiresis.*

STUDENT.

Your words I cannot fully comprehend.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

In a short time you will improve, my friend,
When of scholastic forms you learn the use;
And how by method all things to reduce.

STUDENT.

All this my brain does so confound,
As if a mill-wheel there were turning round.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

And next, before aught else you learn,
You must with zeal to metaphysics turn!
There see that you profoundly comprehend,
What doth the limit of man's brain transcend;
For that which is or is not in the head
A sounding phase will serve you in good stead.
But before all, strive this half year,

From one fixed order ne'er to swerve!
Five lectures daily you must hear;
The hour still punctually observe!
Yourself with studious zeal prepare,
And closely in your manual look,
Hereby may you be quite aware
That all he utters standeth in the book;
Yet write away without cessation,
As at the Holy Ghost's dictation!

STUDENT.

This, sir, a second time you need not say!
Your counsel I appreciate quite;
What we possess in black and white,
We can in peace and comfort bear away.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

A faculty, I pray you, name.

STUDENT.

For jurisprudence some distaste I own.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

To me this branch of science is well known,
And hence I cannot your repugnance blame.
Customs and laws in every place,
Like a disease, an heirloom dread,
Still trail their curse from race to race,
And furtively abroad they spread.
To nonsense, reason's self they turn;
Beneficence becomes a pest;
Woe unto thee, that thou'rt a grandson born!
As for the law born with us, unexpressed;—
That law, alas, none careth to discern.

STUDENT.

You deepen my dislike. The youth
Whom you instruct, is blest in sooth.
To try theology I feel inclined.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I would not lead you willingly astray,
But as regards this science, you will find,
So hard it is to shun the erring way,

And so much hidden poison lies therein,
Which scarce can you discern from medicine.
Here too it is the best to listen but to one,
And by the master's words to swear alone.
To sum up all — To words hold fast!
Then the safe gate securely pass'd,
You'll reach the fane of certainty at last.

STUDENT.

But then some meaning must the words convey.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Right! but o'er-anxious thought, you'll find of no avail,
For there precisely where ideas fail,
A word comes opportunely into play.
Most admirable weapons words are found,
On words a system we securely ground,
In words we can conveniently believe,
Nor of a single jot can we a word bereave.

STUDENT.

Your pardon for my importunity;
Yet once more must I trouble you:
On medicine, I'll thank you to supply
A pregnant utterance or two!
Three years! how brief the appointed tide!
The field, heaven knows, is all too wide!
If but a friendly hint be thrown,
'Tis easier then to feel one's way.

MEPHISTOPHELES (*aside*).

I'm weary of the dry pedantic tone,
And must again the genuine devil play.

(*Aloud*).

Of medicine the spirit's caught with ease,
The great and little world you study through,
That things may then their course pursue,
As heaven may please.
In vain abroad you range through science' ample space,
Each man learns only that which learn he can;
Who knows the moment to embrace,
He is your proper man.

In person you are tolerably made,
Nor in assurance will you be deficient:
Self-confidence acquire, be not afraid,
Others will then esteem you a proficient.
Learn chiefly with the sex to deal!
Their thousand ahs and ohs,
These the sage doctor knows,
He only from one point can heal.
Assume a decent tone of courteous ease,
You have them then to humor as you please.
First a diploma must belief infuse,
That you in your profession take the lead:
You then at once those easy freedoms use
For which another many a year must plead;
Learn how to feel with nice address
The dainty wrist; — and how to press,
With ardent furtive glance, the slender waist, [25]
To feel how tightly it is laced.

STUDENT.

There is some sense in that! one sees the how and why.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Gray is, young friend, all theory:
And green of life the golden tree.

STUDENT.

I swear it seemeth like a dream to me.
May I some future time repeat my visit,
To hear on what your wisdom grounds your views?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Command my humble service when you choose.

STUDENT.

Ere I retire, one boon I must solicit:
Here is my album, do not, Sir, deny
This token of your favor!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Willingly!
(*He writes and returns the book.*)

STUDENT (*reads*).

ERITIS SICUT DEUS, SCIENTES BONUM ET MALUM.
(*He reverently closes the book and retires*).

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Let but this ancient proverb be your rule,
My cousin follow still, the wily snake,
And with your likeness to the gods, poor fool,
Ere long be sure your poor sick heart will quake!

FAUST (*enters*).

Whither away?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

'Tis thine our course to steer.
The little world, and then the great we'll view.
With what delight, what profit too.
Thou'lt revel through thy gay career!

FAUST.

Despite my length of beard I need [26]
The easy manners that insure success;
Th' attempt I fear can ne'er succeed;
To mingle in the world I want address;
I still have an embarrassed air, and then
I feel myself so small with other men.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Time, my good friend, will all that's needful give;
Be only self-possessed, and thou hast learnt to live.

FAUST.

But how are we to start, I pray?
Steeds, servants, carriage, where are they?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

We've but to spread this mantle wide,
'Twill serve whereon through air to ride,
No heavy baggage need you take,
When we our bold excursion make,
A little gas, which I will soon prepare,
Lifts us from earth; aloft through air,
Light laden, we shall swiftly steer;—
I wish you joy of your new life-career.

Auerbach's Cellar in Leipzig.
(A DRINKING PARTY.)

FROSCH.

No drinking? Naught a laugh to raise?
None of your gloomy looks, I pray!
You, who so bright were wont to blaze,
Are dull as wetted straw to-day.

BRANDER.

'Tis all your fault; your part ye do not bear,
No beastliness, no folly.

FROSCH
(*pours a glass of wine over his head*).
There,
You have them both!

BRANDER.
You double beast!

FROSCH.
'Tis what you asked me for, at least!

SIEBEL.

Whoever quarrels, turn him out!
With open throat drink, roar, and shout.
Hollo! Hollo! Ho!

ALTMAYER.

Zounds, fellow, cease your deaf'ning cheers!
Bring cotton wool! He splits my ears.

SIEBEL.

'Tis when the roof rings back the tone,
Then first the full power of the bass is known.

FROSCH.

Right! out with him who takes offence!
A tara lara la!

ALTMAYER.
A tara lara la!

FROSCH.
Our throats are tuned. Come, let's commence.

(*Sings.*)

The holy Roman empire now,
How holds it still together?

BRANDER.

An ugly song! a song political!
A song offensive! Thank God, every morn
To rule the Roman empire, that you were not born!
I bless my stars at least that mine is not
Either a kaiser's or a chancellor's lot.
Yet 'mong ourselves should one still lord it o'er the rest;
That we elect a pope I now suggest.
Ye know, what quality ensures
A man's success, his rise secures.

FROSCH (*sings*).

Bear, lady nightingale above, [27]
Ten thousand greetings to my love.

SIEBEL.

No greetings to a sweetheart! No love-songs shall there be!

FROSCH.

Love-greetings and love-kisses! Thou shalt not hinder me!

(*Sings.*)

Undo the bolt! in stilly night,
Undo the bolt! thy love's awake!
Shut to the bolt! with morning light —

SIEBEL.

Ay, sing away, sing on, her praises sound; — the snake!
My turn to laugh will come some day.
Me hath she jilted once, you the same trick she'll play.
Some gnome her lover be! where cross-roads meet,
With her to play the fool; or old he-goat,
From Blocksberg coming in swift gallop, bleat
A good night to her, from his hairy throat!
A proper lad of genuine flesh and blood,
Is for the damsel far too good;
The greeting she shall have from me,
To smash her window-panes will be!

BRANDER (*striking on the table*).

Silence! Attend! to me give ear!
Confess, sirs, I know how to live:
Some love-sick folk are sitting here!
Hence, 'tis but fit, their hearts to cheer,
That I a good-night strain to them should give.
Hark! of the newest fashion is my song!
Strike boldly in the chorus, clear and strong!

(*He sings.*)

Once in a cellar lived a rat,
He feasted there on butter,
Until his paunch became as fat
As that of Doctor Luther.
The cook laid poison for the guest,
Then was his heart with pangs oppressed,
As if his frame love wasted.[28]

CHORUS (*shouting*).

As if his frame love wasted.

BRANDER.

He ran around, he ran abroad,
Of every puddle drinking.
The house with rage he scratched and gnawed,
In vain, — he fast was sinking;
Full many an anguished bound he gave,
Nothing the hapless brute could save,
As if his frame love wasted.

CHORUS.

As if his frame love wasted.

BRANDER.

By torture driven, in open day,
The kitchen he invaded,
Convulsed upon the hearth he lay,
With anguish sorely jaded;
The poisoner laughed, Ha! ha! quoth she,
His life is ebbing fast, I see,
As if his frame love wasted.

CHORUS.

As if his frame love wasted.

SIEBEL.

How the dull boors exulting shout!
Poison for the poor rats to strew
A fine exploit it is, no doubt.

BRANDER.

They, as it seems, stand well with you!

ALTMAYER.

Old bald-pate! with the paunch profound!
The rat's mishap hath tamed his nature;
For he his counterpart hath found
Depicted in the swollen creature.

FAUST AND MEPHISTOPHELES.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I now must introduce to you
Before aught else, this jovial crew,
To show how lightly life may glide away;
With the folk here each day's a holiday.
With little wit and much content,
Each on his own small round intent,
Like sportive kitten with its tail;
While no sick-headache they bewail,
And while their host will credit give,
Joyous and free from care they live.

BRANDER.

They're off a journey, that is clear, —
They look so strange; they've scarce been here
An hour.

FROSCH.

You're right! Leipzig's the place for me!
'Tis quite a little Paris; people there
Acquire a certain easy finished air.

SIEBEL.

What take you now these travellers to be?

FROSCH.

Let me alone! O'er a full glass you'll see,
As easily I'll worm their secret out,
As draw an infant's tooth. I've not a doubt
That my two gentlemen are nobly born,
They look dissatisfied and full of scorn.

BRANDER.

They are but mountebanks, I'll lay a bet!

ALTMAYER.

Most like.

FROSCH.

Mark me, I'll screw it from them yet.

MEPHISTOPHELES (*to* FAUST).

These fellows would not scent the devil out,
E'en though he had them by the very throat!

FAUST.

Good-morrow, gentlemen!

SIEBEL.

Thanks for your fair salute.

(*Aside, glancing at* MEPHISTOPHELES.)

How! goes the fellow on a halting foot?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Is it permitted here with you to sit?
Then though good wine is not forthcoming here,
Good company at least our hearts will cheer.

ALTMAYER.

A dainty gentleman, no doubt of it.

FROSCH.

You're doubtless recently from Rippach? Pray,
Did you with Master Hans there chance to sup?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

To-day we pass'd him, but we did not stop!
When last we met him he had much to say
Touching his cousins, and to each he sent
Full many a greeting and kind compliment.

(*With an inclination towards* FROSCH.)

ALTMAYER (*aside to* FROSCH).

You have it there!

SIEBEL.

Faith! he's a knowing one!

FROSCH.

Have patience! I will show him up anon.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Unless I err, as we drew near
We heard some practised voices pealing.
A song must admirably here
Re-echo from this vaulted ceiling!

FROSCH.

That you're an amateur one plainly sees!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Oh no, though strong the love, I cannot boast much skill.

ALTMAYER.

Give us a song!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

As many as you will.

SIEBEL.

But be it a brand new one, if you please!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

But recently returned from Spain are we,
The pleasant land of wine and minstrelsy.

(*Sings.*)

A king there was once reigning,
Who had a goodly flea—

FROSCH.

Hark! did you rightly catch the words? a flea!
An odd sort of a guest he needs must be.

MEPHISTOPHELES (*sings*).

A king there was once reigning,
Who had a goodly flea,
Him loved he without feigning,
As his own son were he!

His tailor then he summoned,
The tailor to him goes:
Now measure me the youngster
For jerkin and for hose!

BRANDER.

Take proper heed, the tailor strictly charge.
The nicest measurement to take,
And as he loves his head, to make
The hose quite smooth and not too large!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

In satin and in velvet,
Behold the younker dressed;
Bedizened o'er with ribbons,
A cross upon his breast.
Prime minister they made him,
He wore a star of state;
And all his poor relations
Were courtiers, rich and great.

The gentlemen and ladies
At court were sore distressed;
The queen and all her maidens
Were bitten by the pest,
And yet they dared not scratch them,
Or chase the fleas away.
If we are bit, we catch them,
And crack without delay.

CHORUS (*shouting*).

If we are bit, etc.

FROSCH.

Bravo! That's the song for me.

SIEBEL.

Such be the fate of every flea!

BRANDER.

With clever finger catch and kill.

ALTMAYER.

Hurrah for wine and freedom still!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Were but your wine a trifle better, friend,
A glass to freedom I would gladly drain.

SIEBEL.

You'd better not repeat those words again!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I am afraid the landlord to offend;
Else freely would I treat each worthy guest
From our own cellar to the very best.

SIEBEL.

Out with it then! Your doings I'll defend.

FROSCH.

Give a good glass, and straight we'll praise you, one and all.
Only let not your samples be too small;
For if my judgment you desire,
Certes, an ample mouthful I require.

ALTMAYER (*aside*).

I guess, they're from the Rhenish land.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Fetch me a gimlet here!

BRANDER.

Say, what therewith to bore?
You cannot have the wine-casks at the door?

ALTMAYER.

Our landlord's tool-basket behind doth yonder stand.

MEPHISTOPHELES (*takes the gimlet*).
(*To* FROSCH).

Now only say! what liquor will you take?

FROSCH.

How mean you that? have you of every sort?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Each may his own selection make.

ALTMAYER (*to* FROSCH).

Ha! Ha! You lick your lips already at the thought.

FROSCH.

Good, if I have my choice, the Rhenish I propose;
For still the fairest gifts the fatherland bestows.

MEPHISTOPHELES

(*boring a hole in the edge of the table opposite to where* FROSCH *is sitting*).

Get me a little wax — and make some stoppers — quick!

ALTMAYER.

Why, this is nothing but a juggler's trick! 1915

MEPHISTOPHELES (*to* BRANDER).

And you?

BRANDER.

Champagne's the wine for me;
Right brisk, and sparkling let it be!

(MEPHISTOPHELES *bores, one of the party has in the meantime prepared the wax-stoppers and stopped the holes.*)

BRANDER.

What foreign is one always can't decline,
What's good is often scattered far apart.
The French your genuine German hates with all his heart,
Yet has a relish for their wine. 1921

SIEBEL

(*as* MEPHISTOPHELES *approaches him*).

I like not acid wine, I must allow,
Give me a glass of genuine sweet!

MEPHISTOPHELES (*bores*).

Tokay
Shall, if you wish it, flow without delay.

ALTMAYER.

Come! look me in the face! no fooling now! 1925
You are but making fun of us, I trow.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Ah! ah! that would indeed be making free

With such distinguished guests. Come, no delay;
What liquor can I serve you with, I pray?

ALTMAYER.

Only be quick, it matters not to me.
(*After the holes are all bored and stopped*)

MEPHISTOPHELES (*with strange gestures*).

Grapes the vine-stock bears,
Horns the buck-goat wears!
Wine is sap, the vine is wood,
The wooden board yields wine as good.
With a deeper glance and true
The mysteries of nature view!
Have faith and here's a miracle!
Your stoppers draw and drink your fill!

ALL

(*as they draw the stoppers and the wine chosen by each runs into his glass*).

Oh, beauteous spring, which flows so fair!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Spill not a single drop, of this beware!
(*They drink repeatedly.*)

ALL (*sing*).

Happy as cannibals are we,
Or as five hundred swine.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

They're in their glory, mark their elevation!

FAUST.

Let's hence, nor here our stay prolong.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Attend, of brutishness ere long
You'll see a glorious revelation.

SIEBEL

(*drinks carelessly; the wine is spilt upon the ground, and turns to flame*).

Help! fire! help! Hell is burning!

MEPHISTOPHELES
(*addressing the flames*).
Stop,
Kind element, be still, I say!
(*To the company.*)
Of purgatorial fire as yet 'tis but a drop.

SIEBEL.
What means the knave! For this you'll dearly pay!
Us, it appears, you do not know.

FROSCH.
Such tricks a second time let him not show!

ALTMAYER.
Methinks 'twere well we packed him quietly away.

SIEBEL.
What, sir! with us your hocus-pocus play!

MEPHISTOPHELES.
Silence, old wine-cask!

SIEBEL.
How! add insult, too!
Vile broomstick!

BRANDER.
Hold! or blows shall rain on you!

ALTMAYER
(*draws a stopper out of the table; fire springs out against him*).
I burn! I burn!

SIEBEL.
'Tis sorcery, I vow!
Strike home! The fellow is fair game, I trow!
(*They draw their knives and attack* MEPHISTOPHELES).

MEPHISTOPHELES (*with solemn gestures*).
Visionary scenes appear!
Words delusive cheat the ear!
Be ye there, and be ye here!
(*They stand amazed and gaze on each other*).

ALTMAYER.

Where am I? What a beauteous land!

FROSCH.

Vineyards! unless my sight deceives!

SIEBEL.

And clustering grapes too, close at hand!

BRANDER.

And underneath the spreading leaves.
What stems there be! What grapes I see!

(*He seizes* SIEBEL *by the nose. The others reciprocally do the same, and raise their knives*).

MEPHISTOPHELES (*as above*).

Delusion, from their eyes the bandage take!
Note how the devil loves a jest to break!

(*He disappears with* FAUST, *the fellows draw back from one another.*)

SIEBEL.

What was it?

ALTMAYER.

How?

FROSCH.

Was that your nose?

BRANDER (*to* SIEBEL).

And look, my hand doth thine enclose!

ALTMAYER.

I felt a shock, it went through every limb!
A chair! I'm fainting! all things swim!

FROSCH.

Say what has happened, what's it all about?

SIEBEL.

Where is the fellow? Could I scent him out,
His body from his soul I'd soon divide!

ALTMAYER.

With my own eyes, upon a cask astride,
Forth through the cellar-door I saw him ride ——
Heavy as lead my feet are growing.

(*Turning to the table.*)
Would that the wine again were flowing!

SIEBEL.

'Twas all delusion, cheat and lie.

FROSCH.

Twas wine I drank, most certainly.

BRANDER.

What of the grapes, too, — where are they?

ALTMAYER.

Who now will miracles gainsay?

WITCHES' KITCHEN.[31]

A large caldron hangs over the fire on a low hearth; various figures appear in the vapor arising from it. A FEMALE MONKEY *sits beside the caldron to skim it, and watch that it does not boil over. The* MALE MONKEY *with the young ones is seated near, warming himself. The walls and ceiling are adorned with the strangest articles of witch-furniture.*

FAUST. MEPHISTOPHELES.

FAUST.

This senseless, juggling witchcraft I detest!
Dost promise that in this foul nest
Of madness, I shall be restored?
Must I seek counsel from an ancient dame?
And can she, by these rites abhorred,
Take thirty winters from my frame?
Woe's me, if thou naught better canst suggest!
Hope has already fled my breast.
Has neither nature nor a noble mind
A balsam yet devised of any kind?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

My friend, you now speak sensibly. In truth,
Nature a method giveth to renew thy youth:
But in another book the lesson's writ; —
It forms a curious chapter, I admit.

FAUST.

I fain would know it.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Good! a remedy
Without physician, gold, or sorcery:
Away forthwith, and to the fields repair,
Begin to delve, to cultivate the ground,
Thy senses and thyself confine
Within the very narrowest round,
Support thyself upon the simplest fare,
Live like a very brute the brutes among,
Neither esteem it robbery
The acre thou dost reap, thyself to dung
This the best method, credit me,
Again at eighty to grow hale and young.

FAUST.

I am not used to it, nor can myself degrade
So far, as in my hand to take the spade.
For this mean life my spirit soars too high.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Then must we to the witch apply!

FAUST.

Will none but this old beldame do?
Canst not thyself the potion brew?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

A pretty play our leisure to beguile!
A thousand bridges I could build meanwhile.
Not science only and consummate art,
Patience must also bear her part.
A quiet spirit worketh whole years long;
Time only makes the subtle ferment strong;
And all things that belong thereto,
Are wondrous and exceeding rare!
The devil taught her, it is true;
But yet the draught the devil can't prepare.
(*Perceiving the beasts.*)
Look yonder, a dainty pair!
Here is the maid! the knave is there!

(*To the beasts.*)

It seems your dame is not at home?

THE MONKEYS.

Gone to carouse,
Out of the house,
Thro' the chimney and away!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

How long is it her wont to roam?

THE MONKEYS.

While we can warm our paws she'll stay.

MEPHISTOPHELES (*to* FAUST).

What think you of the charming creatures?

FAUST.

I loathe alike their form and features!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Nay, such discourse, be it confessed,
Is just the thing that pleases me the best.

(*To the* MONKEYS.)

Tell me, ye whelps, accursed crew!
What stir ye in the broth about?

MONKEYS.

Coarse beggar's gruel here we stew.[32]

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Of customers you'll have a rout.

THE HE-MONKEY

(*approaching and fawning on* MEPHISTOPHELES).

Quick! quick! throw the dice,
Make me rich in a trice,
Oh, give me the prize!
Alas, for myself!
Had I plenty of pelf,
I then should be wise.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

How blest the ape would think himself, if he
Could only put into the lottery!

(*In the meantime the young* MONKEYS *have been playing with a large globe, which they roll forwards.*)

THE HE-MONKEY.

The world behold!
Unceasingly rolled,
It riseth and falleth ever;
It ringeth like glass!
How brittle, alas!
'Tis hollow, and resteth never.
How bright the sphere,
Still brighter here!
Now living am I!
Dear son, beware!
Nor venture there!
Thou too must die!
It is of clay;
'Twill crumble away;
There fragments lie.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Of what use is the sieve?

THE HE-MONKEY (*taking it down*).

The sieve would show, [33]
If thou wert a thief or no?

(*He runs to the* SHE-MONKEY, *and makes her look through it.*)

Look through the sieve!
Dost know him, the thief,
And dar'st thou not call him so?

MEPHISTOPHELES (*approaching the fire*).

And then this pot?

THE MONKEYS.

The half-witted sot!
He knows not the pot!
He knows not the kettle!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Unmannerly beast!
Be civil at least!

THE HE-MONKEY.

Take the whisk and sit down in the settle!
(*He makes* MEPHISTOPHELES *sit down*).

FAUST.

(*Who all this time has been standing before a looking-glass, now approaching, and now retiring from it.*)

What do I see? what form, whose charms transcend
The loveliness of earth, is mirrored here!
O Love, to waft me to her sphere,
To me the swiftest of thy pinions lend!
Alas! If I remain not rooted to this place,
If to approach more near I'm fondly lured,
Her image fades, in veiling mist obscured! —
Model of beauty both in form and face!
Is't possible? Hath woman charms so rare?
Is this recumbent form, supremely fair,
The very essence of all heavenly grace?
Can aught so exquisite on earth be found?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

The six days' labor of a god, my friend,
Who doth himself cry bravo, at the end,
By something clever doubtless should be crowned.
For this time gaze your fill, and when you please
Just such a prize for you I can provide;
How blest is he to whom kind fate decrees,
To take her to his home, a lovely bride!

(FAUST *continues to gaze into the mirror.* MEPHISTOPHELES, *stretching himself on the settle and playing with the whisk, continues to speak.*)

Here sit I, like a king upon his throne;
My sceptre this; — the crown I want alone.

THE MONKEYS

(*who have hitherto been making all sorts of strange gestures, bring* MEPHISTOPHELES *a crown, with loud cries*).

Oh, be so good,
With sweat and with blood
The crown to lime!

(*They handle the crown awkwardly and break it in two pieces, with which they skip about.*)

'Twas fate's decree!
We speak and see!
We hear and rhyme.

FAUST (*before the mirror*).

Woe's me! well-nigh distraught I feel.

MEPHISTOPHELES
(*pointing to the beasts*).

And even my own head almost begins to reel,

THE MONKEYS.

If good luck attend,
If fitly things blend,
Our jargon with thought
And with reason is fraught!

FAUST (*as above*).

A flame is kindled in my breast!
Let us begone! nor linger here!

MEPHISTOPHELES
(*in the same position*).

It now at least must be confessed,
That poets sometimes are sincere,

(*The caldron which the* SHE-MONKEY *has neglected, begins to boil over; a great flame arises, which streams up the chimney. The* WITCH *comes down the chimney with horrible cries.*)

THE WITCH.

Ough! ough! ough! ough!
Accursed brute! accursed sow!
Thou dost neglect the pot, for shame!
Accursed brute to scorch the dame!

(*Perceiving* FAUST *and* MEPHISTOPHELES.)

Whom have we here?
Who's sneaking here?
Whence are ye come?
With what desire?
The plague of fire
Your bones consume!

(*She dips the skimming-ladle into the caldron and throws flames at* FAUST, MEPHISTOPHELES, *and the* MONKEYS. *The* MONKEYS *whimper.*)

MEPHISTOPHELES

(*twirling the whisk which he holds in his hand, and striking among the glasses and pots.*)

Dash! Smash!
There lies the glass!
There lies the slime!
'Tis but a jest;
I but keep time,
Thou hellish pest,
To thine own chime!

(*While the* WITCH *steps back in rage and astonishment.*)

Dost know me! Skeleton! Vile scarecrow, thou!
Thy lord and master dost thou know?
What holds me, that I deal not now
Thee and thine apes a stunning blow?
No more respect to my red vest dost pay?
Does my cock's feather no allegiance claim?
Have I my visage masked to-day?
Must I be forced myself to name?

THE WITCH.

Master, forgive this rude salute!
But I perceive no cloven foot.
And your two ravens, where are they?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

This once I must admit your plea;—
For truly I must own that we
Each other have not seen for many a day.
The culture, too, that shapes the world, at last

Hath e'en the devil in its sphere embraced;
The northern phantom from the scene hath pass'd,
Tail, talons, horns, are nowhere to be traced!
As for the foot, with which I can't dispense,
'Twould injure me in company, and hence,
Like many a youthful cavalier,
False calves I now have worn for many a year.

THE WITCH (*dancing*).

I am beside myself with joy,
To see once more the gallant Satan here!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Woman, no more that name employ!

THE WITCH.

But why? what mischief hath it done?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

To fable it too long hath appertained;
But people from the change have nothing won.
Rid of the evil one, the evil has remained.[34]
Lord Baron call thou me, so is the matter good;
Of other cavaliers the mien I wear.
Dost make no question of my gentle blood;
See here, this is the scutcheon that I bear!
(*He makes an unseemly gesture.*)[35]

THE WITCH
(*laughing immoderately*).

Ha! Ha! Just like myself! You are, I ween,
The same mad wag that you have ever been!

MEPHISTOPHELES (*to* FAUST).

My friend, learn this to understand, I pray!
To deal with witches this is still the way.

THE WITCH.

Now tell me, gentlemen, what you desire?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Of your known juice a goblet we require.
But for the very oldest let me ask;
Double its strength with years doth grow.

THE WITCH.

Most willingly! And here I have a flask,
From which I've sipped myself ere now;
What's more, it doth no longer stink;
To you a glass I joyfully will give.

(*Aside.*)

If unprepared, however, this man drink,
He hath not, as you know, an hour to live.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

He's my good friend, with whom 'twill prosper well;
I grudge him not the choicest of thy store.
Now draw thy circle, speak thy spell,
And straight a bumper for him pour!

(*The* WITCH, *with extraordinary gestures, describes a circle, and places strange things within it. The glasses meanwhile begin to ring, the caldron to sound, and to make music. Lastly, she brings a great book, places the* MONKEYS *in the circle to serve her as a desk, and to hold the torches. She beckons* FAUST *to approach.*)

FAUST (*to* MEPHISTOPHELES).

Tell me, to what doth all this tend?
Where will these frantic gestures end?
This loathsome cheat, this senseless stuff
I've known and hated long enough.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Mere mummery, a laugh to raise!
Pray don't be so fastidious! She
But as a leech, her hocus-pocus plays,
That well with you her potion may agree.
(*He compels* FAUST *to enter the circle.*)

(*The* WITCH, *with great emphasis, begins to declaim from the book.*)

This must thou ken:
Of one make ten,
Pass two, and then

Make square the three,
So rich thou'lt be.
Drop out the four!
From five and six,
Thus says the witch,
Make seven and eight.
So all is straight!
And nine is one,
And ten is none,
This is the witch's one-time-one![36]

FAUST.

The hag doth as in fever rave.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

To these will follow many a stave.
I know it well, so rings the book throughout;
Much time I've lost in puzzling o'er its pages,
For downright paradox, no doubt,
A mystery remains alike to fools and sages.
Ancient the art and modern too, my friend.
'Tis still the fashion as it used to be,
Error instead of truth abroad to send
By means of three and one, and one and three.
'Tis ever taught and babbled in the schools.
Who'd take the trouble to dispute with fools?
When words men hear, in sooth, they usually believe
That there must needs therein be something to conceive.

THE WITCH (*continues*).

The lofty power
Of wisdom's dower,
From all the world conceal'd!
Who thinketh not,
To him I wot,
Unsought it is revealed.

FAUST.

What nonsense doth the hag propound?
My brain it doth well-nigh confound.
A hundred thousand fools or more,
Methinks I hear in chorus roar.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Incomparable Sibyl, cease, I pray!
Hand us thy liquor without more delay.
And to the very brim the goblet crown!
My friend he is, and need not be afraid;
Besides, he is a man of many a grade,
Who oft hath drunk good draughts.

(*The* WITCH, *with many ceremonies, pours the liquor into a cup; as* FAUST *lifts it to his mouth, a light flame arises.*)

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Gulp it down!
No hesitation! It will prove
A cordial and your heart inspire!
What? with the devil hand and glove,
And yet shrink back afraid of fire?

(*The* WITCH *dissolves the circle.* FAUST *steps out*).

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Now forth at once! thou must not rest.

WITCH.

And much, sir, may the liquor profit you!

MEPHISTOPHELES. (*to the* WITCH).

And if to pleasure thee I aught can do,
Pray on Walpurgis mention thy request.

WITCH.

Here is a song, sung o'er sometimes, you'll see,
That 'twill a singular effect produce.

MEPHISTOPHELES (*to* FAUST).

Come, quick, and let thyself be led by me;
Thou must perspire, in order that the juice
Thy frame may penetrate through every part.
Thy noble idleness I'll teach thee then to prize,
And soon with ecstasy thou'lt recognize
How Cupid stirs and gambols in thy heart.

FAUST.

Let me but gaze one moment in the glass!
Too lovely was that female form!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Nay! Nay!
A model which all women shall surpass,
In flesh and blood ere long thou shalt survey.
(*Aside.*)
As works the draught, thou presently shalt greet
A Helen in each woman thou dost meet.

A Street.

FAUST (MARGARET *passing by*).

FAUST.

Fair lady, may I thus make free
To offer you my arm and company?

MARGARET.

I am no lady, am not fair,
Can without escort home repair.
(*She disengages herself and exit.*)

FAUST.

By heaven! This girl is fair indeed!
No form like hers can I recall.
Virtue she hath, and modest heed,
Is piquant too, and sharp withal.
Her cheek's soft light, her rosy lips,
No length of time will e'er eclipse!
Her downward glance in passing by,
Deep in my heart is stamped for aye;
How curt and sharp her answer too,
My ravished heart to rapture grew!
(MEPHISTOPHELES *enters*).

FAUST.

This girl must win for me. Dost hear?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Which?

FAUST.

She who but now passed.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

What! She?
She from confession cometh here,
From every sin absolved and free;
I crept near the confessor's chair.
All innocence her virgin soul,
For next to nothing went she there;
O'er such as she I've no control!

FAUST.

She's past fourteen.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

You really talk
Like any gay Lothario,
Who every floweret from its stalk
Would pluck, and deems nor grace, nor truth,
Secure against his arts, forsooth!
This ne'er the less won't always do.

FAUST.

Sir Moralizer, prithee, pause;
Nor plague me with your tiresome laws!
To cut the matter short, my friend,
She must this very night be mine,—
And if to help me you decline,
Midnight shall see our compact end.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

What's possible just bear in mind!
A fortnight's space, at least, I need,
A fit occasion but to find.

FAUST.

With but seven hours I could succeed,
Nor should I want the devil's wile,
So young a creature to beguile.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Like any Frenchman now you speak,
But do not fret, I pray; why seek
To hurry to enjoyment straight?
The pleasure is not half so great,

As when at first, around, above,
With all the fooleries of love,
The puppet you can knead and mould
As in Italian story oft is told.

FAUST.

No such incentives do I need.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

But now, without offence or jest!
You cannot quickly, I protest,
In winning this sweet child succeed.
By storm we cannot take the fort,
To stratagem we must resort.

FAUST.

Conduct me to her place of rest!
Some token of the angel bring!
A kerchief from her snowy breast,
A garter bring me, — any thing!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

That I my anxious zeal may prove,
Your pangs to soothe, and aid your love,
A single moment will we not delay,
Will lead you to her room this very day.

FAUST.

And shall I see her? — Have her?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

No!

She to a neighbor's house will go;
But in her atmosphere alone,
The tedious hours meanwhile you may employ,
In blissful dreams of future joy.

FAUST.

Can we go now?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

'Tis yet too soon.

FAUST.

Some present for my love procure! (*Exit.*)

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Presents so soon! 'tis well! success is sure!
I know full many a secret store
Of treasure, buried long before,
I must a little look them o'er. (*Exit.*)

Evening. A small and neat Room.

MARGARET

(*braiding and binding up her hair*).

I would give something now to know
Who yonder gentleman could be!
He had a gallant air, I trow,
And doubtless was of high degree:
That written on his brow was seen —
Nor else would he so bold have been. (*Exit.*)

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Come in! tread softly! be discreet!

FAUST (*after a pause*).

Begone, and leave me, I entreat!

MEPHISTOPHELES (*looking round*).

Not every maiden is so neat. (*Exit.*)

FAUST (*gazing round*).

Welcome, sweet twilight gloom which reigns
Through this dim place of hallowed rest!
Fond yearning love, inspire my breast,
Feeding on hope's sweet dew thy blissful pains!
What stillness here environs me!
Content and order brood around.
What fulness in this poverty!
In this small cell what bliss profound!

(*He throws himself on the leather arm-chair beside the bed.*)

Receive me, thou, who hast in thine embrace,
Welcomed in joy and grief the ages flown!
How oft the children of a by-gone race
Have clustered round this patriarchal throne!
Haply she, also, whom I hold so dear,

For Christmas gift, with grateful joy possessed,
Hath with the full, round cheek of childhood, here,
Her grandsire's withered hand devoutly pressed.
Maiden! I feel thy spirit haunt the place,
Breathing of order and abounding grace.
As with a mother's voice it prompteth thee
The pure white cover o'er the board to spread,
To strew the crisping sand beneath thy tread.
Dear hand! so godlike in its ministry!
The hut becomes a paradise through thee!
And here — (*He raises the bed-curtain.*)

How thrills my pulse with strange delight!
Here could I linger hours untold;
Thou, Nature, didst in vision bright,
The embryo angel here unfold.
Here lay the child, her bosom warm
With life; while steeped in slumber's dew,
To perfect grace, her godlike form,
With pure and hallowed weavings grew!

And thou! ah, here what seekest thou?
How quails mine inmost being now!
What wouldst thou here? what makes thy heart so sore?
Unhappy Faust! I know thee now no more.

Do I a magic atmosphere inhale?
Erewhile, my passion would not brook delay!
Now in a pure love-dream I melt away.
Are we the sport of every passing gale?

Should she return and enter now,
How wouldst thou rue thy guilty flame!
Great blockhead! thou wouldst hide thy brow,
And at her feet sink down with shame.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Quick! quick! below I see her there.

FAUST.

Away! I will return no more!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Here is a casket, with a store
Of jewels, which I got elsewhere.
Just lay it in the press; make haste!
I swear to you, 'twill turn her brain;
Therein some trifles I have placed,
Wherewith another to obtain.
But child is child, and play is play.

FAUST.

I know not — shall I?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Do you ask?
Perchance you would retain the treasure?
If such your wish, why then, I say,
Henceforth absolve me from my task,
Nor longer waste your hours of leisure.
I trust you're not by avarice led!
I rub my hands, I scratch my head, —
(*He places the casket in the press and closes the lock.*)
Now quick! Away!
That soon the sweet young creature may
The wish and purpose of your heart obey;
Yet stand you there
As would you to the lecture-room repair,
As if before you stood,
Arrayed in flesh and blood,
Physics and metaphysics weird and gray! —
Away!

MARGARET (*with a lamp*).

It is so close, so sultry now,
(*She opens the window*).
Yet out of doors 'tis not so warm.
I feel so strange, I know not how —
I wish my mother would come home.
Through me there runs a shuddering —
I'm but a foolish timid thing!
(*While undressing herself she begins to sing.*)
There was a king in Thule,[37]
True even to the grave;

To whom his dying mistress
A golden beaker gave.

At every feast he drained it,
Naught was to him so dear,
And often as he drained it,
Gushed from his eyes the tear.

When death he felt approaching,
His cities o'er he told;
And grudged his heir no treasure
Except his cup of gold.

Girt round with knightly vassals
At a royal feast sat he,
In yon proud hall ancestral
In his castle o'er the sea.

Up stood the jovial monarch,
And quaffed his last life's glow,
Then hurled the hallowed goblet
Into the flood below.

He saw it splashing, drinking,
And plunging in the sea;
His eyes meanwhile were sinking,
And never again drank he.

(*She opens the press to put away her clothes, and perceives the casket.*)

How comes this lovely casket here? The press
I locked, of that I'm confident.
'Tis very wonderful! What's in it I can't guess;
Perhaps 'twas brought by some one in distress,
And left in pledge for loan my mother lent.
Here by a ribbon hangs a little key!
I have a mind to open it and see!
Heavens! only look! what have we here!
In all my days ne'er saw I such a sight!
Jewels! which any noble dame might wear,
For some high pageant richly dight!
How would the necklace look on me!
These splendid gems, whose may they be?

(*She puts them on and steps before the glass.*)

Were but the earrings only mine!
Thus one has quite another air.
What boots it to be young and fair?
It doubtless may be very fine;
But then, alas, none cares for you,
And praise sounds half like pity too.

Gold all doth lure,
Gold doth secure
All things. Alas, we poor!

Promenade.

(FAUST *walking thoughtfully up and down. To him* MEPHISTOPHELES.)

MEPHISTOPHELES.

By love despised. By hell's fierce fires I curse,
Would I knew aught to make my imprecation worse!

FAUST.

What aileth thee? what chafes thee now so sore?
A face like that I never saw before!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I'd yield me to the devil instantly,
Did it not happen that myself am he!

FAUST.

There must be some disorder in thy wit!
To rave thus like a madman, is it fit?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Just think! The gems for Gretchen brought,
Them has a priest now made his own! —
A glimpse of them the mother caught,
And 'gan with secret fear to groan.
The woman's scent is keen enough;
Doth ever in the prayer-book snuff;
Smells every article to ascertain
Whether the thing is holy or profane,
And scented in the jewels rare,
That there was not much blessing there.

"My child," she cries, "ill-gotten good
Ensnares the soul, consumes the blood;
With them we'll deck our Lady's shrine,
She'll cheer our souls with bread divine!"
At this poor Gretchen 'gan to pout;
'Tis a gift-horse, at least, she thought,
And sure he godless cannot be,
Who brought them here so cleverly.
Straight for a priest the mother sent,
Who when he understood the jest,
With what he saw was well content.
"This shows a pious mind!" Quoth he:
"Self-conquest is true victory.
The church hath a good stomach, she, with zest,
Hath lands and kingdoms swallowed down,
And never yet a surfeit known.
The Church alone, be it confessed,
Daughters, can ill-got wealth digest."

FAUST.

It is a general custom, too,
Practised alike by king and Jew.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

With that, clasp, chain, and ring, he swept
As they were mushrooms; and the casket,
Without one word of thanks, he kept,
As if of nuts it were a basket.
Promised reward in heaven, then forth he hied,
And greatly they were edified.

FAUST.

And Gretchen?

MEPHISTOPHELES,

In unquiet mood
Knows neither what she would or should;
The trinkets night and day thinks o'er,
On him who brought them, dwells still more.

FAUST.

The darling's sorrow grieves me, bring
Another set without delay!
The first, methinks, was no great thing.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

All's to my gentleman child's play!

FAUST.

Plan all things to achieve my end!
Engage the attention of her friend!
No milk-and-water devil be,
And bring fresh jewels instantly!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Ay, sir! most gladly I'll obey.

(FAUST *exit.*)

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Your doting love-sick fool, with ease,
Merely his lady-love to please,
Sun, moon, and stars in sport would puff away.

(*Exit.*)

The Neighbor's House.

MARTHA (*alone*).

God pardon my dear husband, he
Doth not in truth act well by me!
Forth in the world abroad to roam,
And leave me on the straw at home.
And yet his will I ne'er did thwart,
God knows, I loved him from my heart.

(*She weeps.*)

Perchance he's dead! — oh wretched state! —
Had I but a certificate!

(MARGARET *comes*).

MARGARET.

Dame Martha!

MARTHA.

Gretchen?

MARGARET.

Only think!
My knees beneath me well nigh sink!
Within my press I've found to-day,
Another case, of ebony.
And things — magnificent they are,
More costly than the first, by far.

MARTHA.

You must not name it to your mother!
It would to shrift, just like the other.

MARGARET.

Nay, look at them! now only see!

MARTHA (*dresses her up*).

Thou happy creature!

MARGARET.

Woe is me!
Them in the street I cannot wear,
Or in the church, or any where.

MARTHA.

Come often over here to me,
The gems put on quite privately;
And then before the mirror walk an hour or so,
Thus we shall have our pleasure too.
Then suitable occasions we must seize,
As at a feast, to show them by degrees:
A chain at first, then ear-drops, —and your mother
Won't see them, or we'll coin some tale or other.

MARGARET.

But, who, I wonder, could the caskets bring?
I fear there's something wrong about the thing!
(*A knock.*)
Good heavens! can that my mother be?

MARTHA (*peering through the blind*).

'Tis a strange gentleman, I see.
Come in!

(MEPHISTOPHELES *enters*).

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I've ventured to intrude to-day.
Ladies, excuse the liberty, I pray.
(*He steps back respectfully before* MARGARET.)
After Dame Martha Schwerdtlein I inquire!

MARTHA.

'Tis I. Pray what have you to say to me?

MEPHISTOPHELES (*aside to her*).

I know you now, — and therefore will retire;
At present you've distinguished company.
Pardon the freedom, madam, with your leave,
I will make free to call again at eve.

MARTHA (*aloud*).

Why, child, of all strange notions, he
For some grand lady taketh thee!

MARGARET.

I am, in truth, of humble blood —
The gentleman is far too good —
Nor gems nor trinkets are my own.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Oh, 'tis not the mere ornaments alone;
Her glance and mien far more betray;
Rejoiced I am that I may stay.

MARTHA.

Your business, Sir? I long to know —

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Would I could happier tidings show!
I trust mine errand you'll not let me rue;
Your husband's dead, and greeteth you.

MARTHA.

Is dead? True heart! Oh, misery!
My husband dead! Oh, I shall die!

MARGARET.

Alas! good Martha! don't despair!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Now listen to the sad affair!

MARGARET.

I for this cause should fear to love.
The loss my certain death would prove.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Joy still must sorrow, sorrow joy attend.

MARTHA.

Proceed, and tell the story of his end!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

At Padua, in St. Anthony's,
In holy ground his body lies;
Quiet and cool his place of rest,
With pious ceremonials blest.

MARTHA.

And had you nought besides to bring?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Oh, yes! one grave and solemn prayer;
Let them for him three hundred masses sing!
But in my pockets I have nothing there.

MARTHA.

No trinket! no love-token did he send!
What every journeyman safe in his pouch will hoard
There for remembrance fondly stored,
And rather hungers, rather begs than spend!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Madam, in truth, it grieves me sore,
But he his gold not lavishly hath spent.
His failings too he deeply did repent,
Ay! and his evil plight bewailed still more.

MARGARET.

Alas! that men should thus be doomed to woe!
I for his soul will many a requiem pray.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

A husband you deserve this very day;
A child so worthy to be loved.

MARGARET.

Ah no,
That time hath not yet come for me.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

If not a spouse, a gallant let it be.
Among heaven's choicest gifts, I place,
So sweet a darling to embrace.

MARGARET.

Our land doth no such usage know.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Usage or not, it happens so.

MARTHA.

Go on, I pray!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I stood by his bedside.
Something less foul it was than dung;
'Twas straw half rotten; yet he as a Christian died.
And sorely hath remorse his conscience wrung.
"Wretch that I was," quoth he, with parting breath,
"So to forsake my business and my wife!
Ah! the remembrance is my death.
Could I but have her pardon in this life!" —

MARTHA (*weeping*).

Dear soul! I've long forgiven him, indeed!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

"Though she, God knows, was more to blame than I."

MARTHA.

What, on the brink of death assert a lie!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

If I am skilled the countenance to read,
He doubtless fabled as he parted hence. —
"No time had I to gape or take my case," he said,
"First to get children, and then get them bread;
And bread, too, in the very widest sense;
Nor could I eat in peace even my proper share."

MARTHA.

What, all my truth, my love forgotten quite?
My weary drudgery by day and night!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Not so! He thought of you with tender care.
Quoth he: "Heaven knows how fervently I prayed,
For wife and children when from Malta bound;
The prayer hath heaven with favor crowned;

We took a Turkish vessel which conveyed
Rich store of treasure for the Sultan's court;
Its own reward our gallant action brought;
The captured prize was shared among the crew,
And of the treasure I received my due."

MARTHA.

How? Where? The treasure hath he buried, pray?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Where the four winds have blown it, who can say?
In Naples as he strolled, a stranger there, —
A comely maid took pity on my friend;
And gave such tokens of her love and care,
That he retained them to his blessed end.

MARTHA.

Scoundrel! to rob his children of their bread!
And all this misery, this bitter need,
Could not his course of recklessness impede!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Well, he hath paid the forfeit, and is dead.
Now were I in your place, my counsel hear;
My weeds I'd wear for one chaste year,
And for another lover meanwhile would look out.

MARTHA.

Alas, I might search far and near,
Not quickly should I find another like my first'
There could not be a fonder fool than mine,
Only he loved too well abroad to roam;
Loved foreign women too, and foreign wine,
And loved besides the dice accursed.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

All had gone swimmingly, no doubt,
Had he but given you at home,
On his side, just as wide a range.
Upon such terms, to you I swear,
Myself with you would gladly rings exchange!

MARTHA.

The gentleman is surely pleased to jest!

MEPHISTOPHELES (*aside*).

Now to be off in time, were best!
She'd make the very devil marry her.

(*To* MARGARET).

How fares it with your heart?

MARGARET.

How mean you, sir?

MEPHISTOPHELES (*aside*).

The sweet young innocent!

(*Aloud.*)

Ladies, farewell! 2660

MARGARET.

Farewell!

MARTHA.

But ere you leave us, quickly tell!
I from a witness fain had heard,
Where, how, and when my husband died and was interred.
To forms I've always been attached indeed,
His death I fain would in the journals read. 2665

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Ay, madam, what two witnesses declare
Is held as valid everywhere;
A gallant friend I have, not far from here,
Who will for you before the judge appear.
I'll bring him straight.

MARTHA.

I pray you do! 2670

MEPHISTOPHELES.

And this young lady, we shall find her too?
A noble youth, far travelled, he,
Shows to the sex all courtesy.

MARGARET.

I in his presence needs must blush for shame.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Not in the presence of a crowned king! 2675

MARTHA.

The garden, then, behind my house, we'll name,
There we'll await you both this evening.

A Street.

FAUST. MEPHISTOPHELES.

FAUST.

How is it now? How speeds it? Is't in train?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Bravo! I find you all aflame!
Gretchen full soon your own you'll name.
This eve, at neighbor Martha's, her you'll meet again;
The woman seems expressly made
To drive the pimp and gipsy's trade.

FAUST.

Good!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

But from us she something would request.

FAUST.

A favor claims return as this world goes.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

We have an oath but duly to attest,
That her dead husband's limbs, outstretched, repose
In holy ground at Padua.

FAUST.

Sage indeed!
So I suppose we straight must journey there!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Sancta simplicitas! For that no need!
Without much knowledge we have but to swear.

FAUST.

If that's your plan it will not do.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Oh, holy man! that's truly you!
In all your life say, have you ne'er
False witness borne, until this hour?
Have you of God, the world, and all it doth contain,
Of man, and that which worketh in his heart and brain,
Not definitions given, in words of weight and power,
With front unblushing, and a dauntless breast?
Yet, if into the depth of things you go,
Touching these matters, it must be confessed,
As much as of Herr Schwerdtlein's death you know!

FAUST.

Thou art and dost remain a liar and sophist too.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Ay, if one did not take a somewhat deeper view!
To-morrow, in all honor, thou
Poor Gretchen wilt befool, and vow
Thy soul's deep love, in lover's fashion.

FAUST.

And from my heart.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

All good and fair!
Then deathless constancy thou'lt swear!
Speak of one all o'ermastering passion,—
Will that too issue from the heart?

FAUST.

It will. Forbear!
When passion sways me, and I seek to frame
Fit utterance for feeling, deep, intense,
And for my frenzy finding no fit name,
Sweep round the ample world with every sense,
Grasp at the loftiest words to speak my flame,
And call the glow, wherewith I burn,
Quenchless, eternal, yea, eterne —
Is that of sophistry a devilish play?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Yet am I right!

FAUST.

Mark this, my friend,
And spare my lungs: whoe'er to have the right is fain,
If he have but a tongue, wherewith his point to gain,
Will gain it in the end.
But come, of gossip I am weary quite;
Because I've no resource, thou'rt in the right.

MARGARET *on* FAUST'S *arm.* MARTHA *with* MEPHISTOPHELES *walking up and down.*

MARGARET.

I feel it, you but spare my ignorance,
To shame me, sir, you stoop thus low.
A traveller from complaisance,
Still makes the best of things; I know
Too well, my humble prattle never can
Have power to entertain so wise a man.

FAUST.

One glance, one word of thine doth charm me more,
Than the world's wisdom or the sage's lore.
(*He kisses her hand.*)

MARGARET.

Nay! trouble not yourself! A hand so coarse,
So rude as mine, how can you kiss?
What constant work at home must I not do perforce!
My mother too exacting is.
(*They pass on.*)

MARTHA.

Thus, sir, unceasing travel is your lot?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Traffic and duty urge us! With what pain
Are we compelled to leave full many a spot,
Where yet we may not once remain!

MARTHA.

In youth's wild years, with vigor crowned,
'Tis not amiss thus through the world to sweep:
But ah, the evil days come round!

And to a lonely grave as bachelor to creep,
A pleasant thing has no one found.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

The prospect fills me with dismay.

MARTHA.

Therefore, in time, dear sir, reflect, I pray.
(*They pass on.*)

MARGARET.

Ay, out of sight is out of mind!
Politeness easy is to you;
Friends everywhere, and not a few,
Wiser than I am, you will find.

FAUST.

Trust me, my angel, what doth pass for sense
Full oft is self-conceit and blindness!

MARGARET.

How?

FAUST.

Simplicity and holy innocence, —
When will ye learn your hallowed worth to know!
Ah, when will meekness and humility,
Kind and all-bounteous nature's loftiest dower —

MARGARET.

Only one little moment think of me!
To think of you I shall have many an hour.

FAUST.

You are perhaps much alone?

MARGARET.

Yes, small our household is, I own,
Yet must I see to it. No maid we keep,
And I must cook, sew, knit, and sweep,
Still early on my feet and late,
My mother is in all things, great and small,
So accurate!
Not that for thrift there is such pressing need;
Than others we might make more show indeed;

My father left behind a small estate,
A house and garden near the city-wall.
Quiet enough my life has been of late;
My brother for a soldier gone;
My little sister's dead; the babe to rear
Occasioned me some care and fond annoy;
But I would go through all again with joy,
The darling was to me so dear.

FAUST.

An angel, sweet, if it resembled thee!

MARGARET.

I reared it up, and it grew fond of me.
After my father's death it saw the day;
We gave my mother up for lost, she lay
In such a wretched plight, and then at length
So very slowly she regained her strength.
Weak as she was, 'twas vain for her to try
Herself to suckle the poor babe, so I
Reared it on milk and water all alone;
And thus the child became as 'twere my own;
Within my arms it stretched itself and grew,
And smiling, nestled in my bosom too.

FAUST.

Doubtless the purest happiness was thine.

MARGARET.

But many weary hours, in sooth, were also mine.
At night its little cradle stood
Close to my bed; so I was wide awake
If it but stirred;
One while I was obliged to give it food,
Or to my arms the darling take;
From bed full oft must rise, whene'er the cry I heard,
And, dancing it, must pace the chamber to and fro;
Stand at the wash-tub early; forthwith go
To market, and then mind the cooking too —
To-morrow like to-day, the whole year through.
Ah, sir, thus living, it must be confessed
One's spirits are not always of the best;
Yet it a relish gives to food and rest. (*They pass on.*)

MARTHA.

Poor women! we are badly off, I own;
A bachelor's conversion's hard, indeed!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Madam, with one like you it rests alone,
To tutor me a better course to lead.

MARTHA.

Speak frankly, sir, none is there you have met?
Has your heart ne'er attached itself as yet?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

One's own fireside and a good wife are gold
And pearls of price, so says the proverb old,

MARTHA.

I mean, has passion never stirred your breast?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I've everywhere been well received, I own.

MARTHA.

Yet hath your heart no earnest preference known?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

With ladies one should ne'er presume to jest.

MARTHA.

Ah! you mistake!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I'm sorry I'm so blind!
But this I know — that you are very kind.
(*They pass on.*)

FAUST.

Me, little angel, didst thou recognize,
When in the garden first I came?

MARGARET.

Did you not see it? I cast down my eyes.

FAUST.

Thou dost forgive my boldness, dost not blame
The liberty I took that day,
When thou from church didst lately wend thy way?

MARGARET.

I was confused. So had it never been;
No one of me could any evil say.
Alas, thought I, he doubtless in thy mien,
Something unmaidenly or bold hath seen?
It seemed as if it struck him suddenly,
Here's just a girl with whom one may make free!
Yet I must own that then I scarcely knew
What in your favor here began at once to plead;
Yet I was angry with myself indeed,
That I more angry could not feel with you.

FAUST.

Sweet love!

MARGARET.

Just wait awhile!
(*She gathers a star-flower and plucks off the leaves one after another.*)

FAUST.

A nosegay may that be?

MARGARET.

No! It is but a game.

FAUST.

How?

MARGARET.

Go, you'll laugh at me!
(*She plucks off the leaves and murmurs to herself.*)

FAUST.

What murmurest thou?

MARGARET (*half aloud*).

He loves me, — loves me not.

FAUST.

Sweet angel, with thy face of heavenly bliss!

MARGARET (*continues*).

He loves me — not — he loves me — not —
(*plucking off the last leaf with fond joy.*)
He loves me!

FAUST.

Yes!
And this flower-language, darling, let it be,
A heavenly oracle! He loveth thee!
Know'st thou the meaning of, He loveth thee?
(*He seizes both her hands.*)

MARGARET.

I tremble so!

FAUST.

Nay! do not tremble, love!
Let this hand-pressure, let this glance reveal
Feelings, all power of speech above;
To give oneself up wholly and to feel
A joy that must eternal prove!
Eternal! — Yes, its end would be despair.
No end! — It cannot end?
(MARGARET *presses his hand, extricates herself, and runs away. He stands a moment in thought, and then follows her.*)

MARTHA (*approaching*).

Night's closing.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Yes, we'll presently away.

MARTHA.

I would entreat you longer yet to stay;
But 'tis a wicked place, just here about;
It is as if the folk had nothing else to do,
Nothing to think of too,
But gaping watch their neighbors, who goes in and out;
And scandal's busy still, do whatsoe'er one may.
And our young couple?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

They have flown up there,
The wanton butterflies!

MARTHA.

He seems to take to her.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

And she to him. 'Tis of the world the way!

A Summerhouse.

(MARGARET *runs in, hides behind the door, holds the tip of her finger to her lip, and peeps through the crevice.*)

MARGARET.

He comes!

FAUST.

Ah, little rogue, so thou
Think'st to provoke me! I have caught thee now!
(*He kisses her.*)

MARGARET
(*embracing him, and returning the kiss*).

Dearest of men! I love thee from my heart!
(MEPHISTOPHELES *knocks.*)

FAUST (*stamping*).

Who's there?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

A friend!

FAUST.

A brute!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

'Tis time to part.

MARTHA (*comes*).

Ay, it is late, good sir.

FAUST.

Mayn't I attend you, then? 2865

MARGARET.

Oh, no — my mother would — adieu, adieu!

FAUST.

And must I really then take leave of you?
Farewell!

MARTHA.

Good-bye!

MARGARET.

Ere long to meet again!
(*Exeunt* FAUST *and* MEPHISTOPHELES.)

MARGARET.

Good heavens! how all things far and near
Must fill his mind, — a man like this!
Abashed before him I appear,
And say to all things only, yes.
Poor simple child, I cannot see,
What 'tis that he can find in me. (*Exit.*)

Forest and Cavern.

FAUST (*alone*).

Spirit sublime! Thou gavest me, gavest me all
For which I prayed! Not vainly hast thou turned
To me thy countenance in flaming fire:
Gavest me glorious nature for my realm,
And also power to feel her and enjoy;
Not merely with a cold and wondering glance,
Thou dost permit me in her depths profound,
As in the bosom of a friend to gaze.
Before me thou dost lead her living tribes,
And dost in silent grove, in air and stream
Teach me to know my kindred. And when roars
The howling storm-blast through the groaning wood,
Wrenching the giant pine, which in its fall
Crashing sweeps down its neighboring trunks and boughs,
While with the hollow noise the hill resounds:
Then thou dost lead me to some sheltered cave,
Dost there reveal me to myself, and show
Of my own bosom the mysterious depths.
And when with soothing beam, the moon's pure orb
Full in my view climbs up the pathless sky,
From crag and dewy grove, the silvery forms
Of by-gone ages hover, and assuage
The joy austere of contemplative thought.

Oh, that naught perfect is assigned to man,
I feel, alas! With this exalted joy,
Which lifts me near and nearer to the gods,
Thou gavest me this companion, unto whom
I needs must cling, though cold and insolent,
He still degrades me to myself, and turns
Thy glorious gifts to nothing, with a breath.

He in my bosom with malicious zeal
For that fair image fans a raging fire;
From craving to enjoyment thus I reel,
And in enjoyment languish for desire.

(MEPHISTOPHELES *enters.*)

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Of this lone life have you not had your fill?
How for so long can it have charms for you?
'Tis well enough to try it if you will;
But then away again to something new!

FAUST.

Would you could better occupy your leisure,
Than in disturbing thus my hours of joy.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Well! Well! I'll leave you to yourself with pleasure,
A serious tone you hardly need employ.
To part from one so crazy, harsh, and cross,
I should not find a grievous loss.
The live-long day, for you I toil and fret;
Ne'er from his worship's face a hint I get,
What pleases him, or what to let alone.

FAUST.

Ay, truly! that is just the proper tone!
He wearies me, and would with thanks be paid!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Poor Son of Earth, without my aid,
How would thy weary days have flown?
Thee of thy foolish whims I've cured,
Thy vain imaginations banished,
And but for me, be well assured,
Thou from this sphere must soon have vanished.
In rocky hollows and in caverns drear,
Why like an owl sit moping here?
Wherefore from dripping stones and moss with ooze embued,
Dost suck, like any toad, thy food?
A rare, sweet pastime. Verily!
The doctor cleaveth still to thee.

FAUST.

Dost comprehend what bliss without alloy
From this wild wandering in the desert springs?—
Couldst thou but guess the new life-power it brings,
Thou wouldst be fiend enough to envy me my joy.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

What super-earthly ecstasy! at night,
To lie in darkness on the dewy height,
Embracing heaven and earth in rapture high,
The soul dilating to a deity;
With prescient yearnings pierce the core of earth,
Feel in your laboring breast the six-days' birth,
Enjoy, in proud delight what no one knows,
While your love-rapture o'er creation flows,—
The earthly lost in beatific vision,
And then the lofty intuition—
(*with a gesture*)
I need not tell you how—to close!

FAUST.

Fie on you!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

This displeases you? "For shame!"
You are forsooth entitled to exclaim;
We to chaste ears it seems must not pronounce
What, nathless, the chaste heart cannot renounce.
Well, to be brief, the joy as fit occasions rise,
I grudge you not, of specious lies.
But soon the self-deluding vein
Is past, once more thou'rt whirled away,
And should it last, thou'lt be the prey
Of frenzy or remorse and pain.
Enough of this! Thy true love dwells apart,
And all to her seems flat and tame
Alone thine image fills her heart,
She loves thee with an all-devouring flame.
First came thy passion with o'erpowering rush,
Like mountain torrent, swollen by the melted snow;
Full in her heart didst pour the sudden gush,
Now has thy brooklet ceased to flow.

Instead of sitting throned midst forests wild,
It would become so great a lord
To comfort the enamored child,
And the young monkey for her love reward.
To her the hours seem miserably long;
She from the window sees the clouds float by
As o'er the lofty city-walls they fly.
"If I a birdie were!" so runs her song,
Half through the night and all day long.
Cheerful sometimes, more oft at heart full sore;
Fairly outwept seem now her tears,
Anon she tranquil is, or so appears,
And love-sick ever more.

FAUST.

Snake! Serpent vile!

MEPHISTOPHELES (*aside*).

Good! If I catch thee with my guile!

FAUST.

Vile reprobate! go get thee hence;
Forbear the lovely girl to name!
Nor in my half-distracted sense,
Kindle anew the smouldering flame!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

What would'st thou! She thinks you've taken flight;
It seems, she's partly in the right.

FAUST.

I'm near her still — and should I distant rove,
Her I can ne'er forget, ne'er lose her love;
And all things touched by those sweet lips of hers,
Even the very Host, my envy stirs.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

'Tis well! I oft have envied you indeed,
The twin-pair that among the roses feed.

FAUST.

Pander, avaunt!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Go to! I laugh, the while you rail.
The power which fashioned youth and maid,

Well understood the noble trade;
So neither shall occasion fail.
But hence! — in truth a case for gloom!
Bethink thee, to thy mistress' room
And not to death shouldst go!

FAUST.

What is to me heaven's joy within her arms?
What though my life her bosom warms! —
Do I not ever feel her woe?
The outcast am I not, who knows no rest,
Inhuman monster, aimless and unblest,
Who like the greedy surge, from rock to rock,
Sweeps down the dread abyss with desperate shock?
While she, within her lowly cot, which graced
The Alpine slope, beside the waters wild,
Her homely cares in that small world embraced.
Secluded lived, a simple artless child.
Was't not enough, in thy delirious whirl
To blast the steadfast rocks?
Her, and her peace as well,
Must I, God-hated one, to ruin hurl!
Dost claim this holocaust, remorseless Hell!
Fiend, help me to cut short the hours of dread!
Let what must happen, happen speedily!
Her direful doom fall crushing on my head,
And into ruin let her plunge with me.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Why how again it seethes and glows!
Away, thou fool! Her torment ease!
When such a head no issue sees,
It pictures straight the final close.
Long life to him who boldly dares!
A devil's pluck thou'rt wont to show;
As for a devil who despairs,
There's naught so mawkish here below.

MARGARET'S *Room.*

MARGARET (*alone at her spinning wheel*).

My peace is gone,
My heart is sore,

I find it never,
And nevermore!

Where him I have not,
Is the grave to me;
And bitter as gall
The whole world to me.

My wildered brain
Is overwrought;
My feeble senses
Are distraught.

My peace is gone,
My heart is sore,
I find it never,
And nevermore!

For him from the window
I gaze, at home;
For him and him only
Abroad I roam.

His lofty step,
His bearing high,
The smile of his lip,
The power of his eye,

His witching words,
Their tones of bliss,
His hand's fond pressure,
And ah — his kiss!

My peace is gone,
My heart is sore,
I find it never,
And nevermore.

My bosom aches
To feel him near;
Ah, could I clasp
And fold him here!

Kiss him and kiss him
Again would I,
And on his kisses
I fain would die!

MARTHA'S *Garden.*

MARGARET *and* FAUST.

MARGARET.

Promise me, Henry —

FAUST.

What I can!

MARGARET.

How is it with religion in thy mind?
Thou art a dear kind-hearted man,
But I'm afraid not piously inclined.

FAUST.

Forbear! Thou feelest I love thee alone;
For those I love my life I would lay down,
And none would of their faith or church bereave.

MARGARET.

That's not enough, we must ourselves believe!

FAUST.

Must we?

MARGARET.

Ah, could I but thy soul inspire!
Thou honorest not the sacraments, alas!

FAUST.

I honor them.

MARGARET.

But yet without desire;
'Tis long since thou hast been either to shrift or mass.
Dost thou believe in God?

FAUST.

My darling, who dares say,
Yes, I in God believe?
Question or priest or sage, and they
Seem, in the answer you receive,
To mock the questioner.

MARGARET.

Then thou dost not believe?

FAUST.

Sweet one! my meaning do not misconceive?
Him who dare name
And who proclaim,
Him I believe?
Who that can feel,
His heart can steel,
To say: I believe him not?
The All-embracer,
All-sustainer,
Holds and sustains he not?
Thee, me, himself?
Lifts not the Heaven its dome above?
Doth not the firm-set earth beneath us lie?
And beaming tenderly with looks of love,
Climb not the everlasting stars on high?
Do I not gaze into thine eyes?
Nature's impenetrable agencies,
Are they not thronging on thy heart and brain,
Viewless, or visible to mortal ken,
Around thee weaving their mysterious chain?
Fill thence thine heart, how large soe'er it be;
And in the feeling when thou utterly art blest,
Then call it, what thou wilt, —
Call it Bliss! Heart! Love! God!
I have no name for it!
'Tis feeling all;
Name is but sound and smoke
Enclouding heaven's glow.

MARGARET.

All this is doubtless good and fair;
Almost the same the parson says.
Only in slightly different phrase.

FAUST.

Beneath Heaven's sunshine, everywhere,
This is the utterance of the human heart;
Each in his language doth the like impart;
Then why not I in mine?

MARGARET.

What thus I hear
Sounds plausible, yet I'm not reconciled;
There's something wrong about it, much I fear
That thou art not a Christian.

FAUST.

My sweet child!

MARGARET.

Alas! long hath it sorely troubled me,
To see thee in such odious company.

FAUST.

How so?

MARGARET.

The man who comes with thee I hate,
Yea, in my spirit's inmost depths abhor;
As his loathed visage, in my life before,
Naught to my heart e'er gave a pang so great.

FAUST.

Fear not, sweet love!

MARGARET.

His presence chills my blood.
Towards all beside I have a kindly mood;
Yet, though I yearn to gaze on thee, I feel
At sight of him strange horror o'er me steal;
That he's a villain my conviction's strong.
May heaven forgive me if I do him wrong!

FAUST.

Yet such strange fellows in the world must be!

MARGARET.

I would not live with such an one as he.
If for a moment he but enter here,
He looks around him with a mocking sneer,
And malice ill-concealed;
That he with naught on earth can sympathize is clear;
Upon his brow 'tis legibly revealed,
That to his heart no living soul is dear.
So blest I feel, within thy arms,

So warm, so happy, — free from all alarms;
And still my heart doth close when he comes near.

FAUST.

Foreboding angel! check thy fear!

MARGARET.

It so o'ermasters me, that when,
Or wheresoe'er, his step I hear,
I almost think, no more I love thee then.
Besides, when he is near, I ne'er could pray,
This eats into my heart; with thee
The same, my Henry, it must be.

FAUST.

'Tis your antipathy!

MARGARET.

I must away.

FAUST.

For one brief hour then may I never rest,
And heart to heart, and soul to soul be pressed!

MARGARET.

Ah, if I slept alone, to-night
The bolt I fain would leave undrawn for thee;
But then my mother's sleep is light,
Were we surprised by her, ah me!
Upon the spot I should be dead.

FAUST.

Dear angel! there's no cause for dread.
Here is a little phial, — if she take
Mixed in her drink three drops, 'twill steep
Her nature in a deep and soothing sleep.

MARGARET.

What do I not for thy dear sake!
To her it will not harmful prove?

FAUST.

Should I advise else, sweet love?

MARGARET.

I know not, dearest, when thy face I see,
What doth my spirit to thy will constrain;
Already I have done so much for thee,
That scarcely more to do doth now remain.
(*Exit*).

(MEPHISTOPHELES *enters*).

MEPHISTOPHELES.

The monkey! Is she gone?

FAUST.

Again hast played the spy?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Of all that passed I'm well apprized,
I heard the doctor catechised,
And trust he'll profit much thereby!
Fain would the girls inquire indeed
Touching their lover's faith, if he
Believe according to the ancient creed,
They think: if pliant there, to us he'll yielding be.

FAUST.

Thou monster, dost not see that this
Pure soul, possessed by ardent love,
Full of the living faith,
To her of bliss
The only pledge, must holy anguish prove,
Holding the man she loves, fore-doomed to endless death!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Most sensual, supersensualist? The while
A damsel leads thee by the nose!

FAUST.

Of filth and fire abortion vile!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

In physiognomy strange skill she shows;
She in my presence feels she knows not how;
My mask it seems a hidden sense reveals;
That I'm a genius she must needs allow,

That I'm the very devil perhaps she feels.
So then to-night —

FAUST.

What's that to you?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I've my amusement in it too!

At the Well.

MARGARET *and* BESSY *with pitchers.*

BESSY.

Of Barbara hast nothing heard?

MARGARET.

I rarely go from home, — no, not a word.

BESSY.

'Tis true. Sybilla told me so to-day!
That comes of being proud, methinks;
She played the fool at last.

MARGARET.

How so?

BESSY.

They say
That two she feedeth when she eats and drinks.

MARGARET.

Alas!

BESSY.

She's rightly served, in sooth.
How long she hung upon the youth!
What promenades, what jaunts there were,
To dancing booth and village fair!
The first she everywhere must shine,
He always treating her to pastry and to wine.
Of her good looks she was so vain,
So shameless too, that she did not disdain
Even his presents to retain;
Sweet words and kisses came anon —
And then the virgin flower was gone!

MARGARET.

Poor thing!

BESSY.

Forsooth dost pity her?
At night, when at our wheels we sat,
Abroad our mothers nc'er would let us stir.
Then with her lover she must chat,
Or on the bench, or in the dusky walk, [38]
Thinking the hours too brief for their sweet talk;
Her proud head she will have to bow,
And in white sheet do penance now!

MARGARET.

But he will surely marry her?

BESSY.

Not he!
He won't be such a fool! a gallant lad
Like him, can roam o'er land and sea,
Besides, he's off.

MARGARET.

That is not fair!

BESSY.

If she should get him, 'twere almost as bad!
Her myrtle wreath the boys would tear;
And then we girls would plague her too,
For we chopped straw before her door would strew! [39]
(*Exit.*)

MARGARET (*walking towards home*).

How stoutly once I could inveigh,
If a poor maiden went astray!
Not words enough my tongue could find,
'Gainst others' sin to speak my mind;
Black as it seemed, I blackened it still more,
And strove to make it blacker than before.
And did myself securely bless —
Now my own trespass doth appear!
Yet ah! — what urged me to transgress.
Sweet heaven, it was so good! so dear!

ZWINGER.

Enclosure between the City-wall and the Gate.

(In the niche of the wall a devotional image of the Mater dolorosa, with flower-pots before it.)

MARGARET (*putting fresh flowers in the pots*).

Ah, rich in sorrow, thou,
Stoop thy maternal brow,
And mark with pitying eye my misery!

The sword in thy pierced heart,
Thou dost with bitter smart,
Gaze upwards on thy Son's death agony.

To the dear God on high,
Ascends thy piteous sigh,
Pleading for his and thy sore misery.

Ah, who can know
The torturing woe,
The pangs that rack me to the bone?
How my poor heart, without relief,
Trembles and throbs, its yearning grief
Thou knowest, thou alone!

Ah, wheresoe'er I go,
With woe, with woe, with woe,
My anguished breast is aching!
When all alone I creep,
I weep, I weep, I weep,
Alas! my heart is breaking!

The flower-pots at my window
Were wet with tears of mine,
The while I plucked these blossoms,
At dawn to deck thy shrine!

When early in my chamber
Shone bright the rising morn,
I sat there on my pallet,
My heart with anguish torn.

Help! from disgrace and death deliver me!
Ah! rich in sorrow, thou,
Stoop thy maternal brow,
And mark with pitying eye my misery!

Night. Street before MARGARET'S *door.*

VALENTINE (*a soldier*, MARGARET'S *brother*).

When seated 'mong jovial crowd
Where merry comrades boasting loud,
Each named with pride his favorite lass,
And in her honor drained his glass;
Upon my elbow I would lean,
With easy quiet view the scene,
Nor give my tongue the rein, until
Each swaggering blade had talked his fill.
Then smiling I my beard would stroke,
The while, with brimming glass, I spoke;
"Each to his taste! — but to my mind,
Where in the country will you find,
A maid, as my dear Gretchen fair,
Who with my sister can compare?"
Cling! Clang! so rang the jovial sound?
Shouts of assent went circling round;
Pride of her sex is she! — cried some;
Then were the noisy boasters dumb.

And now! — I could tear out my hair,
Or dash my brains out in despair! —
Me every scurvy knave may twit,
With stinging jest and taunting sneer!
Like skulking debtor I must sit,
And sweat each casual word to hear!
And though I smashed them one and all, —
Yet them I could not liars call.

Who comes this way? who's sneaking here?
If I mistake not, two draw near.
If he be one, have at him; — well I wot
Alive he shall not leave this spot!

FAUST. MEPHISTOPHELES.

FAUST.

How from yon sacristy, athwart the night,
Its beams the ever-burning taper throws,
While ever waning, fades the glimmering light,

As gathering darkness doth around it close!
So night-like gloom doth in my bosom reign.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I'm like a tom-cat in a thievish vein,
That up fire-ladders tall and steep;
And round the walls doth slyly creep;
Virtuous withal, I feel, with, I confess,
A touch of thievish joy and wantonness.
Thus through my limbs already there doth bound
The glorious Walpurgis night!
After to-morrow it again comes round,
What one doth wake for, then one knows aright!

FAUST.

Meanwhile, the flame which I see glimmering there,
Is it the treasure rising in the air?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Ere long, I make no doubt, but you [40]
To raise the chest will feel inclined;
Erewhile I peeped within it too;
[41] With lion-dollars 'tis well lined.

FAUST.

And not a trinket? not a ring?
Wherewith my lovely girl to deck?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I saw among them some such thing,
A string of pearls to grace her neck.

FAUST.

'Tis well! I'm always loath to go,
Without some gift my love to show.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Some pleasures gratis to enjoy,
Should surely cause you no annoy.
While bright with stars the heavens appear,
I'll sing a masterpiece of art:
A moral song shall charm her ear,
More surely to beguile her heart.

(*Sings to the guitar.*[42])

Kathrina, say,
Why lingering stay
At dawn of day
Before your lover's door?
Maiden, beware,
Nor enter there,
Lest forth you fare,
A maiden nevermore.

Maiden, take heed!
Reck well my rede!
Is't done, the deed?
Good night, you poor, poor thing!
The spoiler's lies,
His arts despise,
Nor yield your prize,
Without the marriage ring!

VALENTINE (*steps forward*).

Whom are you luring here? I'll give it you!
Accursed rat-catchers, your strains I'll end![43]
First, to the devil the guitar I'll send!
Then to the devil with the singer too!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

The poor guitar! 'tis done for now.

VALENTINE.

Your skull shall follow next, I trow!

MEPHISTOPHELES (*to* FAUST).

Doctor, stand fast! your strength collect!
Be prompt, and do as I direct.
Out with your whisk! keep close, I pray,
I'll parry! do you thrust away!

VALENTINE.

Then parry that!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Why not?

VALENTINE.

That too!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

With ease!

VALENTINE.

The devil fights for you!
Why, how is this? my hand's already lamed!

MEPHISTOPHELES (*to* FAUST).

Thrust home!

VALENTINE (*falls*).

Alas!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

There! now the lubber's tamed!
But quick, away! We must at once take wing;
A cry of murder strikes upon the ear;
With the police I know my course to steer,
But with the blood-ban 'tis another thing.

MARTHA (*at the window*).

Without! without!

MARGARET (*at the window*).

Quick, bring a light!

MARTHA (*as above*).

They rail and scuffle, scream and fight!

PEOPLE.

One lieth here already dead!

MARTHA (*coming out*).

Where are the murderers? are they fled?

MARGARET (*coming out*).

Who lieth here?

PEOPLE.

Thy mother's son!

MARGARET.

Almighty God! I am undone!

VALENTINE.

I'm dying—'tis a soon-told tale,
And sooner done the deed.
Why, women, do ye howl and wail?
To my last words give heed! (*All gather round him*).

Gretchen, thou'rt still of tender age,
And, well I wot, not over sage,
Thou dost thy matters ill;
Let this in confidence be said:
Since thou the path of shame dost tread,
Tread it with right good will!

MARGARET.

My brother! God! what can this mean?

VALENTINE.

Abstain,
Nor dare God's holy name profane!
What's done, alas, is done and past!
Matters will take their course at last;
By stealth thou dost begin with one,
Others will follow him anon;
And when a dozen thee have known,
Thou'lt common be to all the town.
When infamy is newly born,
In secret she is brought to light,
And the mysterious veil of night
O'er head and ears is drawn;
The loathsome birth men fain would slay;
But soon, full grown, she waxes bold,
And though not fairer to behold,
With brazen front insults the day:
The more abhorrent to the sight,
The more she courts the day's pure light.

The time already I discern,
When thee all honest folk will spurn,
And shun thy hated form to meet,
As when a corpse infects the street.
Thy heart will sink with thy despair,
When they shall look thee in the face!
A golden chain no more thou'lt wear—
Nor near the altar take in church thy place—
In fair lace collar richly dight
Thou'lt dance no more with spirits light—
In darksome corners thou wilt bide,
Where beggars vile and cripples hide—

And e'en though God thy crime forgive,
On earth, a thing accursed, thou'lt live.

MARTHA.

Your parting soul to God commend;
Your dying breath in slander will you spend?

VALENTINE.

Could I but reach thy withered frame,
Thou wretched beldame, void of shame!
Full measure I might hope to win
Of pardon then for every sin.

MARGARET.

Brother! what agonizing pain!

VALENTINE.

I tell thee! from vain tears abstain!
'Twas thy dishonor pierced my heart,
Thy fall the fatal death-stab gave.
Through the death-sleep I now depart
To God, a soldier true and brave. (*dies.*)

Cathedral.

Service, Organ, and Anthem.

MARGARET *amongst a number of people.*
EVIL SPIRIT *behind* MARGARET.

EVIL SPIRIT.

How different, Gretchen, was it once with thee,
When thou, still full of innocence,
Here to the altar camest,
And from the small and well-conned book
Didst lisp thy prayer,
Half childish sport,
Half God in thy young heart!
Gretchen!
What thoughts are thine?
What deed of shame
Lurks in thy sinful heart?

Is thy prayer uttered for thy mother's soul,
Who into long, long torment slept through thee?

Whose blood is on thy threshold?
— And stirs there not already 'neath thy heart
Another quickening pulse, that even now
Tortures itself and thee
With its foreboding presence?

MARGARET.

Woe! Woe!
Oh, could I free me from the thoughts
That hither, thither, crowd upon my brain,
Against my will!

CHORUS.

Dies iræ, dies illa,
Solvet sæclum in favilla.
(*The organ sounds*).

EVIL SPIRIT.

Grim horror seizes thee!
The trumpet sounds!
The graves are shaken!
And thy heart
From ashy rest
For torturing flames
Anew created,
Trembles into life!

MARGARET.

Would I were hence!
It is as if the organ
Choked my breath,
As if the choir
Melted my inmost heart!

CHORUS.

Judex ergo cum sedebit,
Quidquid latet adparebit,
Nil inultum remanebit.

MARGARET.

I feel oppressed!
The pillars of the wall
Imprison me!

The vaulted roof
Weighs down upon me!—air!

EVIL SPIRIT.

Wouldst hide thee? sin and shame
Remain not hidden!
Air! light!
Woe's thee!

CHORUS.

Quid sum miser tunc dicturus?
Quem patronum rogaturus!
Cum vix justus sit securus.

EVIL SPIRIT.

The glorified their faces turn
Away from thee!
Shudder the pure to reach
Their hands to thee!
Woe!

CHORUS.

Quid sum miser tunc dicturus—

MARGARET.

Neighbor! your smelling bottle!

(*She swoons away*).

WALPURGIS-NIGHT.[44]

The Hartz Mountains.

District of Schierke and Elend.

FAUST *and* MEPHISTOPHELES.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

A broomstick dost thou not at least desire?
The roughest he-goat fain would I bestride,
By this road from our goal we're still far wide.

FAUST.

While fresh upon my legs, so long I naught require,
Except this knotty staff. Beside,
What boots it to abridge a pleasant way?
Along the labyrinth of these vales to creep,
Then scale these rocks, whence, in eternal spray,
Adown the cliffs the silvery fountains leap:
Such is the joy that seasons paths like these!
Spring weaves already in the birchen trees;
E'en the late pine-grove feels her quickening powers:
Should she not work within these limbs of ours?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Naught of this genial influence do I know!
Within me is all wintry. Frost and snow
I should prefer my dismal path to bound.
How sadly, yonder, with belated glow
Rises the ruddy moon's imperfect round,
Shedding so faint a light at every tread
One's sure to stumble 'gainst a rock or tree!
An Ignis Fatuus I must call instead.
Yonder one burning merrily, I see.
Holloa! my friend, may I request your light?
Why should you flare away so uselessly?
Be kind enough to show us up the height!

IGNIS FATUUS.

Through reverence I hope, I may subdue

The lightness of my nature; true,
Our course is but a zigzag one.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Ho! ho!
So man, forsooth, he thinks to imitate!
Now, in the devil's name, for once go straight,
Or out at once your flickering life I'll blow!

IGNIS FATUUS.

That you are master here is obvious quite;
To do your will I'll cordially essay;
Only reflect! The hill is magic-mad to-night;
And if to show the path you choose a meteor's light,
You must not wonder should we go astray.

FAUST, MEPHISTOPHELES, IGNIS FATUUS
(*in alternate song*).

Through this dream and magic-sphere,
Lead us on, thou flickering guide.
Pilot well our bold career!
That we may with onward stride
Gain yon vast and desert waste!

See how tree on tree with haste
Rush amain, the granite blocks
Make obeisance as they go!
Hark! the grim long-snouted rocks,
How they snort, and how they blow!

Brook and brooklet hurrying flow
Through the turf and stones along;
Hark, the rustling! Hark, the song!
Hearken to love's plaintive lays;
Voices of those heavenly days—
What we hope and what we love!
Like the song of olden time,
Echo's voice repeats the chime.

To-whit! To-whoo! It sounds more near;
Pewit, owl, and jay appear,
All awake, around, above!
Paunchy salamanders too
Crawl, long-limbed, the bushes through!

And, like snakes, the roots of trees
Coil themselves from rock and sand,
Stretching many a wondrous band,
Us to frighten, us to seize;
From rude knots with life embued,
Polyp-fangs abroad they spread,
To snare the wanderer! 'Neath our tread,
Mice, in myriads, thousand-hued,
Through the heath and through the moss!
And the fire-flies' glittering throng,
Wildering escort, whirls along,
Here and there, our path across.

Tell me, stand we motionless,
Or still forward do we press?
All things round us whirl and fly
Rocks and trees make strange grimaces,
Dazzling meteors change their places,
How they puff and multiply!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Now grasp my doublet — we at last
Have reached a central precipice,
Whence we a wondering glance may cast,
How Mammon lights the dark abyss.

FAUST.

How through the chasms strangely gleams
A lurid light, like dawn's red glow,
Pervading with its quivering beams,
The gorges of the gulf below!
There vapors rise, there clouds float by,
And here through mist the splendor shines;
Now, like a fount, it bursts on high,
Now glideth on in slender lines;
Far-reaching, with a hundred veins,
Through the far valley see it glide,
Here, where the gorge the flood restrains,
At once it scatters far and wide;
Anear, like showers of golden sand
Strewn broadcast, sputter sparks of light:
And mark yon rocky walls that stand
Ablaze, in all their towering height!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Sir Mammon for this festival,
Grandly illumes his palace hall!
To see it was a lucky chance;
E'en now the boist'rous guests advance.

FAUST.

How the fierce tempest sweeps around!
Upon my neck it strikes with sudden shock!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Cling to these ancient ribs of granite rock,
Else it will hurl you down to yon abyss profound,
A murky vapor thickens night.
Hark! Through the woods the tempests roar!
The owlets flit in wild affright.
Split are the columns that upbore
The leafy palace, green for aye:
The shivered branches whirr and sigh,
Yawn the huge trunks with mighty groan,
The roots, upriven, creak and moan!
In fearful and entangled fall,
One crashing ruin whelms them all,
While through the desolate abyss,
Sweeping the wreck-strown precipice,
The raging storm-blasts howl and hiss!
Hear'st thou voices sounding clear,
Distant now and now more near?
Hark! the mountain ridge along,
Streameth a raving magic-song!

WITCHES (*in chorus*).

Now to the Brocken the witches hie,
The stubble is yellow, the corn is green;
Thither the gathering legions fly,
And sitting aloft is Sir Urian seen:
O'er stick and o'er stone they go whirling along,
Witches and he-goats, a motley throng.[45]

VOICES.

Alone old Baubo's coming now;
She rides upon a farrow sow.

CHORUS.

Honor to her, to whom honor is due!
Forward, Dame Baubo! Honor to you
A goodly sow and mother thereon,
The whole witch chorus follows anon.

VOICE.

Which way didst come?

VOICE.

O'er Ilsenstein!
There I peeped in an owlet's nest.
With her broad eye she gazed in mine

VOICE.

Drive to the devil, thou hellish pest!
Why ride so hard?

VOICE.

She has grazed my side,
Look at the wounds, how deep and how wide!

WITCHES (*in chorus*).

The way is broad, the way is long;
What mad pursuit! What tumult wide!
Scratches the besom and sticks the prong;
Crushed is the mother, and stifled the child.

WIZARDS (*half chorus*).

Like house-encumbered snail we creep;
While far ahead the women keep,
For when to the devil's house we speed,
By a thousand steps they take the lead.

THE OTHER HALF.

Not so, precisely do we view it;—
They with a thousand steps may do it;
But let them hasten as they can,
With one long bound 'tis cleared by man.

VOICES (*above*).

Come with us, come with us from Felsensee.

VOICES (*from below*).

Aloft to you we would mount with glee.

We wash, and free from all stain are we,
Yet barren evermore must be!

BOTH CHORUSES.

The wind is hushed, the stars grow pale,
The pensive moon her light doth veil;
And whirling on, the magic choir,
Sputter forth sparks of drizzling fire.

VOICE (*from below*).

Stay! stay!

VOICE (*from above*).

What voice of woe
Calls from the caverned depths below?

VOICE (*from below*).

Take me with you! Oh, take me too!
Three centuries I climb in vain,
And yet can ne'er the summit gain!
To be with my kindred I am fain.

BOTH CHORUSES.

Broom and pitchfork, goat and prong,
Mounted on these we whirl along;
Who vainly strives to climb to-night,
Is evermore a luckless wight!

DEMI-WITCH (*below*).

I hobble after, many a day;
Already the others are far away!
No rest at home can I obtain —
Here too my efforts are in vain!

CHORUS OF WITCHES.

Salve gives the witches strength to rise;
A rag for a sail does well enough;
A goodly ship is every trough;
To-night who flies not, never flies.

BOTH CHORUSES.

And when the topmost peak we round,
Then alight ye on the ground;
The heath's wide regions cover ye
With your mad swarms of witchery!

(*They let themselves down*).

MEPHISTOPHELES.

They crowd and jostle, whirl, and flutter!
They whisper, babble, twirl, and splutter!
They glimmer, sparkle, stink, and flare —
A true witch-element! Beware!
Stick close! else we shall severed be.
Where art thou?

FAUST (*in the distance*).

Here!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Already, whirled so far away!
The master then indeed I needs must play.
Give ground! Squire Voland comes! Sweet folk, give ground![46]
Here, doctor, grasp me! With a single bound
Let us escape this ceaseless jar;
Even for me too mad these people are.
Hard by there shineth something with peculiar glare,
Yon brake allureth me; it is not far;
Come, come along with me! we'll slip in there.

FAUST.

Spirit of contradiction! Lead! I'll follow straight!
'Twas wisely done, however, to repair
On May-night to the Brocken, and when there,
By our own choice ourselves to isolate!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Mark, of those flames the motley glare!
A merry club assembles there.
In a small circle one is not alone.

FAUST.

I'd rather be above, though, I must own!
Already fire and eddying smoke I view;
The impetuous millions to the devil ride;
Full many a riddle will be there untied.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Ay! and full many a one be tied anew.
But let the great world rave and riot!
Here will we house ourselves in quiet.

A custom 'tis of ancient date,
Our lesser worlds within the great world to create!
Young witches there I see, naked and bare,
And old ones, veiled more prudently.
For my sake only courteous be!
The trouble's small, the sport is rare.
Of instruments I hear the cursed din —
One must get used to it! Come in! come in!
There's now no help for it. I'll step before,
And introducing you as my good friend,
Confer on you one obligation more.
How say you now? 'Tis no such paltry room;
Why only look, you scarce can see the end.
A hundred fires in rows disperse the gloom;
They dance, they talk, they cook, make love, and drink:
Where could we find aught better, do you think?

FAUST.

To introduce us, do you purpose here
As devil or as wizard to appear?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Though I am wont indeed to strict incognito,
Yet upon gala-days one must one's orders show.
No garter have I to distinguish me,
Nathless the cloven foot doth here give dignity.
Seest thou yonder snail? Crawling this way she hies;
With searching feelers, she, no doubt,
Hath me already scented out;
Here, even if I would, for me there's no disguise.
From fire to fire, we'll saunter at our leisure,
The gallant you, I'll cater for your pleasure.

(*To a party seated round some expiring embers.*)

Old gentlemen, apart, why sit ye moping here?
Ye in the midst should be of all this jovial cheer,
Girt round with noise and youthful riot;
At home one surely has enough of quiet.

GENERAL.

In nations put his trust who may,
Whate'er for them one may have done;

The people are like women, they
Honor your rising stars alone!

MINISTER.

Too far from truth and right they wander now;
I must extol the good old ways,
For truly when all spoke our praise,
Then was the golden age, I trow,

PARVENU.

Ne'er were we 'mong your dullards found,
And what we ought not, that we did of old;
Yet now are all things turning round,
Just when we most desired them fast to hold.

AUTHOR.

Who, as a rule, a treatise now would care
To read, of even moderate sense?
As for the rising generation, ne'er
Has youth displayed such arrogant pretence.

MEPHISTOPHELES

(*suddenly appearing very old*).

Since for the last time I the Brocken scale,
That folk are ripe for doomsday, now one sees;
And just because my cask begins to fail,
So the whole world is also on the lees.

HUCKSTER-WITCH.

Stop, gentlemen, nor pass me by,
Of wares I have a choice collection;
Pray honor them with your inspection.
Lose not this opportunity!
No fellow to my booth you'll find
On earth, for 'mong my store there's naught,
Which to the world, and to mankind,
Hath not some direful mischief wrought.
No dagger here, which hath not flowed with blood,
No bowl, which hath not poured into some healthy frame
Hot poison's life-consuming flood,
No trinket but hath wrought some woman's shame,
No weapon but hath cut some sacred tie,
Or from behind hath stabbed an enemy.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Gossip! For wares like these the time's gone by.
What's done is past! what's past is done!
With novelties your booth supply;
Now novelties attract alone.

FAUST.

May this wild scene my senses spare!
This may in truth be called a fair!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Upward the eddying concourse throng;
Thinking to push, thyself art pushed along.

FAUST.

Who's that, pray?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Mark her well! That's Lilith.

FAUST.

Who?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Adam's first wife. Of her rich locks beware!
That charm in which she's paralleled by few:
When in its toils a youth she doth ensnare,
He will not soon escape, I promise you.

FAUST.

There sit a pair, the old one with the young;
Already they have bravely danced and sprung!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Here there is no repose to-day.
Another dance begins; we'll join it, come away!

FAUST

(*dancing with the young one*).

Once a fair vision came to me;
Therein I saw an apple-tree,
Two beauteous apples charmed mine eyes;
I climbed forthwith to reach the prize.

THE FAIR ONE.

Apples still fondly ye desire,
From paradise it hath been so.

Feelings of joy my breast inspire
That such too in my garden grow.

MEPHISTOPHELES (*with the old one*).

Once a weird vision came to me;
Therein I saw a rifted tree.
It had a . . . . . ;
But as it was it pleased me too.

THE OLD ONE.

I beg most humbly to salute
The gallant with the cloven foot!
Let him a . . . have ready here,
If he a . . . does not fear.

PROCTOPHANTASMIST. [47]

Accursed mob! How dare ye thus to meet?
Have I not shown and demonstrated too,
That ghosts stand not on ordinary feet?
Yet here ye dance as other mortals do!

THE FAIR ONE (*dancing*).

Then at our ball, what doth he here?

FAUST (*dancing*).

Oh! he must everywhere appear.
He must adjudge, when others dance;
If on each step his say's not said,
So is that step as good as never made.
He's more annoyed as soon as we advance;
If ye would circle in one narrow round,
As he in his old mill, then doubtless he
Your dancing would approve, — especially
If ye forthwith salute him with respect profound!

PROCTOPHANTASMIST.

Still here! what arrogance! unheard of quite!
Vanish; we now have filled the world with light!
Laws are unheeded by the devil's host;
Wise as we are, yet Tegel hath its ghost! [48]
How long at this conceit I've swept with all my might,
Lost is the labor: 'tis unheard of quite!

THE FAIR ONE.

Cease here to tease us any more, I pray.

PROCTOPHANTASMIST.

Spirits, I plainly to your face declare:
No spiritual control myself will bear,
Since my own spirit can exert no sway.
(*The dance continues.*)
To-night, I see, I shall in naught succeed;
But I'm prepared my travels to pursue,
And hope, before my final step indeed,
To triumph over bards and devils too.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Now in some puddle will he take his station,
Such is his mode of seeking consolation;
Where leeches feasting on his blood, will drain
Spirit and spirits from his haunted brain.
(*To* FAUST, *who has left the dance.*)
But why the charming damsel leave, I pray,
Who to you in the dance so sweetly sang?

FAUST.

Ah, in the very middle of her lay,
Out of her mouth a small red mouse there sprang.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Suppose there did! one must not be too nice:
'Twas well it was not gray, let that suffice.
Who 'mid his pleasures for a trifle cares?

FAUST

Then saw I —

MEPHISTOPHELES.

What?

FAUST.

Mephisto, see'st thou there
Standing far off, a lone child, pale and fair?
Slow from the spot her drooping form she tears,
And seems with shackled feet to move along;
I own, within me the delusion's strong,
That she the likeness of my Gretchen wears.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Gaze not upon her! 'Tis not good! Forbear!
'Tis lifeless, magical, a shape of air,

An idol. Such to meet with bodes no good;
That rigid look of hers doth freeze man's blood,
And well nigh petrifies his heart to stone:—
The story of Medusa thou hast known.

FAUST.

Ay, verily! a corpse's eyes are those,
Which there was no fond loving hand to close.
That is the bosom I so fondly pressed,
That my sweet Gretchen's form so oft caressed!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Deluded fool! 'Tis magic, I declare!
To each she doth his loved one's image wear.

FAUST.

What bliss! what torture! vainly I essay
To turn me from that piteous look away.
How strangely doth a single crimson line
Around that lovely neck its coil entwine,
It shows no broader than a knife's blunt edge!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Quite right. I see it also, and allege
That she beneath her arm her head can bear,
Since Perseus cut it off. — But you I swear
Are craving for illusion still!
Come then, ascend yon little hill!
As on the Prater all is gay,
And if my senses are not gone,
I see a theatre, — what's going on?

SERVIBILIS.

They are about to recommence; the play
Will be the last of seven, and spick-span new —
'Tis usual here that number to present —
A dilettanti did the piece invent,
And dilettanti will enact it too.
Excuse me, gentlemen; to me's assigned
As dilettante to uplift the curtain.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

You on the Blocksberg I'm rejoiced to find,
That 'tis your most appropriate sphere is certain.

THE INTERMEZZO.

NOTE BY THE TRANSLATOR.

As without some key this scene is utterly incomprehensible to the English reader, a brief notice of some of the allusions it contains is here subjoined; they are dwelt upon at greater length in Düntzer's work.

It may be regarded as a kind of satirical *jeu d'esprit*, and consists of a series of epigrams directed against a variety of false tendencies in art, literature, religion, philosophy, and political life.

The introductory stanzas are founded upon the Midsummer Night's Dream, and Wieland's Oberon. To celebrate the reconciliation of the fairy king and queen a grotesque assemblage of figures appears upon the stage. Commonplace musicians and poetasters, having no conception that every poem must be an organic whole, are satirized as the bagpipe, the embryo spirit, and the little pair. Then follows a series of epigrams, having reference to the plastic arts, and directed against that false pietism and affected purity which would take a narrow and one-sided view of artistical creations. Nicolai, the sworn enemy of ghosts and Jesuits, is introduced as the inquisitive traveller, and Stolberg, who severely criticized Schiller's poem, "The Gods of Greece," is alluded to in the couplet headed "Orthodox."

Hennings, the editor of two literary journals, entitled the Musaget, and the Genius of the Age, had attacked the Xenien, a series of epigrams, published jointly by Goethe and Schiller; Goethe, in retaliation, makes him confess his own unfitness to be a leader of the Muses, and his readiness to assign a place on the German Parnassus to any one who was willing to bow to his authority. Nicolai again appears as the inquisitive traveller, and Lavater is said to be alluded to as the crane. The metaphysical philosophers are next the objects of the poet's satire; allusion is made to the bitter hostility manifested by the contending schools, the characteristics of which are so well known that it is needless to dwell upon them here. The philosophers are succeeded by the politicians; the "knowing ones," who in the midst of political revolutions, manage to keep in with the ruling party, are contrasted with those unfortunate individuals who are unable to accommodate themselves to the new order of things. In revolutionary times also, parvenus are raised to positions of eminence, while worthless notabilities, deprived of their hereditary splendor, are unable to maintain their former dignified position. "The massive ones," typify the men of the revolution, the leaders of the people, who, heedless of intervening obstacles, march straight on to their destined goal. Puck and Ariel, who had introduced the shadowy procession, again make their appearance, and the fairy pageant vanishes into air.

What relation this fantastic assemblage bears to Faust is not immediately obvious, unless, indeed, as Düntzer suggests, the poet meant to shadow forth the various distractions with which Mephistopheles endeavors to dissipate the mind of Faust, who had turned with disgust from the witch-society of the Brocken.

WALPURGIS-NIGHT'S DREAM;

OR,

OBERON AND TITANIA'S GOLDEN WEDDING-FEAST.

INTERMEZZO.

Theatre.

MANAGER.

Vales, where mists still shift and play.
To ancient hill succeeding, —
These our scenes; —so we, to-day,
May rest, brave sons of Mieding.[49]

HERALD.

That the marriage golden be,
Must fifty years be ended;
More dear this feast of gold to me,
Contention now suspended.

OBERON.

Spirits, are ye hovering near,
Show yourselves around us!
King and queen behold ye here,
Love hath newly bound us.

PUCK.

Puck draws near and wheels about,
In mazy circles dancing!
Hundreds swell his joyous shout,
Behind him still advancing.

ARIEL.

Ariel wakes his dainty air,
His lyre celestial stringing.—
Fools he lureth, and the fair,
With his celestial singing.

OBERON.

Wedded ones, would ye agree,
We court your imitation:
Would ye fondly love as we,
We counsel separation.

TITANIA.

If husband scold and wife retort,
Then bear them far asunder;
Her to the burning south transport,
And him the North Pole under.

THE WHOLE ORCHESTRA (*fortissimo*).

Flies and midges all unite
With frog and chirping cricket,
Our orchestra throughout the night,
Resounding in the thicket!

(*Solo.*)

Yonder doth the bagpipe come!
Its sack an airy bubble.
Schnick, schnick, schnack, with nasal hum,
Its notes it doth redouble.

EMBRYO SPIRIT.

Spider's foot and midge's wing,
A toad in form and feature;
Together verses it can string,
Though scarce a living creature.

A LITTLE PAIR.

Tiny step and lofty bound,
Through dew and exhalation;
Ye trip it deftly on the ground,
But gain no elevation.

INQUISITIVE TRAVELLER.

Can I indeed believe my eyes?
Is't not mere masquerading?
What! Oberon in beauteous guise,
Among the groups parading!

ORTHODOX.

No claws, no tail to whisk about,
To fright us at our revel; —
Yet like the gods of Greece, no doubt,
He too's a genuine devil.

NORTHERN ARTIST.

These that I'm hitting off to-day
Are sketches unpretending;
Towards Italy without delay,
My steps I think of bending.

PURIST.

Alas! ill-fortune leads me here,
Where riot still grows louder;
And 'mong the witches gathered here,
But two alone wear powder!

YOUNG WITCH.

Your powder and your petticoat,
Suit hags, there's no gainsaying;
Hence I sit fearless on my goat,
My naked charms displaying.

MATRON.

We're too well-bred to squabble here,
Or insult back to render;
But may you wither soon, my dear,
Although so young and tender.

LEADER OF THE BAND.

Nose of fly and gnat's proboscis,
Throng not the naked beauty!
Frogs and crickets in the mosses,
Keep time and do your duty!

WEATHERCOCK (*towards one side*).

What charming company I view
Together here collected!
Gay bachelors, a hopeful crew,
And brides so unaffected!

WEATHERCOCK (*towards the other side*)

Unless indeed the yawning ground
Should open to receive them,
From this vile crew, with sudden bound,
To Hell I'd jump and leave them.

XENIEN.

With small sharp shears, in insect guise,
Behold us at your revel!
That we may tender, filial-wise,
Our homage to the devil.

HENNINGS.

Look now at yonder eager crew,
How naïvely they're jesting!
That they have tender hearts and true,
They stoutly keep protesting!

MUSAGET.

Oneself amid this witchery
How pleasantly one loses!
For witches easier are to me
To govern than the Muses!

CI-DEVANT GENIUS OF THE AGE.

With proper folks when we appear,
No one can then surpass us!
Keep close, wide is the Blocksberg here
As Germany's Parnassus.

INQUISITIVE TRAVELLER.

How name ye that stiff formal man,
Who strides with lofty paces?
He tracks the game where'er he can,
"He scents the Jesuits' traces."

CRANE.

Where waters troubled are or clear,
To fish I am delighted;
Thus pious gentlemen appear
With devils here united.

WORLDLING.

By pious people, it is true,
No medium is rejected;
Conventicles, and not a few,
On Blocksberg are erected.

DANCER.

Another choir is drawing nigh,
Far off the drums are beating.
Be still! 'tis but the bittern's cry,
Its changeless note repeating.

DANCING-MASTER.

Each twirls about and never stops,
And as he can advances.
The crooked leaps, the clumsy hops,
Nor careth how he dances.

FIDDLER.

To take each other's life, I trow,
Would cordially delight them!
As Orpheus' lyre the beasts, so now
The bagpipe doth unite them.

DOGMATIST.

My views, in spite of doubt and sneer,
I hold with stout persistence,
Inferring from the devils here,
The evil one's existence.

IDEALIST.

My every sense rules Phantasy
With sway quite too potential;
Sure I'm demented if the *I*
Alone is the essential.

REALIST.

This entity's a dreadful bore,
And cannot choose but vex me;
The ground beneath me ne'er before
Thus tottered to perplex me.

SUPERNATURALIST.

Well pleased assembled here I view
Of spirits this profusion;
From devils, touching angels too,
I gather some conclusion.

SKEPTIC.

The ignis fatuus they track out,
And think they're near the treasure.
Devil alliterates with doubt,
Here I abide with pleasure.

LEADER OF THE BAND.

Frog and cricket in the mosses, —
Confound your gasconading!
Nose of fly and gnat's proboscis; —
Most tuneful serenading!

THE KNOWING ONES.

Sans-souci, so this host we greet,
Their jovial humor showing!
There's now no walking on our feet,
So on our heads we're going.

THE AWKWARD ONES.

In seasons past we snatched, 'tis true,
Some tit-bits by our cunning;
Our shoes, alas, are now danced through,
On our bare soles we're running,

WILL-O'-THE-WISPS.

From marshy bogs we sprang to light,
Yet here behold us dancing;
The gayest gallants of the night,
In glitt'ring rows advancing,

SHOOTING STAR.

With rapid motion from on high,
I shot in starry splendor;
Now prostrate on the grass I lie;—
Who aid will kindly render?

THE MASSIVE ONES.

Room! wheel round! They're coming! lo!
Down sink the bending grasses.
Though spirits, yet their limbs, we know,
Are huge substantial masses.

PUCK.

Don't stamp so heavily, I pray.
Like elephants you're treading!
And 'mong the elves be Puck to-day,
The stoutest at the wedding!

ARIEL.

If nature boon, or subtle sprite,
Endow your soul with pinions;—
Then follow to yon rosy height,
Through ether's calm dominions!

ORCHESTRA (*pianissimo*).

Drifting cloud and misty wreathes
Are filled with light elysian;
O'er reed and leaf the zephyr breathes—
So fades the fairy vision!

A gloomy Day. A Plain.

FAUST *and* MEPHISTOPHELES.

FAUST.

In misery! despairing! long wandering pitifully on the face of the earth and now imprisoned! This gentle, hapless creature, immured in the dungeon as a malefactor and reserved for horrid tortures! That it should come to this! To this!—Perfidious, worthless spirit, and this thou hast concealed from me!—Stand! ay, stand! roll in malicious rage thy fiendish eyes! Stand

and defy me with thine insupportable presence! Imprisoned! In hopeless misery! Delivered over to the power of evil spirits and the judgment of unpitying humanity! — And me, the while, thou wert lulling with tasteless dissipation, concealing from me her growing anguish, and leaving her to perish without help! 4066

MEPHISTOPHELES.

She is not the first.

FAUST.

Hound! Execrable monster! — Back with him, oh, thou infinite spirit! back with the reptile into his dog's shape, in which it was his wont to trot before me at even-tide, to roll before the feet of the harmless wanderer, and to fasten on his shoulders when he fell! Change him again into his favorite shape, that he may crouch on his belly before me in the dust, whilst I spurn him with my foot, the reprobate! — Not the first! Woe! Woe! By no human soul is it conceivable, that more than one human creature has ever sunk into a depth of wretchedness like this, or that the first in her writhing death-agony, should not have atoned in the sight of all-pardoning Heaven, for the guilt of all the rest! The misery of this one pierces me to the very marrow, and harrows up my soul; thou art grinning calmly over the doom of thousands! 4082

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Now we are once again at our wits' end, just where the reason of you mortals snaps! Why dost thou seek our fellowship, if thou canst not go through with it? Wilt fly, and art not proof against dizziness? Did we force ourselves on thee, or thou on us? 4087

FAUST.

Cease thus to gnash thy ravenous fangs at me! I loathe thee! — Great and glorious spirit, thou who didst vouchsafe to reveal thyself unto me, thou who dost know my very heart and soul, why hast thou linked me with this base associate, who feeds on mischief and revels in destruction? 4093

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Hast done?

FAUST.

Save her! — or woe to thee! The direst of curses on thee for thousands of years!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I cannot loose the bands of the avenger, nor withdraw his bolts. — Save her! — Who was it plunged her into perdition? I or thou?

FAUST (*looks wildly around*).

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Wouldst grasp the thunder? Well for you, poor mortals, that 'tis not yours to wield! To smite to atoms, the being, however innocent, who obstructs his path, such is the tyrant's fashion of relieving himself in difficulties!

FAUST.

Convey me thither! She shall be free!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

And the danger to which thou dost expose thyself? Know, the guilt of blood, shed by thy hand, lies yet upon the town. Over the place where fell the murdered one, avenging spirits hover and watch for the returning murderer.

FAUST.

This too from thee? The death and downfall of a world be on thee, monster. Conduct me thither, I say, and set her free!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I will conduct thee. And what I can do, — hear! Have I all power in heaven and upon earth? I'll cloud the senses of the warder, — do thou possess thyself of the keys and lead her forth with human hand! I will keep watch! The magic steeds are waiting, I bear thee off. Thus much is in my power.

FAUST.

Up and away!

Night. Open country.

FAUST. MEPHISTOPHELES.

(*Rushing along on black horses.*)

FAUST.

What weave they yonder round the Ravenstone?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I know not what they shape and brew.

FAUST.

They're soaring, swooping, bending, stooping.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

A witches' pack.

FAUST.

They charm, they strew.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

On! On!

Dungeon.

FAUST

(*with a bunch of keys and a lamp before a small iron door*).

A fear unwonted o'er my spirit falls;
Man's concentrated woe o'erwhelms me here!
She dwells immured within these dripping walls;
Her only trespass a delusion dear!
Thou lingerest at the fatal door?
Thou dread'st to see her face once more?
On! While thou dalliest, draws her death-hour near.

(*He seizes the lock. Singing within.*)

My mother, the harlot,[50]
She took me and slew!
My father, the scoundrel,
Hath eaten me too!
My sweet little sister
Hath all my bones laid,
Where soft breezes whisper
All in the cool shade!

Then became I a wood-bird and sang on the spray,
Fly away! little bird, fly away! fly away!

FAUST (*opening the lock*).

Ah! she forebodes not that her lover's near.
The clanking chains, the rustling straw, to hear.
(*He enters.*)

MARGARET
(*hiding her face in the bed of straw*)

Woe! woe! they come! oh, bitter 'tis to die!

FAUST (*softly*).

Hush! hush! be still! I come to set thee free?

MARGARET (*throwing herself at his feet*).

If thou art human feel my misery!

FAUST.

Thou wilt awake the jailer with thy cry!
(*He grasps the chains to unlock them*).

MARGARET (*on her knees*).

Who, headsman, unto thee this power
O'er me could give?
Thou com'st for me at midnight hour.
Be merciful, and let me live!
Is morrow's dawn not time enough?
(*She stands up.*)

I'm still so young, so young—
And must so early die!
Fair was I too, and that was my undoing.
My love is now afar, he then was nigh;
Torn lies the garland, the fair blossoms strewed.
Nay, seize me not with hand so rude!
Spare me! What harm have I e'er done to thee?
Oh, let me not in vain implore!
I ne'er have seen thee in my life before!

FAUST.

Can I endure this bitter agony?

MARGARET.

I now am at thy mercy quite.
Let me my babe but suckle once again!
I fondled it the livelong night;
They took it from me but to give me pain,
And now, they say that I my child have slain.
Gladness I ne'er again shall know.
Then they sing songs about me, — 'tis wicked of the throng —
An ancient ballad endeth so:
Who bade them thus apply the song?

FAUST

(*throwing himself on the ground*).

A lover at thy feet bends low,
To loose the bonds of wretchedness and woe.

MARGARET

(*throws herself beside him*).

Oh, let us kneel and move the saints by prayer!
Look! look! yon stairs below,
Under the threshold there,
Hell's flames are all aglow!
Beneath the floor,
With hideous noise,
The devils roar!

FAUST (*aloud*).

Gretchen! Gretchen!

MARGARET (*listening*).

That was my loved one's voice!

(*She springs up, the chains fall off.*)

Where is he? I heard him calling me.
Free am I! There's none shall hinder me.
To his neck will I fly,
On his bosom will lie!
Gretchen he called! — On yon threshold he stood;
Amidst all the howling of hell's fiery flood,
The scoff and the scorn of its devilish crew,
The tones of his voice, sweet and loving, I knew.

FAUST.

'Tis I!

MARGARET.

'Tis thou! O say so once again!
(*Embracing him.*)
'Tis he! 'Tis he! Where's now the torturing pain?
Where are the fetters? where the dungeon's gloom?
'Tis thou! To save me thou art come!
And I am saved!
Already now the street I see
Where the first time I caught a glimpse of thee.
There too the pleasant garden shade,
Where I and Martha for thy coming stayed.

FAUST
(*endeavoring to lead her away*).

Come! come away!

MARGARET.

Oh, do not haste!
I love to linger where thou stayest.
(*Caressing him.*)

FAUST.

Ah, haste! For if thou still delayest,
Our lingering we shall both deplore.

MARGARET.

How, dearest! canst thou kiss no more?
So short a time away from me, and yet,
To kiss thou couldst so soon forget!
Why on thy neck so anxious do I feel —
When formerly a perfect heaven of bliss
From thy dear looks and words would o'er me steal?
As thou wouldst stifle me thou then didst kiss!
Kiss me!
Or I'll kiss thee! (*She embraces him.*)
Woe! woe! Thy lips are cold, —
Are dumb!

Thy love where hast thou left?
Who hath me of thy love bereft?
(*She turns away from him.*)

FAUST.

Come! Follow me, my dearest love, be bold.
I'll cherish thee with ardor thousandfold;
I but entreat thee now to follow me!

MARGARET

(*turning towards him*).
And art thou he? and art thou really he?

FAUST.

'Tis I! Oh come!

MARGARET.

Thou wilt strike off my chain,
And thou wilt take me to thine arms again.
How comes it that thou dost not shrink from me? —
And dost thou know, love, whom thou wouldst set free?

FAUST.

Come! come! already night begins to wane.

MARGARET.

I sent my mother to her grave,
I drowned my child beneath the wave.
Was it not given to thee and me — thee too?
'Tis thou thyself! I scarce believe it yet.
Give me thy hand! It is no dream! 'Tis true!
Thine own dear hand! — But how is this? 'Tis wet!
Quick, wipe it off! Meseems that yet
There's blood thereon!
Ah, God! What hast thou done?
Put up thy sword,
I beg of thee!

FAUST.

Oh, dearest, let the past forgotten be!
Death is in every word.

MARGARET.

No, thou must linger here in sorrow!

The graves I will describe to thee,
And thou to them must see
To-morrow:
The best place give to my mother,
Close at her side my brother,
Me at some distance lay —
But not too far away!
And the little one place on my right breast.
Nobody else will near me lie!
To nestle beside thee so lovingly,
That was a rapture, gracious and sweet!
A rapture I never again shall prove;
Methinks I have to force myself on thee, love,
And thou dost spurn me, and back retreat —
Yet 'tis thyself, thy fond, kind looks I see.

FAUST.

If thou dost feel 'tis I, then come with me!

MARGARET.

What, there? without?

FAUST.

Yes, forth in the free air.

MARGARET.

Ay, if the grave's without, — if death lurk there
Hence to the everlasting resting-place,
And not one step beyond! — Thou'rt leaving me?
Oh, Henry! would that I could go with thee!

FAUST.

Thou canst! But will it! Open stands the door.

MARGARET.

I dare not go! I've naught to hope for more.
What boots it to escape? They lurk for me!
'Tis wretched to beg, as I must do,
And with an evil conscience thereto!
'Tis wretched, in foreign lands to stray;
And me they will catch, do what I may!

FAUST.

With thee will I abide.

MARGARET.

Quick! Quick!
Save thy poor child!
Keep to the path
The brook along,
Over the bridge
To the wood beyond,
To the left, where the plank is,
In the pond.
Seize it at once!
It fain would rise,
It struggles still!
Save it. Oh, save!

FAUST.

Dear Gretchen, more collected be!
One little step, and thou art free!

MARGARET.

Were we but only past the hill!
There sits my mother upon a stone—
My brain, alas, is cold with dread!—
There sits my mother upon a stone,
And to and fro she shakes her head;
She winks not, she nods not, her head it droops sore;
She slept so long, she waked no more;
She slept, that we might taste of bliss:
Ah! those were happy times, I wis!

FAUST.

Since here avails nor argument nor prayer,
Thee hence by force I needs must bear.

MARGARET.

Loose me! I will not suffer violence!
With murderous hand hold not so fast!
I have done all to please thee in the past!

FAUST.

Day dawns. My love! My love!

MARGARET.

Yes! day draws near.
The day of judgment too will soon appear!
It should have been my bridal! No one tell,
That thou hast been already here.
Woe to my garland!
Its bloom is o'er!
We shall meet once more
But not at the dance.
The crowd doth gather, in silence it rolls;
The squares, the streets,
Scarce hold the throng.
[51] The staff is broken, — the death-bell tolls, —
They bind and seize me! I'm hurried along,
To the seat of blood already I'm bound!
Quivers each neck as the naked steel
Quivers on mine the blow to deal —
The silence of the grave now broods around!

FAUST.

Would I had ne'er been born!

MEPHISTOPHELES (*appears without*).

Up! or you're lost.
Vain hesitation! Babbling, quaking! [52]
My steeds are shivering,
Morn is breaking.

MARGARET.

What from the floor ascendeth like a ghost?
'Tis he! 'Tis he! Him from my presence chase!
What would he in this holy place?
It is for me he cometh!

FAUST.

Thou shalt live!

MARGARET.

Judgment of God! To thee my soul I give!

MEPHISTOPHELES (*to* FAUST).

Come! come. I'll leave thee else to share her doom!

MARGARET.

Father, I'm thine! Save me! To thee I come!
Ye angels! Ye angelic hosts! descend,
Encamp around to guard me and defend!—
Henry! I shudder now to look on thee!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

She now is judged!

VOICES (*from above*).

Is saved!

MEPHISTOPHELES (*to* FAUST).

Come thou with me!

(*vanishes with* FAUST.)

VOICE (*from within, dying away*).

Henry! Henry!

NOTES TO PART I.

BY THE EDITOR.

1. This Dedication was written, it is supposed, in 1797, seven years after the "Fragment" of Part I. was published, and twenty-four years after the first scenes were written. Several of Goethe's most intimate friends, among them his beloved sister Cornelia, had died meanwhile.

2. Literally, "Cheated of beautiful hours by fate."

3. An allusion to the temporary structures which served for theatres when the actors were mostly itinerant companies.

4. Literally, "when the stream presses toward our booth and with repeated violent pains squeezes through the narrow gate of grace."

5. The three archangels speak in the inverse order of their celestial rank. The editor offers the following version of their song in which the female rhyme of the original is preserved: —

RAPHAEL.

The sun with brother orbs is sounding
  Still, as of old, his rival song,
As on his destined journey bounding
  With thunder-step he sweeps along.
The sight gives angels strength though greater
  Than angels' utmost thought sublime,
And all thy lofty works, Creator!
  Are grand as in creation's prime.

GABRIEL.

And fleetly, thought transcending, fleetly
  The earth's green pomp is spinning round,
And paradise alternates sweetly
  With night terrific and profound.
There foams the sea, its broad wave beating
  Against the cliff's deep rocky base,
And rock and sea away are fleeting
  In everlasting spheral chase.

MICHAEL.

And storms with rival fury heaving
  From land to sea, from sea to land,
Still as they rave a chain are weaving
  Of linked efficacy grand.
There burning desolation blazes,
  Precursor of the thunder's way;
But, Lord, thy servants own with praises
  The gentle movement of thy day.

ALL THREE.

The sight gives angels strength though greater
  Than angels' utmost thought sublime,
And all thy lofty works, Creator,
  Are grand as in creation's prime!

6. More properly the rogue, or the mischief-maker.

7. Fancy myself.

8. Michel de Notre Dame, a French astrologer of the sixteenth century. He published in 1555 a collection of prophecies in verse which attracted much attention. One of these prophecies predicted the death of Henry II. of France which happened soon after. Another foretold the downfall of the papacy, which caused his book to be placed on the Index expurgatorius.

9. In floods of life, in action's storm,
Above, beneath,
To and fro I am weaving
Now birth, now death, —
A deep ever heaving,
With change still flowing,
With life all glowing —
The whirring loom of time I ply,
And weave the live garment of Deity.

10. Famulus. A functionary once common in German universities where indigent students received tuition and material aid in return for services rendered to professors. Wagner is mentioned in the Faust legend as the magician's attendant. Goethe uses him as type of the German pedant, contrasting the idealism of Faust.

11. Brede, old English for braid, more proper to textile fabrics than to metallic work. The literal rendering is: "the artistically rich splendor of the many pictures."

12. Translation of the Easter Song by the editor:

CHORUS OF ANGELS.

Christ has arisen!
Joy! ye dispirited
Mortals, whom merited,
Trailing, inherited
Woes did imprison.

CHORUS OF WOMEN.

Costly devices we had prepared,
Shroud and sweet spices,
Linen and nard.
Wo! the disaster!
Whom we here laid,
Gone is the Master,
Empty his bed!

CHORUS OF ANGELS.

Christ has arisen
Loving and glorious,
Out of laborious
Conflict victorious.
Hail to the risen!

CHORUS OF DISCIPLES.

Hath the inhumated,
Upward aspiring, —

Hath he consummated
All his desiring?
Is he in nascent bliss
Near to creative joy?
Wearily we in this
Earthly house sigh.
Empty and hollow, us
Left he unblest?
Master, thy followers
Envy thy rest.

CHORUS OF ANGELS.

Christ hath arisen
Out of corruption's womb!
Burst every prison!
Vanish death's gloom!
Active in charity
Praise him in verity!
His feast, prepare it ye!
His message, bear it ye!
His joy, declare it ye!
Then is the Master near,
Then is he here.

13. St. Andrew's Night, the 29th of November, when, according to popular superstition, maidens, by use of certain ceremonies, could obtain a vision of their future husbands.

14. Literally, she (the sun) wills to enliven all with color.

15. The word "scornful" does not express the meaning of *Hohn* in this passage. Faust says, "The applause of the multitude sounds to me like mockery."

16. Goethe here uses the jargon of alchemy, with which his youthful studies had made him acquainted. The "red lion" is red sulphuret of mercury, called a "suitor bold," on account of the readiness with which mercury combines with other metals. The "lily" (lilium Paracelci) is antimony. The "bridal bed" is the retort. The "youthful queen" is the chemical product, the medicine required.

17. The dog as a form assumed by Mephistopheles figures in the old Faust legend. Here he appears to be sent in answer to Faust's invocation addressed to "spirits of the air."

18. The Gospel according to St. John was one of the books which Faust by his compact with Mephistopheles was forbidden to read. Hence the uneasiness of the dog.

19. Solomon was esteemed in Jewish lore, represented by the Kabbala, a mighty magician. The formulæ of conjuration, in a work known by the title "Clavicula Salomonis," were used by medieval exorcists.

20. The pentagram represents three triangles in one figure, a symbol of the Trinity.

21. This wonderful song is known in German as the lullaby (Einschläferungs lied). Its art consists in a rapid succession of images

which pass before the mind like dissolving views. No translation can do it justice. That of Mr. C. T. Brooks in his "Faust," is the best I have seen.

22. The editor thus translates Faust's curse:

Though the torn heart a moment's healing
Imbibed with that familiar strain,*
And what remain'd of childish feeling
Echoed the dear old time again,
Yet curst be henceforth all that borrows
A magic lure to charm the breast,
That prisoned in this cave of sorrows —
Would dazzle me or lull to rest.
Curst before all the high opinion
With which the mind itself deludes!
Curst be Appearance, whose dominion
Its shows on human sense intrudes!
Curst all that to ambition caters
With honor and a deathless name!
Curst all that as possession flatters
As wife and child and goods and game!
Curst when with hope of golden treasure
He spurs our spirits to the fight,
And curst be Mammon when for pleasure
He lays the tempting pillow right!
Curst be the grape's balsamic potion!
And curst be love's delicious thrall!
And curst be hope and faith's devotion!
And curst be patience more than all!

23. Mephistopheles seeks to nullify the effect of this lament of good spirits over Faust's despair by claiming them as his own and misinterpreting their counsel.

24. This scene is introduced for the evident purpose of ridiculing the methods of instruction in the universities, and especially the study of logic and systems of metaphysic, for which the author has a great contempt.

25. The original recommends a somewhat different method of arriving at the same result.

26. Faust does not say, "despite my long beard," but *with* (bei) my long beard I lack, etc.

27. The phrase "Frau Nachtigall" occurs in the poetry of the old Minnesingers.

28. 'Tis a pity the translator did not render the refrain literally:

"As if he had love in his body."

29. Rippach, a country town not far from Leipzig. Hans von Rippach, a synonyme for a verdant rustic, with which newcomers were taunted by the more advanced students.

30. This feat of jugglery is attributed to Albertus Magnus.

* To wit, the Easter Song.

31. The satirical allusions in the following scene are too obscure to admit of satisfactory explanation. It has been surmised that some of the utterances of the monkeys are hits at the poorer sorts of writers of the day. Faust finds them insipid (abgeschmackt), but Mephistopheles, who delights in what is low, professes himself well pleased with them.

32. Not coarse but broad (breite) that is, thin. Liquors are said to be "extended" when their volume is increased by dilution. There may be here an allusion to weak poetry. Gœthe in one of his aphorisms says: "Modern poets put too much water in their ink."

33. Koskinomancy, or prophesying by the sieve, was an ancient method of vaticination.

34. The translation misses the point of the original. "They are rid of the Evil One, but the evil ones have remained."

35. A vulgar jest of the German *plebs* ascribes to the nobility black posteriors.

36 The Multiplication-table is called in German *das Einmaleins*, once one is one.

37. The King in Thule. (*Editor's translation.*)

There was a King in Thule,
True while life's breath he breathed;
To him his mistress duly
A golden cup bequeathed.

That cup — his choicest treasure —
He drained at every bout;
His eyes ran o'er with pleasure
Whene'er he drank thereout.

His day of life declining,
His towns he reckoned up,
All to his heirs resigning,
All but the golden cup.

Once more he held high wassail
With all his chivalry
In his ancestral castle,
His castle by the sea.

The old toper ere he perished
There drank life's parting glow,
Then flung the cup he cherished
Into the flood below.

He saw it plunging, drinking,
And sinking in the sea;
His eyes the while were sinking,
Ne'er another drop drank he.

38. In the dark passageway or entry of the house.

39. This was done in token of contempt when, on her first marriage, the bride was not a virgin.

40. "You will soon have the satisfaction of lifting the treasure." There went a superstition that the earth contained buried treasures which periodically, in iron pots, approached the surface where their

presence was indicated by a pale flame. Unless lifted by human hands they sank back again into the earth where they remained until the next period arrived.

41. Dollars coined in Louvain; the German name is Löwen (lion). They were stamped with the figure of a lion.

42. This song is an imitatiou of the one sung by Ophelia. Hamlet, act IV., sc. 5.

43. Rats were said to be caught by the lure of music.

44. The night of the first of May was the time assigned by popular superstition to the annual meeting of the witches on the Brocken. The first of May was also the calendar day of St. Walpurga, who came to Germany with Boniface. Hence Walpurgis Night.

45. The word translated he-goat, here means the stick on which the witches were supposed to ride; otherwise the line is an improvement on the original.

46. Squire Voland is a popular synonyme for the Devil.

47. By this term the author satirizes Nicolai, the inveterate rationalist, noted for his zealous polemic against the belief in witchcraft and ghosts.

48. The castle of Tegel, not far from Berlin, had the reputation of being "haunted."

49. Mieding was the name of a favorite theatre-decorator in Weimar.

50. This song refers to an old fairy-tale concerning a child who was killed by her stepmother and afterwards transformed into a bird.

51. The judge in a German court of justice, when pronouncing a sentence of death, breaks a wand.

52. "Quaking" is too great a sacrifice to rhyme; the original is *zaudern*, lingering.

THE SECOND PART

OF

THE TRAGEDY OF FAUST

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

FAUST.
MEPHISTOPHELES in various disguises.

ALSO IN

ACT I.

ARIEL.
EMPEROR.
FOOL (*Mephistopheles*).
CHANCELLOR.
COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF.
TREASURER.
MARSHAL.
ASTROLOGER.

Various Ladies, Gentlemen, and pages of the Court. Also numerous male and female masks.

SCENE. Chiefly in the different apartments and Pleasure Garden of the Imperial Palace.

ACT II.

FAMULUS.
BACCALAUREUS.
WAGNER.
HOMUNCULUS.

Numerous mythical personages and monsters appearing in the Classical Walpurgis Night.

SCENE. Faust's Study; afterwards the Pharsalian Plains.

ACT III.

HELEN.
PHORKYAD (*Mephistopheles*).
LYNCEUS, the watchman.
EUPHORION, HELEN'S son.
PANTHALIS and Chorus of Trojan women.

SCENE. At first the supposed Palace of Menelaus in Sparta; afterwards the courtyard of a mediæval castle, and finally a rocky dell.

ACT IV.

The three mighty men: BULLY, HAVEQUICK, and HOLDFAST.
SPEEDQUICK.
THE EMPEROR, and other officers of his Court, as in Act I.

SCENE. A high mountainous country and the adjacent neighborhood.

ACT V.

BAUCIS.
PHILEMON.
A WANDERER.
LYNCEUS.
LEMURES.
The four gray women: WANT, GUILT, CARE, and NEED.
A PENITENT, formerly MARGARET.
DR. MARIANUS.

Chorus of Angels and Penitents and various Heavenly characters.

SCENE. The neighborhood of FAUST'S Palace, afterwards rocky heights and the higher regions of the sky.

Art II.

ACT THE FIRST.

A pleasing landscape.
Faust *reclining upon flowery turf, restless, seeking sleep.*

TWILIGHT.

Circle of spirits, hovering, flit around; graceful, tiny forms.

ARIEL.

Song, accompanied by Æolian harps.

When, in vernal showers descending,
Blossoms gently veil the earth,
When the field's green wealth, uptending,
Gleams on all of mortal birth:
Tiny elves, where help availeth,
Large of heart, there fly apace;
Pity they whom grief assaileth,
Be he holy, be he base.

Ye round this head on airy wing careering,
Attend, in noble Elfin guise appearing;
Assuage the cruel strife that rends his heart,
The burning shaft remove of keen remorse,
From rankling horror cleanse his inmost part:
Four are the pauses of tht nightly course;
Them, without rest, fill up with kindly art.
And first his head upon cool pillow lay,
Then, bathe ye him in dew from Lethe's stream;
His limbs, cramp-stiffened, will more freely play,
If sleep-refreshed he wait morn's wakening beam.

Perform the noblest Elfin rite,
Restore ye him to the holy light!

CHORUS

(*singly, two or more, alternately and together*).

Softly when warm gales are stealing
O'er the green environed ground,
Twilight sheddeth all concealing
Mists and balmy odors round:
Whispers low sweet peace to mortals,
Rocks the heart to childlike rest,
And of daylight shuts the portals
To these eyes, with care oppressed.

Night hath now descended darkling,
Holy star is linked to star;
Sovereign fires, or faintly sparkling,
Glitter near and shine afar;
Glitter here lake-mirrored, yonder
Shine adown the clear night sky;
Sealing bliss of perfect slumber,
Reigns the moon's full majesty.

Now the hours are cancelled; sorrow,
Happiness, have passed away:
Whole thou shalt be on the morrow!
Feel it! Trust the new-born day!
Swell the hills, green grow the valleys,
In the dusk ere breaks the morn;
And in silvery wavelets dallies,
With the wind the ripening corn.

Cherish hope, let naught appall thee!
Mark the East, with splendor dyed!
Slight the fetters that enthrall thee;
Fling the shell of sleep aside!
Gird thee for the high endeavor;
Shun the crowd's ignoble ease!
Fails the noble spirit never,
Wise to think and prompt to seize.

(*A tremendous tumult announces the uprising of the Sun.*)

ARIEL.

Hark! the horal tempest nears!
Sounding but for spirit ears,
Lo! the new-born day appears;

Clang the rocky portals, climb
Phœbus' wheels with thund'rous chime:
Breaks with tuneful noise the light!

Blare of trumpet, clarion sounding,
Eye-sight dazing, ear astounding!
Hear not the unheard; take flight!
Into petalled blossoms glide
Deeper, deeper, still to bide,
In the clefts, 'neath thickets! ye,
If it strike you, deaf will be.

FAUST.

Life's pulses reawakened freshly bound,
The mild ethereal twilight fain to greet.
Thou, Earth, this night wast also constant found,
And, newly-quickened, breathing at my feet,
Beginnest now to gird me with delight;
A strong resolve dost rouse, with noble heat
Aye to press on to being's sovereign height.
The world in glimmering dawn still folded lies;
With thousand-voiced life the woods resound;
Mist-wreaths the valley shroud; yet from the skies
Sinks heaven's clear radiance to the depths profound;
And bough and branch from dewy chasms rise,
Where they had drooped erewhile in slumber furled;
Earth is enamelled with unnumbered dyes.
Leaflet and flower with dew-drops are impearled;
Around me everywhere is paradise.

Gaze now aloft! Each mountain's giant height
The solemn hour announces, herald-wise;
They early may enjoy the eternal light,
To us below which later finds its way.
Now are the Alpine slopes and valleys dight
With the clear radiance of the new-born day,
Which, downward, step by step, steals on apace. —
It blazes forth, — and, blinded by the ray,
With aching eyes, alas! I veil my face.

So when a hope, the heart hath long held fast,
Trustful, still striving towards its highest goal,
Fulfilment's portals open finds at last; —
Sudden from those eternal depths doth roll

An overpowering flame; — we stand aghast!
The torch of life to kindle we were fain; —
A fire-sea, — what a fire! — doth round us close;
Love is it? Is it hate? with joy and pain,
In alternation vast, that round us glows?
So that to earth we turn our wistful gaze,
In childhood's veil to shroud us once again!

So let the sun behind me pour its rays!
The cataract, through rocky cleft that roars,
I view, with growing rapture and amaze.
From fall to fall, with eddying shock, it pours,
In thousand torrents to the depths below,
Aloft in air up-tossing showers of spray.
But see, in splendor bursting from the storm,
Arches itself the many-colored bow,
An ever-changeful, yet continuous form,
Now drawn distinctly, melting now away,
Diffusing dewy coolness all around!
Man's efforts there are glassed, his toil and strife;
Reflect, more true the emblem will be found:
This bright reflected glory pictures life!

Imperial Palace. Throne-Room.

Council of State, in expectation of the EMPEROR.

TRUMPETS.

Enter courtiers of every grade, splendidly attired.

The EMPEROR *ascends the throne; to the right the* ASTROLOGER.

EMPEROR.

I greet you, trusty friends and dear,
Assembled thus from far and wide! —
I see the wise man at my side,
But wherefore is the fool not here?

PAGE.

Entangled in thy mantle's flow,
He tripped upon the stair below;
The mass of fat they bare away,
If dead or drunken — who can say?

SECOND PAGE.

Forthwith another comes apace,
With wondrous speed to take his place;
Costly, yet so grotesque his gear,
All start amazed as he draws near.
Crosswise the guards before his face,
Entrance to bar, their halberds hold —
Yet there he is, the fool so bold.

MEPHISTOPHELES

(*kneeling before the throne*).

What is accursed and gladly hailed?
What is desired and chased away?
What is upbraided and assailed?
What wins protection every day?
Whom darest thou not summon here?
Whose name doth plaudits still command?
What to thy throne now draweth near?
What from this place itself hath banned?

EMPEROR.

For this time thou thy words mayst spare!
This is no place for riddles, friend;
They are these gentlemen's affair, —
Solve them! an ear I'll gladly lend.
My old fool's gone, far, far away, I fear;
Take thou his place, come, stand beside me here!

MEPHISTOPHELES *ascends and places himself at the* EMPEROR'S *left.*

Murmur of the crowd.

Here's a new fool — for plague anew!
Whence cometh he? — How passed he through?
The old one fell — he squandered hath.
He was a tub — now 'tis a lath.

EMPEROR.

So now, my friends, beloved and leal,
Be welcome all, from near and far!
Ye meet 'neath an auspicious star;
For us above are written joy and weal.

But tell me wherefore, on this day,
When we all care would cast away,
And don the masker's quaint array,
And naught desire but to enjoy,
Should we with state affairs ourselves annoy?
But if ye think it so must be indeed,
Why, well and good, let us forthwith proceed!

CHANCELLOR.

The highest virtue circles halo-wise
Our Cæsar's brow; virtue, which from the throne,
He validly can exercise alone:
Justice! — What all men love and prize,
What all demand, desire, and sorely want,
It lies with him, this to the folk to grant.
But ah! what help can intellect command,
Goodness of heart, or willingness of hand,
When fever saps the state with deadly power,
And mischief breedeth mischief, hour by hour?
To him who downward from this height supreme
Views the wild realm, 'tis like a troubled dream,
Where the deformed deformity o'ersways,
Where lawlessness, through law, the tyrant plays,
And error's ample world itself displays.

One steals a woman, one a steer,
Lights from the altar, chalice, cross,
Boasts of his deed full many a year,
Unscathed in body, without harm or loss.
Now to the hall accusers throng;
On cushioned throne the judge presides;
Surging meanwhile in eddying tides,
Confusion waxes fierce and strong.

He may exult in crime and shame,
Who on accomplices depends;
Guilty! the verdict they proclaim,
When Innocence her cause defends.
So will the world succumb to ill,
And what is worthy perish quite;
How then may grow the sense which still
Instructs us to discern the right?

E'en the right-minded man, in time,
To briber and to flatterer yields;
The judge, who cannot punish crime,
Joins with the culprit whom he shields. —
I've painted black, yet fain had been
A veil to draw before the scene.

Pause.

Measures must needs be taken; when
All injure or are injured, then
E'en Majesty becomes a prey.

FIELD MARSHAL.

In these wild days what tumults reign!
Each smitten is and smites again,
Deaf to command, will none obey.
The burgher, safe behind his wall,
Within his rocky nest, the knight,
Against us have conspired, and all
Firmly to hold their own unite.
Impatient is the hireling now,
With vehemence he claims his due;
And did we owe him naught, I trow,
Off he would run, nor bid adieu.
Who thwarts what fondly all expect,
He hath disturbed a hornet's nest;
The empire which they should protect,
It lieth plundered and oppressed.
Their furious rage may none restrain;
Already half the world's undone;
Abroad there still are kings who reign —
None thinks 'tis his concern, not one.

TREASURER.

Who will depend upon allies!
For us their promised subsidies
Like conduit-water, will not flow.
Say, Sire, through your dominions vast
To whom hath now possession passed!
Some upstart, wheresoe'er we go,
Keeps house, and independent reigns:
We must look on, he holds his own;
So many rights away we've thrown,

That for ourselves no right remains.
On so-called parties in the state
There's no reliance, nowadays;
They may deal out or blame or praise,
Indifferent are love and hate.
The Ghibelline as well as Guelph
Retire, that they may live at ease!
Who helps his neighbor now? Himself
Each hath enough to do to please.
Barred are the golden gates; while each
Scrapes, snatches, gathers all within his reach —
Empty, meanwhile, our chest remains.

STEWARD.

What worry must I, also, bear!
Our aim each day is still to spare —
And more each day we need; my pains,
Daily renewed, are never o'er.
The cooks lack nothing; — deer, wild-boar,
Stags, hares, fowls, turkeys, ducks and geese, —
Tribute in kind, sure payment, these
Come fairly in, and none complains.
But now at last wine fails; and if of yore
Up-piled upon the cellar-floor,
Cask rose on cask, a goodly store,
From the best slopes and vintage; now
The swilling of our lords, I trow,
Unceasing, drains the very lees.
E'en the Town-council must give out
Its liquor; — bowls and cups they seize,
And 'neath the table lies the drunken rout.
Now must I pay, whate'er betides;
Me the Jew spares not; he provides
Anticipation-bonds which feed
Each year on that which must succeed;
The swine are never fattened now;
Pawned is the pillow or the bed,
And to the table comes fore-eaten bread.

EMPEROR

(*after some reflection, to* Mephistopheles).

Say, fool, another grievance knowest thou?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I, nowise. On this circling pomp to gaze,
On thee and thine! There can reliance fail
Where majesty resistless sways,
And ready power makes foemen quail?
Where loyal will, through reason strong,
And prowess, manifold, unite.
What could together join for wrong.
For darkness, where such stars give light?

Murmur of the crowd.

He is a knave — he comprehends —
He lies — while lying serves his ends —
Full well I know — what lurks behind —
What next? — Some scheme is in the wind! —

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Where is not something wanting here on earth?
Here this, — there that: of gold is here the dearth.
It cannot from the floor be scraped, 'tis true;
But what lies deepest wisdom brings to view.
In mountain-veins, walls underground,
Is gold, both coined and uncoined, to be found.
And if ye ask me, — bring it forth who can?
Spirit and nature-power of gifted man.

CHANCELLOR.

Nature and spirit — Christians ne'er should hear
Such words, with peril fraught and fear.
These words doom atheists to the fire.
Nature is sin, spirit is devil; they,
Between them, doubt beget, their progeny,
Hermaphrodite, misshapen, dire.
Not so with us! Within our Cæsar's land
Two orders have arisen, two alone,
Who worthily support his ancient throne:
Clergy and knights, who fearless stand,
Bulwarks 'gainst every storm, and they
Take church and state, as their appropriate pay
Through lawless men the vulgar herd
To opposition have of late been stirred;
The heretics these are, the wizards, who
The city ruin and the country too.

With thy bold jests to this high sphere,
Such miscreants will smuggle in;
Hearts reprobate to you are dear;
They to the fool are near of kin.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Herein your learned men I recognize?
What you touch not, miles distant from you lies;
What you grasp not, is naught in sooth to you;
What you count not, cannot you deem be true;
What you weigh not, that hath for you no weight;
What you coin not, you're sure is counterfeit.

EMPEROR.

Therewith our needs are not one whit the less.
What meaneth thou with this thy Lent-address?
I'm tired of this eternal If and How.
'Tis gold we lack; so good, procure it thou!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I'll furnish more, ay, more than all you ask,
Though light it seem, not easy is the task.
There lies the gold, but to procure it thence,
That is the art: who knoweth to commence?
Only consider in those days of terror,
When human floods swamped land and folk together,
How every, one how great soe'er his fear,
All that he treasured most, hid there or here;
So was it 'neath the mighty Roman's sway,
So on till yesterday, ay, till to-day:
That all beneath the soil still buried lies —
The soil is Cæsar's, his shall be the prize.

TREASURER.

Now for a fool he speaketh not amiss;
Our Cæsar's ancient right, in sooth, was this.

CHANCELLOR.

Satan for you spreads golden snares; 'tis clear,
Something not right or pious worketh here.

STEWARD.

To us at court if welcome gifts he bring,
A little wrong is no such serious thing.

FIELD MARSHAL.

Shrewd is the fool, he bids what all desire;
The soldier, whence it comes, will not inquire.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

You think yourselves, perchance, deceived by me;
Ask the Astrologer! This man is he!
Circle round circle, hour and house he knows.
Then tell us, how the heavenly aspect shows.

Murmur of the crowd.

Two rascals — each to other known —
Phantast and fool — so near the throne;
The old, old song, — now trite with age,
The fool still prompts — while speaks the sage.

ASTROLOGER

(*speaks*, MEPHISTOPHELES *prompts*).

The sun himself is purest gold; for pay
And favor serves the herald, Mercury;
Dame Venus hath bewitched you from above,
Early and late, she looks on you with love;
Chaste Luna's humor varies hour by hour;
Mars, though he strike not, threats you with his power;
And Jupiter is still the fairest star;
Saturn is great, small to the eye and far;
As metal him we slightly venerate,
Little in worth, though ponderous in weight.
Now when with Sol fair Luna doth unite,
Silver with gold, cheerful the world and bright!
Then easy 'tis to gain whate'er one seeks;
Parks, gardens, palaces, and rosy cheeks;
These things procures this highly learned man.
He can accomplish what none other can.

EMPEROR.

Double, methinks, his accents ring,
And yet they no conviction bring.

Murmur.

Of what avail! — a worn-out tale —
Calendery — and chemistry —
I the false word — full oft have heard —
And as of yore — we're hoaxed once more.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

The grand discovery they misprize,
As, in amaze, they stand around;
One prates of gnomes and sorceries,
Another of the sable hound.
What matters it, though witlings rail,
Though one his suit 'gainst witchcraft press,
If his sole tingle none the less,
If his sure footing also fail?
Ye of all swaying Nature feel
The secret working, never-ending,
And, from her lowest depths up-tending,
E'en now her living trace doth steal.
If sudden cramps your limbs surprise,
If all uncanny seem the spot —
There dig and delve, but dally not!
There lies the fiddler, there the treasure lies!

Murmur.

Like lead it lies my foot about —
Cramped is my arm — 'tis only gout —
Twitchings I have in my great toe —
Down all my back strange pains I know;
Such indications make it clear
That sumless treasuries are here.

EMPEROR.

To work — the time for flight is past. —
Put to the test your frothy lies!
These treasures bring before our eyes!
Sceptre and sword aside I'll cast,
And with these royal hands, indeed,
If thou lie not, to work proceed.
Thee, if thou lie, I'll send to hell!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Thither to find the way I know full well! —
Yet can I not enough declare,
What wealth unowned lies waiting everywhere:
The countryman, who ploughs the land,
Gold-crocks upturneth with the mould;
Nitre he seeks in lime-walls old,

And findeth, in his meagre hand,
Scared, yet rejoiced, rouleaus of gold.
How many a vault upblown must be,
Into what clefts, what shafts, must he
Who doth of hidden treasure know,
Descend, to reach the world below!
In cellars vast, impervious made,
Goblets of gold he sees displayed,
Dishes and plates, row after row;
There beakers, rich with rubies, stand;
And would he use them, close at hand
Well stored the ancient moisture lies;
Yet — would ye him who knoweth, trust? —
The staves long since have turned to dust,
A tartar cask their place supplies!
Not gold alone and jewels rare,
Essence of noblest wines are there,
In night and horror veiled. The wise,
Unwearied here pursues his quest.
To search by day, that were a jest;
'Tis darkness that doth harbor mysteries.

EMPEROR.

What can the dark avail? Look thou to that!
If aught have worth, it cometh to the light.
Who can detect the rogue at dead of night?
Black are the cows, and gray is every cat.
These pots of heavy gold, if they be there —
Come, drive thy plough, upturn them with thy share!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Take spade and hoe thyself; — dig on —
Great shalt thou be through peasant toil —
A herd of golden calves anon
Themselves shall tear from out the soil;
Then straight, with rapture newly born,
Thyself thou canst, thy sweetheart wilt adorn.
A sparkling gem, lustrous, of varied dye,
Beauty exalts, as well as majesty.

EMPEROR.

To work, to work! How long wilt linger?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Sire,
Relax, I pray, such vehement desire!
First let us see the motley, joyous show!
A mind distraught conducts not to the goal.
First must we calmness win through self-control,
Through things above deserve what lies below.
Who seeks for goodness, must himself be good;
Who seeks for joy, must moderate his blood;
Who wine desires, the luscious grape must press;
Who craveth miracles, more faith possess.

EMPEROR.

So be the interval in gladness spent!
Ash-Wednesday cometh, to our hearts' content.
Meanwhile we'll solemnize, whate'er befall,
More merrily the joyous Carnival.

(*Trumpets.* *Exeunt.*)

MEPHISTOPHELES.

That merit and success are linked together,
This to your fools occurreth never;
Could they appropriate the wise man's stone,
That, not the wise man, they would prize alone.

A spacious Hall, with adjoining apartments, arranged and decorated for a masquerade.

HERALD.

Think not we hold in Germany our revels;
Where dances reign of death, of fools and devils;
You doth a cheerful festival invite.
Our Cæsar, Romeward turning his campaign,
Hath — for his profit, and for your delight —
Crossed the high Alps, and won a fair domain.
Before the sacred feet bowed down,
His right to reign he first hath sought,
And when he went to fetch his crown,
For us the fool's cap hath he brought.
Now all of us are born anew;
And every world-experienced man
Draws it in comfort over head and ears,
A fool beneath it, he appears,

And plays the sage as best he can.
I see them, how they form in groups,
Now they pair off, now wavering sever;
Choir now with choir together troops,
Within, without, unwearied ever!
The world remaineth as of yore,
With fooleries, ten thousand score,
The one great fool forevermore!

GARDEN-GIRLS.

Song, accompanied by mandolins.

That to us ye praise may render,
Decked are we in festive sort;
Girls of Florence, we the splendor
Follow of the German court.

Many a flower, we, Flora's vassals,
In our dark brown tresses wear;
Silken threads and silken tassels,
Play their part and grace our hair.

For we hold ourselves deserving,
All your praises, full and clear;
Since our flowers, their bloom preserving,
Blossom through the live-long year.

Cuttings divers-hued were taken,
And arranged with symmetry;
Piece by piece they mirth awaken,
Yet the whole attracts the eye.

Garden-girls and fair to look on,
Fittingly we play our part;
For the natural in woman,
Closely is allied to art.

HERALD.

Now from baskets richly laden,
Which, upon her head and arm,
Beareth every lovely maiden,
Let each choose what each doth charm!
Hasten ye, till bower and alley,
Aspect of a garden bears!
Worthy are the crowds to dally
Round the sellers and their wares.

GARDEN-GIRLS.

In this mart your flowers unscreening,
Cheapen not, as them you show!
With brief words, but full of meaning,
What he hath, let each one know.

OLIVE-BRANCH (*with fruit*).

I of blossoms envy none,
Quarrels studiously I shun;
They against my nature are:
Marrow of the land, in sooth
Pledge I am of peace and ruth,
To all regions near and far.
Be it my good fortune now
To adorn the loveliest brow.

WHEAT-WREATH (*golden*).

Ceres' gift sweet peace expressing,
Would enhance thy charms; be wise!
What is useful, rich in blessing,
As thy best adornment prize!

FANCY-GARLAND.

Colored flowers, from moss out-peering,
Mallow-like, a wondrous show —
Not in Nature's guise appearing,
Fashion 'tis that makes them blow.

FANCY-NOSEGAY.

Theophastus would not venture
Names to give to flowers like these.
Yet, though some perchance may censure
Many still, I hope to please.

Who to wreathe her locks permits me
Straight shall win a heightened grace,
Or who near her heart admits me,
Finding on her breast a place.

CHALLENGE.

Be your motley fancies moulded,
For the fashion of the day.
Nature never yet unfolded
Wonders half so strange as they?

Golden bells, green stalks, forth glancing
From rich locks, their charm enhancing.
But we —

ROSEBUDS.

hide from mortal eyes.
Happy he who finds the prize!
When draws nigh once more the summer,
Rosebuds greet the bright new-comer.
Who such happiness would miss?
Promise, then fulfilment, — this
Is the law in Flora's reign,
Swayeth too sense, heart, and brain.

The flower-girls tastefully arrange their wares under green, leafy arcades.

GARDENERS.

Song, accompanied by Theorbos.

Mark the blossoms calmly sprouting,
Charmingly to wreathe your brow;
Fruits will not deceive, I trow,
Taste, enjoy them, nothing doubting.

Magnum bonums, cherries, peaches,
Faces offer sun-embrowned;
Buy, poor judge the eye is found; —
Heed what tongue, what palate teaches.

Luscious fruits to taste invite them
Who behold these rich supplies?
We o'er roses poetize; —
As for apples, we must bite them.

Let us now, with your good pleasure,
Join your youthful choir, in pairs;
And beside your flowery wares,
Thus adorn our riper treasure,

Under leaf-adornèd bowers,
'Mid the merry windings haste;
Each will find what suits his taste;
Buds or leafage, fruit or flowers.

Amid alternate songs, accompanied by guitars and Theorbos, the two choruses proceed to arrange their wares, terrace-wise, and to offer them for sale.

MOTHER *and* DAUGHTER.

Maiden, when thou cam'st to light,
Full thy tender form of grace;
In its tiny hood bedight,
Lovely was thy infant face.
Then I thought of thee with pride
Of some wealthy youth the bride,
Taking as his wife thy place.

Ah! full many a year in vain.
All unused away have passed;
Of the suitor's motley train
Quickly hath gone by the last!
Thou with one didst gaily dance,
One didst seek with quiet glance,
Or sly elbow-touch, to gain.

All the fêtes that we might plan,
Vainly did we celebrate;
Games of forfeit, or third man,
Fruitless were, they brought no mate;
Many a fool's abroad to-day,
Dear one, now thy charms display,
One thou mayest attach though late.

Girlish playfellows, young and beautiful, enter and join the groups; loud confidential chatting is heard. Fishers and bird-catchers with nets, fishing-rods, limed twigs, and other gear, enter and mingle with the maidens. Reciprocal attempts to win, to catch, to escape, and hold fast, give occasion to most agreeable dialogues.

WOOD-CUTTERS

(*enter, boisterous and uncouth*).

Place! Give place!
We must have space!
Trees we level,
Down they fall,
Crashing to the ground;
As we bear them forth,
Blows we deal around.
To our praise, be sure;—
This proclaim aloud;—

Labored not the boor,
Where were then the proud!
How in idless revel
Could they at their ease!
Never then forget,—
If we did not sweat,
That ye all would freeze.

PUNCHINELLOS
(*awkward and foolish*).

Fools are ye, poor hacks!
Born with curvèd backs.
Prudent ones are we,
From all burdens free;
For our greasy caps,
Our jerkins and our traps
We bear right easily.
Forthwith at our leisure,
We with slippered feet,
Saunter at our pleasure,
On through mart and street,
Standing still or going,
At each other crowing;
When the folk around
Gather at the sound,
Slipping then aside,
Frolicking together,
Eel-like on we glide.
And we care not whether
Ye applaud or blame;
To us 'tis all the same.

PARASITES (*flattering—lustful*).

Porters brave, and you,
Charcoal-burners true,
Kinsmen, ye indeed
Are the men we need.

Bowings low,
Assenting smiles,
Long-drawn phrases,
Crooked wiles,

Double-breath,
That as you please,
Blows hot or cold;
What profit these? —

Down from heaven
Must fire be given,
Vast, enormous,
If, to warm us,
We no coal had got,
Nor of logs a heap,
Warm our hearth to keep,
Our furnace to make hot.

There is roasting,
There is brewing,
There is toasting,
There is stewing,
Your true taster
Licks the dish;
Sniffs the roast,
Forebodes the fish;
These for great deeds make him able.
Seated at his patron's table.

DRUNKEN MAN (*hardly conscious*).

Naught to-day shall mar my pleasure!
Frank I feel myself and free;
Cheerful songs and jovial leisure,
Both I hither bring with me;
Therefore drink I! Drink ye, drink!
Strike your glasses! Clink ye, clink!
You behind there join the fun!
Strike your glasses; so, 'tis done!

Let my wife, shrill-tongued, assail me,
Sneering at my colored vest,
And, despite my vaunting, hail me
Fool, like masquerader dressed;
Still I'll drink! Come, drink ye, drink!
Strike your glasses! Clink ye, clink!
Fools in motley, join the fun!
Strike your glasses; so, 'tis done!

Here I'm blest whoever chooses
Me, as erring, to upbraid:
If to score mine host refuses,
Scores the hostess, scores the maid;
Always drink I! drink ye, drink!
Up, my comrades! clink ye, clink!
Each to other! Join the fun!
To my thinking now 'tis done!

From this place there's now no flying,
Here where pleasures are at hand:
Let me lie, where I am lying,
For I can no longer stand.

CHORUS.

Brothers all, come drink ye, drink!
One more toast, now clink ye, clink!
Firmly sit on bench and board?
'Neath the table lie who's floored!

The HERALD *announces various poets, the Poet of Nature, Court-singers, and Ritter-singers, tender as well as enthusiastic. In the throng of competitors of every kind none will allow the others to be heard. One sneaks past with a few words.*

SATIRIST.

Know ye what would me to-day,
The poet, most rejoice and cheer?
If I dared to sing and say,
That which none would like to hear.

Poets of Night and of the Sepulchre send apologies, inasmuch as they are engaged in a most interesting conversation with a newly-arisen Vampire, wherefrom a new kind of poetry may perhaps be developed; the HERALD *must admit the excuse, and meanwhile summons the Greek Mythology, which, though in modern masks, loses neither character nor charm.*

THE GRACES.

AGLAIA.

Charm we bring to life, and grace;
In your gifts let both have place!

HEGEMONY.

In receiving let the twain,
Preside! 'Tis sweet our wish to gain.

EUPHROSYNE.

And when benefits you own
Chiefly be these graces shown!

THE FATES.

ATROPOS.

I, the Eldest, am from yonder
Realm invited, here to spin.
Much to think of, much to ponder.
Lieth life's frail thread within.

That it pliant be and tender,
Finest flax to choose be mine;
That it even be and slender,
Must the cunning finger twine.

If of festive dance and pleasure
Ye too wantonly partake,
Think upon this thread's just measure
O be cautious! It may break!

CLOTHO.

Know ye, to my guidance lately
They the fateful shears confide.
By our elder's doings greatly
None in sooth were edified.

Spinnings, to no issue tending,
Forth she drew to air and light;
Threads of noblest promise rending,
Down she sent to realms of night.

While a novice still in reigning,
I too erred in by-gone years;
But to-day, myself restraining,
In the sheath I plunge my shears.

Fain I am to wear the bridle,
Kindly I this place survey;
In these seasons, gay and idle,
Give your revelry full play!

LACHESIS.

Reason's laws alone obeying,
Order was to me decreed.
Mine the will that, ever-swaying,
Never errs through over-speed.

Threads are coming; threads are going;
Each one in its course I guide,
None permit I overflowing,
From its skein to swerve aside.

Were I only once to slumber!—
For the world my spirit quakes;
Years we measure, hours we number,
And the hank the weaver takes.

HERALD.

How versed soe'er in lore of ancient fame,
Those who are coming now ye would not know;
Gazing upon these workers of much woe,
Them, as your welcome guests, ye would proclaim.

The Furies these,—none will believe us;—kind,
Graceful in figure, pretty, young, and fair;
If their acquaintance ye would make, beware;
How serpent-like such doves can wound, ye'll find.

Cunning they are, yet now, when every clown
Boastful, his fallings shuns not to proclaim,
They too, desiring not angelic fame,
Own themselves plagues of country and of town.

ALECTO.

What help for you? Since young we are and fair,
Ye in such flattering kittens will confide!
Has any here a sweetheart to his side,
Stealing, we gain his ear, until we dare

To tell him, face to face, *she* may be caught
Winking at this or that one; that 'tis plain,
She halts, is crooked-backed, and dull of brain,
And, if to him betrothed, is good for naught.

To vex the bride doth also tax our skill:
We tell what slighting things, some weeks agone,
Her lover said of her, to such an one.—
They're reconciled, yet something rankles still.

MEGARA.

That's a mere jest! Let them be mated, then
I go to work, and e'en the fairest joy,
In every case can through caprice destroy.
The hours are changeful, changeful too are men.

What was desired, once grasped, its charm hath lost;
Who firmly holds the madly longed-for prize,
Straight for some other blessing fondly sighs;
The sun he flieth, and would warm the frost.

How to arrange, I know, in such affairs;
And here Asmodi lead, my comrade true,
At the right time mischief abroad to strew;
And so destroy the human race in pairs.

TISIPHONE.

Poison, steel, I mix and whet,
Words abjuring, — for the traitor; —
Lov'st thou others, sooner, later,
Ruin shall o'erwhelm thee yet.

All transformed to gall and foam
Is the moment's sweetest feeling!
Here no higgling, here no dealing!
Sinned he hath, his sin comes home.

Let none say: "Forgiveness cherish!"
To the rocks my cause I bring;
Hark! Revenge, the echoes ring!
Who betrayeth, he must perish!

HERALD.

Now may it please you, to retire behind;
For what now cometh is not of your kind. —
Ye see a mountain press the crowd among,
Its flanks with brilliant carpet proudly hung;
With lengthened tusks, and serpent-trunk below,
A mystery, but I the key will show.
Throned on his neck a gentle lady rides,
With a fine wand his onward course she guides.
Aloft the other stands, of stately height,
Girt with a splendor that o'erpowers the sight;
Beside him, chained, two noble dames draw near;
Sad is the one, the other blithe of cheer

The one for freedom yearns, the other feels she's free.
Let them declare in turn who they may be!

FEAR.

Torches, lamps, with lurid sheen,
Through the turmoil gleam around;
These deceitful forms between,
Fetters hold me firmly bound.

Hence, vain laughter-loving brood!
I mistrust your senseless grin!
All my foes, with clamor rude,
Strive to-night to hem me in.

Friend like foeman would betray me,
But his mask I recognize;
There is one who fain would slay me,
Now, unmasked, away he hies.

Ah, how gladly would I wander
Hence, and leave this lower sphere;
But destruction, threatening yonder,
Holds me 'twixt despair and fear.

HOPE.

Hail! Beloved sisters, hail!
If to-day and yesterday
Ye have loved this masking play,
Yet to-morrow, trite the tale,
Will your masks aside be thrown;
And if 'neath the torches' glare,
We no special joy have known,
Yet will we, in daylight fair,
Just according to our pleasure,
Now with others, now alone,
Wander forth o'er lawn and mead;
Work at will, or take our leisure,
Careless live, exempt from need;
And at last we'll aye succeed.
Everywhere, as welcome guest,
Step we in, with easy mind;
Confident that we the best
Somewhere, certainly, may find.

PRUDENCE.

Fear and hope in chains thus guiding,
Two of man's chief foes, I bar
From the thronging crowds — dividing,
Clear the way; — now saved ye are!

I this live colosse am leading,
Which, tower-laden, as ye gaze
Unfatigued is onward speeding,
Step by step, up steepest ways.

But, with broad and rapid pinion,
From the battlement on high,
Gazing on her wide dominion,
Turneth that divinity.

Fame, around her, bright and glorious,
Shining on all sides one sees:
Victory her name, — victorious
Queen of all activities.

ZOILO-THERSITES.

Bah! Bah! The very time I've hit!
You all are wrong, no doubt of it!
Yet what I make my special aim
Is victory, yon stately dame.
She, with her snowy wings, esteems,
Herself an eagle, and still deems
That wheresoe'er she bends her sight,
Peoples and lands are hers by right!
But, where a glorious deed is done,
My harness straight I buckle on;
Where high is low, and low is high,
The crooked straight, the straight awry —
Then only am I wholly sound:
So be it on this earthly round.

HERALD.

So take thou then, thou ragged hound,
From my good staff, a master blow!
There crouch and wriggle, bending low!
The double dwarfish form, behold,
Itself to a vile ball hath rolled!

The ball becomes an egg! — strange wonder!
It now dilates and bursts asunder:
Thence falleth a twin-pair to earth,
Adder and bat; — a hideous birth;
Forth in the dust one creeps, his brother
Doth darkling to the ceiling flee;
Outside they haste to join each other —
The third I am not fain to be!

Murmur.

Come on! Behind their dancing — No,
Not I, from hence I fain would go —
Dost thou not feel the spectral rout
Is flitting everywhere about?
It whistled right above my hair —
Close to my feet, — I felt it there —
No one is hurt — 'tis not denied, —
But we have all been terrified —
Wholly the frolic now is ended —
'Tis what the brutish pair intended.

HERALD.

Since on me, at festive masque,
Laid hath been the Herald's task,
At the doors I watch with care,
Lest aught harmful, unaware,
Creep into this joyous space;
I nor waver, nor give place.
Yet I fear, the spectral brood,
Through the window may intrude,
And from trick and sorcery,
I know not how to keep you free.
First the dwarf awakened doubt,
Now streams in the spectral rout.
I would show you herald-wise,
What each figure signifies.
But what none can comprehend
I should strive to teach in vain.
All must help me to explain! —
Through the crowd behold ye it wend; —
A splendid car is borne along
By a team of four; the throng

Is not parted, nor doth reign
Tumult round the stately wain;
Bright it glitters from afar;
Shineth many a motley star,
As from magic-lantern cast;
On it snorts with stormful blast. —
I needs must shudder! Clear the way!

BOY-CHARIOTEER.

Stay your wings, ye coursers, stay!
Own the bridle's wonted sway!
Rein yourselves, as you I rein;
When I prompt you, rush amain! —
Honor we this festal ground.
See how press the folk around,
Ring in ring, with wondering eyes. —
Herald, as thy wont is, rise;
From you ere we flee afar,
Tell our name, our meaning show?
Since we allegories are,
'Tis thy duty us to know.

HERALD.

I cannot guess how I should name thee;
I to describe thee should prefer.

BOY-CHARIOTEER.

So, try it then?

HERALD.

We must proclaim thee,
Firstly to be both young and fair;
A half-grown boy; — yet women own
They fain would see thee fully grown;
A future wooer seemest thou to me,
A gay deceiver out and out to be.

BOY-CHARIOTEER.

Not badly spoken! Pray proceed!
The riddle's cheerful meaning strive to read.

HERALD.

Thine eyes swart flash, thy jewelled bandlet glowing
Starlike, amid thy night-like hair;

And what a graceful robe dost wear,
Down from thy shoulder to thy buskin flowing,
With purple hem and fringes rare!
Thee as a girl one might misprize;
Yet thou, for weal or woe, wouldst be,
E'en now of worth in maiden's eyes;
Thee they would teach the A B C.

BOY-CHARIOTEER.

And he whose stately figure gleams
Enthroned upon his chariot wain?

HERALD.

A monarch, rich and mild, he seems;
Happy who may his grace obtain,
Henceforth they've naught for which to strive!
His glance discerns if aught's amiss,
Greater his pleasure is to give,
Than to possess or wealth or bliss.

BOY-CHARIOTEER.

Suspend not here thy words, I pray,
Him thou more fully must portray.

HERALD.

The noble none can paint. Yet there
Glows the round visage, hale and fair,
Full mouth, and blooming cheeks, descried
Beneath the turban's jewelled pride;
What ease his mantle folds display!
What of his bearing can I say?
As ruler seems he known to me.

BOY-CHARIOTEER.

Plutus, the god of wealth is he.
Hither he comes in royal state;
Of him the emperor's need is great.

HERALD.

Tell of thyself the what and how to me?

BOY-CHARIOTEER.

I am profusion, I am Poesie;
The bard am I who to perfection tends

When freely he his inner wealth expends.
I too have riches beyond measure,
And match with Plutus' wealth my treasure,
For him adorn and quicken dance and show,
And what he lacketh, that do I bestow.

HERALD.

Boasting to thee new charm imparts.
Now show us something of thine arts!

BOY-CHARIOTEER.

See me but snap my fingers, lo!
Around the car what splendors glow!
A string of pearls forth leapeth here;
(*Continually snapping.*)
Take golden clasps for neck and ear;
Combs too, and other precious things,
Crowns without flaw, and jewelled rings!
Flamelets I scatter too, in play,
Awaiting where they kindle may.

HERALD.

How the good people snatch and seize!
Almost the donor's self they squeeze.
As in a dream he gems doth rain,
In the wide space they snatch amain.
But — here new juggling meets mine eye:
What one doth grasp so eagerly,
Doth prove, in sooth, a sorry prize;
Away from him the treasure flies;
The pearls are loosened from their band,
Now beetles crawl within his hand;
He shakes them off; poor fool, instead,
Swarming, they buzz around his head;
Others, in place of solid things,
Catch butterflies, with lightsome wings.
Though vast his promises, the knave
To them but golden glitter gave!

BOY-CHARIOTEER.

Masks, I remark, thou canst announce full well;
Only to reach the essence 'neath the shell,

Is not the Herald's courtly task;
A sharper vision that dost ask.
But I from every quarrel would be free. —
Master, I speech and question turn to thee.

(*Turning to* Plutus.)

The storm-blast didst thou not confide
To me, of this four-yokèd car?
Lead I not well, as thou dost guide?
Where thou dost point, thence am I far?
Have I not known, on daring wing
For thee the victor's crown to wring?
Full often as for thee I've fought,
Still have I conquered; and if now
The laurel decorates thy brow,
Have not my hand and skill the chaplet wrought?

PLUTUS.

If need there be, that I should witness bear, —
Soul of my soul, thee gladly I declare:
According to my will thou actest ever;
Art richer than myself indeed.
To give thy service its due meed,
Before all crowns the laurel wreath I treasure.
This truthful word let all men hear:
My son art thou, thee doth my soul hold dear.

BOY-CHARIOTEER (*to the crowd*).

Now of my hand the choicest dower
I've scattered in this festive hour;
There glows on this or that one's head
A flame, which I abroad have shed;
From one to other now it hies,
To this one cleaves, from that one flies,
Seldom aloft its flames aspire;
Sudden they gleam, with transient fire;
With many, ere they know the prize,
It mournfully burns out and dies.

Clamor of Women.

He yonder, on the chariot-van,
Is, without doubt, a charlatan.
Behind him, crouching, is the clown,
By thirst and hunger so worn down

The like was never seen till now;
If pinched, he would not feel, I trow.

THE STARVELING.

Avaunt, ye loathèd women-kind!
With you I ne'er a welcome find.—
When ruled the hearth your thrifty dame,
Then Avaritia was my name;
Then throve our household well throughout;
For much came in, and naught went out!
Great was my zeal for chest and bin—
And that, forsooth, you call a sin!
But in these later years, no more
The wife is thrifty, as of yore;
She, like each tardy payer, owns
Far more desires than golden crowns;
This for her spouse much care begets;
Where'er he turneth, there are debts;
What she by spinning earns, she spends
On gay attire, and wanton friends;
Better she feasts, and drinketh too
More wine, with her vile suitor crew:
That raised for me of gold the price.
Now, male of sex, I'm Avarice!

Leader of the Women.

Dragon may still with dragon spare;
It's cheat and lies at last, no more!
He comes to rouse the men; beware!
Full troublesome they were before.

WOMEN (*all together*).

The scarecrow! Box his ears! Make haste!
To threat us does the juggler dare?
Us shall his foolish prating scare?
The dragons are but wood and paste;
Press in upon him, do not spare!

HERALD.

Now, by my staff! Keep quiet there!
Yet scarcely needed is my aid.
See, in the quickly opened space,
How the grim monsters move apace!

Their pinions' double pair displayed!
The dragons shake themselves in ire,
Scale-proof, their jaws exhaling fire —
The crowd recedes; clear is the place.

(Plutus *descends from the chariot.*)

HERALD.

He steps below, a king confessed!
He nods, the dragons move; the chest
They from the chariot, in a trice,
Have lowered, with gold and avarice;
Before his feet it standeth now:
How done a marvel is, I trow.

PLUTUS (*to the* Charioteer).

Now from the burden that oppressed thee here
Thou'rt frank and free; away to thine own sphere!
Here is it not; distorted, wild, grotesque,
Surrounds us here a motley arabesque.
There fly, where on thy genius thou canst wait,
Lord of thyself; where charm the good, the fair;
Where clear thy vision in the clear, calm air;
To solitude — there thine own world create!

BOY—CHARIOTEER.

Myself as trusty envoy I approve;
Thee as my nearest relative I love.
Where thou dost dwell, is fulness; where I reign,
Within himself each feeleth glorious gain;
And 'midst life's contradictions wavers he:
Shall he resign himself to thee, to me?
Thy votaries may idly rest, 'tis true;
Who follows me has always work to do.
My deeds are not accomplished in the shade,
I only breathe, and fortwith am betrayed,
Farewell! My bliss thou grudgest not to me;
But whisper low, and straight I'm back with thee.

(*Exit as he came.*)

PLUTUS.

Now is the time the treasure to set free!
The lock I strike, thus with the Herald's rod;

'Tis opened now! In blazing caldrons, see,
It bubbles up, and shows like golden blood;
Next crowns, and chains, and rings a precious dower:
It swells and fusing threats the jewels to devour.

Alternate cry of the Crowd.

Look here! Look there! How flows the treasure,
To the chest's brim in ample measure! —
Vessels of gold are melting, near
Up-surging, coined rouleaux appear,
And ducats leap as if impressed —
O how the vision stirs my breast!
My heart's desire now meets my eye!
They're rolling on the floor hard by. —
To you 'tis proffered; do not wait,
Stoop only, you are wealthy, straight! —
While, quick as lightning, we, anon,
The chest itself will seize upon.

HERALD.

Ye fools, what ails you? What your quest?
'Tis but a masquerading jest.
To-night no more desire ye may;
Think you that gold we give away,
And things of worth? For such as you,
And at such foolish masking too,
E'en counters were too much to pay.
Blockheads a pleasing show, forsooth,
Ye take at once for solid truth.
What's truth to you? Delusion vain
By every turn ye clutch amain. —
Thou, Plutus, hero of the masque,
This folk to chase be now thy task!

PLUTUS.

Ready at hand thy staff I see;
For a brief moment lend it me! —
Quickly in fire and seething glare
I'll dip it. — Now, ye masks, beware!
It sputters, crackles, flares outright!
Bravely the torch is now alight;
And pressing round, who comes too nigh,

Is forthwith scorched relentlessly! —
Now then my circuit is begun.

Cries and Tumult.

O misery! We are undone. —
Escape, let each escape who can!
Back! further back! thou hindmost man! —
Hot in my face it sputtered straight —
Of the red staff I felt the weight —
We all, alas! we all are lost! —
Back, back, thou masquerading host! —
Back, back, unthinking crowd! — Ah me,
Had I but wings, I hence would flee! —

PLUTUS.

Back is the circle driven now;
And no one has been singed, I trow.
The crowds give way,
Scared, with dismay. —
Yet, pledge of order and of law,
A ring invisible I draw.

HERALD.

Achieved thou hast a noble deed;
For thy sage might be thanks thy meed!

PLUTUS.

Yet needs there patience, noble friend;
Still many a tumult doth impend.

AVARICE.

If it so please us, pleasantly,
We on this living ring may gaze around.
For women ever foremost will be found,
If aught allure the palate or the eye.
Not yet am I grown rusty quite!
A pretty face must always please;
And since it nothing costs to-night,
We'll go a-wooing at our ease.
Yet as in this o'ercrowded sphere,
Words are not audible to every ear,
Deftly I'll try — and can but hope success —
In pantomime my meaning to express.

Hand, foot, and gesture will not here suffice,
Hence I must strive to fashion some device:
Like moistened clay forthwith I'll knead the gold;
This metal into all things we can mould.

HERALD.

The meagre fool, what doeth he?
Hath such a starveling humor? See,
He kneadeth all the gold to dough,
Beneath his hand 'tis pliant too;
Yet howsoe'er he squeeze and strain,
Misshapen it must still remain.
He to the women turns, but they
All scream, and fain would flee away,
With gestures of aversion. Still
Ready the rascal seems for ill;
Happy, I fear, himself he rates,
When decency he violates.
Silence were wrong in such a case;
Give me my staff, him forth to chase!

PLUTUS.

What threats us from without, he bodeth not,
Let him play out his pranks a little longer!
Room for his jests will fail him soon, I wot;
Strong as is law, necessity is stronger.

Enter Fauns, Satyrs, Gnomes, Nymphs, *etc., attendants on* Pan, *and announcing his approach.*

Tumult and Song.

From forest-vale and mountain height,
Advancing with resistless might,
The savage host, it cometh straight:
Their mighty Pan they celebrate.
They know, what none beside can guess,
Into the vacant ring they press.

PLUTUS.

You and your mighty Pan I recognize!
Conjoined you've entered on a bold emprize.
Full well I know, what is not known to all,
And ope this narrow space, at duty's call. —

O may a happy Fate attend!
Wonders most strange may happen now;
They know not whereunto they tend;
Forward they have not looked, I trow.

Wild Song.

Bedizened people, glittering brood!
They're coming rough, they're coming rude
With hasty run, with lofty bound,
Stalwart and strong they press around.

FAUNS.

Fauns advance,
Their crisp locks bound
With oak-leaves round,—
In merry dance!
A fine and sharply-pointed ear,
Forth from their clustering locks doth peer;
A stumpy nose, with breadth of face—
These forfeit not a lady's grace;
If but his paw the Faun advance,
Not lightly will the fairest shun the dance.

SATYR.

The Satyr now comes hopping in,
With foot of goat, and withered shin;
These sinewy must be and thin.
In chamois-guise, on mountain height,
Around to gaze is his delight;
In freedom's air, with freshness rife,
Child he despiseth, man and wife,
Who, 'mid the valley's smoke and steam,
That they too live, contented dream;
On those pure heights, sequestered, lone,
The upper world is his alone!

GNOMES.

Tripping, here comes a tiny crew.
They like not keeping two and two;
In mossy dress, with lamplet clear,
Commingling swiftly, they career,
Where for himself his task each plies,
Swarming they glitter, emmet-wise;

And ever busy, move about,
With ceaseless bustle in and out. —

We the "Good Folk" as kindred own,
As rock-chirurgists well we're known;
Cupping the lofty hills, we drain,
With cunning, from each well-filled vein,
The metals, which aloft we pile,
Shouting, Good luck! Good luck! the while:
Kindness at bottom we intend;
Good men we evermore befriend.
Yet to the light we gold unseal,
That men therewith may pimp and steal.
Nor to the proud, who murder planned
Wholesale, shall fail the iron brand:
These three commands who hath transgressed,
Will take small reckoning of the rest;
Nathless for that we're not to blame:
Patient we are, be ye the same!

GIANTS.

The wild men, such in sooth our name,
Upon the Hartzberg known to fame,
Naked, in ancient vigor strong,
Pell-mell we come, a giant throng;
With pine-stem grasped in dexter hand,
And round the loins a padded band,
Apron of leaf and bough, uncouth, —
Such guards the Pope owns not, in sooth.

CHORUS OF NYMPHS.

(*They surround the great* PAN.)

He draweth near!
In mighty Pan
The All we scan
Of this world-sphere.
All ye of gayest mood advance,
And him surround, in sportive dance!
For since he earnest is and kind,
Joy everywhere he fain would find;
E'en 'neath the blue o'erarching sky,
He watcheth still, with wakeful eye;

Purling to him the brooklet flows,
And Zephyrs lull him to repose;
And when he slumbers at midday,
Stirs not a leaf upon the spray;
Health-breathing plants, with balsams rare,
Pervade the still and silent air;
The nymph no more gay vigil keeps,
And where she standeth, there she sleeps.
But if, at unexpected hour,
His voice resounds with mighty power,
Like thunder, or the roaring sea,
Then knoweth none, where he may flee;
Panic the valliant host assails,
The hero in the tumult quails.
Then honor to whom honor is due!
And hail to him, who leads us unto you!

Deputation of GNOMES (*to the great* PAN).

When a treasure, richly shining,
Winds through clefts its threadlike way,
Sole the cunning rod, divining,
Can its labyrinth display.

Troglodytes in caves abiding,
We our sunless homes vault o'er:
Thou, 'mid day's pure airs presiding,
Graciously thy gifts doth pour.

Close at hand, a fount of treasure
We have found a wondrous vein;—
Promising in fullest measure,
What we scarce might hope to gain.

Perfect thou alone canst make it;
Every treasure in thy hand,
Is a world-wide blessing; take it,
Thine it is, Sire, to command!

PLUTUS (*to the* HERALD).

Our self-possession now must be displayed,
And come what may, we must be undismayed;
Still hast thou shown a strong courageous soul.
A dreadful incident will soon betide;

'Twill be by world and after-world denied;
Inscribe it truly in thy protocol!

HERALD

(*grasping the staff which* PLUTUS *holds in his hand*).

The dwarfs conduct the mighty Pan
Softly the source of fire to scan;
It surges from the gulf profound,
Then downward plunges 'neath the ground;
While dark the mouth stands, gaping wide,
Once more uprolls the fiery tide.

The mighty Pan stands well content,
Rejoicing in the wondrous sight,
While pearl-foam drizzles left and right.
How may he trust such element!
Bending, he stoops to look within. —
But now his beard has fallen in!
Who may he be, with shaven chin?

His hand conceals it from our eyes. —
Now doth a dire mishap arise;
His beard takes fire and backward flies;
Wreath, head and breast are all ablaze,
Joy is transformed to dire amaze. —
To quench the fire his followers run
Free from the flames remaineth none;
Still as they strike from side to side,
New flames are kindled far and wide;
Enveloped in the fiery shroud,
Burns now the masquerading crowd.

But what's the tale that's rumored here,
From mouth to mouth, from ear to ear!
O night, for aye with sorrow fraught,
To us what mischief hast thou brought!
The coming morn will tidings voice,
At which, in sooth, will none rejoice.
From every side they cry amain,
"The Emperor suffers grievous pain!"
O were some other tidings true! —
The Emperor burns, his escort too,
Accursed be they, forevermore,
Who him seduced, with noisy roar,

Abroad, begirt with pitchy bough,
To roam, for general overthrow!

O youth, O youth, and wilt thou never
To joy assign its fitting bound?
O Majesty, with reason never
Will thy omnipotence be crowned?

The mimic forest hath caught fire;
Tongue-like the flame mounts high and higher;
Now on the wood-bound roof it plays,
And threats one universal blaze!
O'erflows our cup of suffering;
I know not, who may rescue bring;
Imperial pomp, so rich o'er night,
An ash-heap lies in morning's light.

PLUTUS.

Long enough hath terror swayed;
Hither now be help conveyed. —
Strike, thou hallowed staff, the ground,
Till earth tremble and resound!
Cooling vapors everywhere
Fill the wide and spacious air!
Moisture-teeming mist and cloud
Draw anear, and us o'ershroud;
Veil the fiery tumult, veil!
Curling, drizzling, breathing low,
Gracious cloudlets hither sail,
Shedding down the gentle rain!
To extinguish, to allay,
Ye, the assuagers, strive amain;
Into summer-lightning's glow
Change our empty fiery play! —
Threaten spirits us to hurt,
Magic must its power assert.

Pleasure-garden.

Morning sun.

The Emperor, *his court, men and women;* Faust, Mephistopheles *dressed becomingly, in the usual fashion; both kneel.*

FAUST.

The flaming juggler's play dost pardon, Sire?

EMPEROR.

I of such sports full many should desire. —
I saw myself within a glowing sphere;
Almost it seemed as if I Pluto were;
A rock abyss there lay, with fire aglow.
Gloomy as night; from many a gulf below,
Seething, a thousand savage flames ascend,
And in a fiery vault together blend;
Up to the highest dome their tongues were tossed,
Which ever was, and evermore was lost.
In the far space, through spiral shafts of flame,
Peoples I saw, in lengthened lines who came;
In the wide circles forward pressed the crowd,
And as their wont hath been, in homage bowed;
I seemed, surrounded by my courtly train,
O'er thousand Salamanders king to reign.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Such art thou, Sire? For thee each element
To own as absolute is well content.
Obedient thou hast proven fire to be.
Where it is wildest, leap into the sea —
And scarce thy foot the pearl-strewn floor shall tread,
A glorious, billowy dome o'ervaults thy head;
Wavelets of tender green thou seest swelling,
With purple edge, to form thy beauteous dwelling,
Round thee, the central point; where thou dost wend,
At every step, thy palace homes attend;
The very walls, in life rejoicing, flow
With arrowy swiftness, surging to and fro;
Sea-marvels to the new the gentle light repair;
They dart along, to enter none may dare;
There sports, with scales of gold, the bright-hued snake,
Gapes the fell shark, his jaws thy laughter wake:
Howe'er thy court may round thee now delight,
Such throng as this, before ne'er met thy sight.
Nor long shalt severed be from the most fair;
The curious Nereids, to thy dwelling rare,
'Mid the eternal freshness, shall draw nigh;
The youngest, greedy like the fish, and shy;
The elder prudent. Thetis hears the news,

Nor to the second Peleus will refuse
Or hand or lip. — Olympos' wide domain ——

EMPEROR.

I leave to thee, thou o'er the air may'st reign;
Full early every one must mount that throne.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Earth, noblest Sire! already thou dost own.

EMPEROR.

Hither what happy Fate, with kindness fraught,
Thee from the thousand nights and one hath brought!
If thou, like Scheherazade, prolific art,
To thee my highest favor I'll impart;
Be ever near when, as is oft the case,
Most irksome is our world of commonplace!

MARSHAL (*entering in haste*).

Your Highness, never thought I in my life
Tidings to give, with such good fortune rife
As these which, in thy presence, cheer
My raptured heart, absolved from fear;
All reckonings paid, from debt we're eased; —
The usurer's clutches are appeased —
From such hell-torment I am free!
In Heaven can none more cheerful be.

COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF (*follows hastily*).

Paid in advance the soldiers' due,
Now the whole army's pledged anew.
Blood dances in the trooper's veins;
Vintner and damsel reap their gains.

EMPEROR.

How freely now your breast doth heave!
The marks of care your visage leave!
How hastily you enter!

TREASURER (*entering*).

Sire, proceed
These men to question who have done the deed.

FAUST (*to the* CHANCELLOR).

To you it doth belong the case to state.

CHANCELLOR (*who advances slowly*).

In my old days I am with joy elate!
So hear and see this fortune-weighted scroll,
Which hath to happiness transformed our dole:

(*He reads.*)

"To all whom it concerneth, be it known:
Who owns this note a thousand crowns doth own.
To him assured, as certain pledge, there lies,
Beneath the Emperor's land, a boundless prize;
It is decreed, this wealth without delay
To raise, therewith the promised sum to pay."

EMPEROR.

Crime I suspect, some huge deceit!
The Emperor's name who here doth counterfeit?
Unpunished still remains such breach of right?

TREASURER.

Remember, Sire! Thyself but yesternight
Didst sign the note. — Thou stood'st as mighty Pan;
Then spake the Chancellor, whose words thus ran:
"This festive pleasure for thyself obtain,
Thy people's weal, with a few pen-strokes gain!"
These mad'st thou clearly; thousand-fold last night
Have artists multiplied what thou didst write;
And that to each alike might fall the aid,
To stamp the series, we have not delayed,
Ten, thirty, fifty, hundreds at a stroke.
You cannot guess how it rejoiced the folk:
Behold your town, mouldering half dead that lay,
How full of life and bounding joy to-day!
Long as thy name hath blessed the world, till now
So gladly was it ne'er beheld, I trow.
The Alphabet is now redundant grown;
Each in this sign finds happiness alone.

EMPEROR.

My people take it for true gold, you say?
In camp, at court, it passes for full pay?
Much as I wonder, it I must allow,

MARSHAL.

To stay the flying leaves were hopeless now;
With speed of lightning all abroad they float:
The changers' banks stand open; every note
Is honored there with silver and with gold;
Discount deducted, if the truth were told.
To butcher, baker, vintner, thence they fare;
With half the world is feasting their sole care;
The other half, new-vestured, bravely shows;
The mercer cuts away, the tailor sews.
In cellars still "The Emperor!" they toast,
While, amid clattering plates, they boil and roast.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Alone who treads the terraced promenade,
Sees there the fair one, splendidly arrayed;
One eye the peacock's fan conceals; the while
This note in view, she lures us with her smile,
And swifter than through eloquence or wit,
Love's richest favor may be won by it.
Oneself with purse and scrip one need not tease.
Hid in the breast, a note is borne with ease,
And with the billet-doux is coupled there;
The priest conveys it in his book of prayer;
The soldier, that his limbs may be more free,
Quickly his girdle lightens. Pardon me,
Your Majesty, if the high work I seem,
Dwelling on these details, to disesteem.

FAUST.

This superfluity of wealth, that deep
Imprisoned in its soil thy land doth keep,
Lies all unused; wide-reaching thought profound
Is of such treasure but a sorry bound;
In loftiest flight, fancy still strives amain
To reach its limit, but still strives in vain —
Yet minds who dare behind the veil to press,
In the unbounded, boundless faith possess.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Such paper, in the place of pearls and gold,
Convenient is, we know how much we hold;

No need for change or barter, each at will
Of love and wine may henceforth drink his fill.
If coin is needed, stands the changer nigh,
If there it faileth, straight the shovel ply:
Goblet and chain at auction fetch their price;
The paper, forthwith cancelled, in a trice
The skeptic shames, who us did erst deride:
The people, used to it, wish naught beside:
So henceforth, through the realm, there's goodly store
Of jewels, gold, and paper, ever more.

EMPEROR.

You this high aid have rendered to our state;
Great is the service, be the meed as great!
Our realm's subsoil confide we to your care;
Best guardians of the treasure buried there.
Full well ye know the vast, well-guarded hoard,
And when men dig, so be it at your word!

To FAUST *and the* TREASURER.

Ally yourselves, ye masters of our treasure,
The honors of your place fulfil with pleasure,
There where together joined in blest content,
The upper with the under world is blent!

TREASURER.

Not the most distant strife shall us divide;
As colleague be the conjuror at my side.

(*Exit with* FAUST.)

EMPEROR.

If I at court each man with gifts endow,
Whereto he'll use them, let each tell me now.

PAGE (*receiving*).

Merry I'll be, and taste life's pleasant things.

ANOTHER (*the same*).

I for my sweetheart will buy chain and rings.

CHAMBERLAIN (*accepting*).

Wine twice as good from this time forth I'll drink.

ANOTHER (*the same*).

The dice already in my pocket clink.

BANNERET (*thoughtfully*).

My field and castle I from debt will free.

ANOTHER (*the same*).

I'll lay my treasure in my treasury.

EMPEROR.

Courage I hoped, and joy, for new emprize—
But whoso knows you straight will recognize;
I mark it well, though wealth be multiplied,
Just what ye were, the same will ye abide!

FOOL (*approaching*).

Favors you scatter; grant me some, I pray!

EMPEROR.

What, living yet? Thou'lt drink them soon away.

FOOL.

These magic leaves! I comprehend not quite—

EMPEROR.

That I believe: them thou'lt not spend aright.

FOOL.

There, others drop—I know not what to do—

EMPEROR.

Take them! They've fallen to thy share, adieu!
(*Exit.*)

FOOL.

Five thousand crowns in hand! can it be true?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Thou two-legged paunch, art thou then risen anew?

FOOL.

As oft before, ne'er happily as now.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

So great thy joy, it makes thee sweat, I trow.

FOOL.

Is this indeed worth money? art thou sure?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

What throat and paunch desire it will procure.

FOOL.

Can I then field, and house, and cattle buy?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Of course! Bid only, thee it will not fail.

FOOL.

Castle with forest, chase, and fish-pond?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Ay!
Thee as your worship I should like to hail!

FOOL.

As land-owner I'll rock myself ere eve! (*Exit*)

MEPHISTOPHELES.

In our fool's wit who will not now believe?

Dark Gallery.

FAUST, MEPHISTOPHELES.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Why drag me these dark corridors along?
Within hast not enough of sport?
Occasion 'mid the motley throng
For jest and lie, hath not at court?

FAUST.

Speak not of that; in days of old hast thou
Outworn it to the very soles. But now,
Thy shuffling is a mere pretext
How to evade my questions. Sore perplexed,
I know not how to act or what to do;
The marshal urges me, the steward too,
The Emperor wills it — hence it straight must be —
Wills Helena and Paris here to see;
Of man and woman-kind the true ideal,
He fain would view, in forms distinct and real
Quick to the work! My word I may not break.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Such promise it was weak, nay, mad to make.

FAUST.

Comrade, thou hast not thought, I trow,
Whither these arts of thine must lead:
First we have made him rich, and now
Him to amuse we must proceed.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Thou think'st no sooner said than done;
Here before steeper steps we stand,
A foreign realm must here be won,
New debts wilt add to those of old,
With the same ease dost think I can command
Helen, as phantom-notes evoke for gold!
With wizard, witchery, or ghostly ghost,
Or goitred dwarf, I'm ready at my post,
But Devil's darlings, though we mayn't abuse them,
Yet cannot we as heroines produce them.

FAUST.

Still harping on the ancient lyre!
The father thou of hindrances; — with thee
We needs must fall into uncertainty;
For each expedient thou dost claim new hire!
With little muttering, I know, 'tis done;
Ere one looks round, thou'lt bring them to the spot.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

The Heathen-folk I'm glad to let alone,
In their own hell is cast their lot;
Yet are there means —

FAUST.

Speak quickly, naught withhold!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Loth am I higher secrets to unfold.
In solitude, where reigns nor space nor time,
Are goddesses enthroned from early prime;
'Tis hard to speak of beings so sublime —
The Mothers are they.

FAUST (*terrified*).

Mothers!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Tremblest thou?

FAUST.

The Mothers! Mothers! strange it sounds, I trow!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

And is so: Goddesses, to men unknown,
And by us named unwillingly, I own.
Their home to reach, full deeply must thou mine.
That we have need of them, the fault is thine!

FAUST.

The way?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

No way; to the untrodden none,
Not to be trodden, neither to be won
By prayer! Art ready for the great emprize?
No locks are there, no bolts thy way to bar,
By solitudes shalt thou be whirled afar:
Such void and solitude canst realize?

FAUST.

To spare such speeches, it were well!
They of the witches' kitchen smell,
And of a time long past and gone.
To know the world have I not sought?
The empty learned, the empty taught?—
Spake I out plainly, as in reason bound,
Then doubly loud the paradox would sound;
By Fortune's adverse buffets overborne
To solitude I fled, to wilds forlorn,
And not in utter loneliness to live,
Myself at last did to the Devil give!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

And hadst thou swum to ocean's utmost verge,
And there the shoreless infinite beheld,
There hadst thou seen surge rolling upon surge,
Though dread of coming doom thy soul had quelled,
Thou hadst seen something;—dolphins thou hadst seen
Cleaving the silent sea's pellucid green,
And flying cloud hadst seen, sun, moon, and star;
Naught, in the everlasting void afar,

Wilt see, nor hear thy footfall's sound,
Nor for thy tread find solid ground!

FAUST.

Thou speakest of mystagogues the first,
True neophytes who gulled — only reversed:
I to vacuity by thee am sent,
That art as well as strength I may augment;
Thou wouldest, like the cat, make use of me,
The chestnuts from the fire to snatch for thee.
We'll fathom it! come on, nor look behind!
In this thy naught, the All I hope to find.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Before we part, thy bearing I commend;
I see, the Devil thou dost comprehend
Here, take this key!

FAUST.

That little thing!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

First hold it fast, nor lightly valuing!

FAUST.

It waxes in my hand! It flashes, glows!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Soon shalt thou mark what virtue it bestows.
The key will scent the very place you need;
Follow, thee to the Mothers it will lead.

FAUST (*shuddering*).

The Mothers! Like a blow it strikes mine ear!
What is this word, it troubles me to hear?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

So narrow-minded, scared by each new word!
Wilt only hear, thou hast already heard?
Inured to marvels, thee let nought astound;
Be not disturbed, how strange soe'er the sound!

FAUST.

My weal I seek not in torpidity
Humanity's best part in awe doth lie:

Howe'er the world the sentiment disown,
Once seized — we deeply feel the vast, the unknown.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Sink then! Arise! This also I might say; —
'Tis all the same escaping from the real,
Seek thou the boundless realm of the ideal.
Delight thyself in forms long past away!
The train, like cloud-procession, glides along;
Swing thou the key, hold off the shadowy throng!

FAUST (*inspired*).

Good! firmly grasping it, new strength is mine,
My breast expands! Now for the great design!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

A glowing tripod teaches thee thou hast
The deep attained, the lowest deep, at last;
There, by its light the Mothers thou wilt see;
Some sit, while others, as the case may be,
Or stand, or walk; formation, transformation,
Of mind etern, eternal recreation!
While forms of being round them hover; thee
Behold they not, phantoms alone they see.
Take courage, for the danger is not slight,
Straight to the tripod press thou on, be brave,
And touch it with the key —

(FAUST, *with the key, assumes an attitude of determined authority*).

MEPHISTOPHELES (*observing him*).

So, that is right!
It cleaves to thee, it follows like a slave;
Calmly dost mount, fortune doth thee upbear,
Back art thou with it, ere they are aware.
And hither hast thou brought it, by its might,
Hero may'st call, and heroine from night;
The first to venture in such enterprise;
'Tis done — with thee the bold achievement lies
And then by spells, to sorcery allowed,
To gods shall be transformed the incense-cloud.

FAUST.

And now what next?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Downward thy being strain.
Stamping descend, stamping thou'lt rise again.
(FAUST *stamps and sinks.*)
In his behoof if worketh but the key!
Whether he will return, I'm fain to see.

Hall brilliantly lighted.

EMPEROR *and* PRINCES. *The court in movement.*

CHAMBERLAIN (*to* MEPHISTOPHELES).

You're still our debtors for the spirit-show; 1700
To work! The Emperor doth impatient grow.

STEWARD.

His Highness even now hath questioned me;
Delay not, nor affront his majesty!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

My comrade's for that very purpose gone;
How to commence he knows; he labors on, 1705
Secluded in his study, calm and still,
With mind intensely strung; for who the prize,
Ideal beauty, would evoke at will,
Needs highest art, the magic of the wise.

STEWARD.

To us it matters not, what arts you need; 1710
The Emperor wills that ye forthwith proceed.

A BLONDE (*to* MEPHISTOPHELES).

One word, good sir! My visage now is clear—
It is not so when baleful summer's here:
Then sprout a hundred freckles, brown and red,
Which, to my grief, the white skin overspread. 1715
A cure!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

'Tis pity, face so fair to see,
In May like panther's cub should mottled be!

Take spawn of frog, and tongue of toad, the twain
Under the fullest moon distil with care;
Lay on the mixture, when the moon doth wane,
The spring arrives, no blemishes are there.

BRUNETTE.

To fawn upon you how the crowds advance;
A remedy I ask! A frozen foot
Hinders me sorely when I walk or dance;
Awkward my movement e'en when I salute.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

A single tread allow me with my foot!

BRUNETTE.

Well, betwixt lovers that might come to pass —

MEPHISTOPHELES.

A deeper meaning, child, my footprint has:
Like unto like, in sickness is the rede;
Foot healeth foot; with every limb 'tis so.
Draw near! Give heed! My tread return not.

BRUNETTE (*screaming*).

Woe!

Ah, woe! It burns! A hard tread that indeed,
Like horse's hoof!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Receive thy cure as meed.
Now may'st thou dance at pleasure! and salute,
Beneath the festal board, thy lover's foot.

LADY (*pressing forward*).

Make way for me, too grievous is my smart,
Seething, it rankles in my deepest heart:
Bliss in my looks he sought till yesterday —
With her he talks, and turns from me away!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

The case is grave, but this my lore receive:
Thou to his side must stealthily make way;
Take thou this coal, a mark upon his sleeve,
His cloak, or shoulder make, as happen may —

His heart repentant will be thine once more
The coal thou straight must swallow; after it,
No water near thy lip, no wine, permit —
This very night he'll sigh before thy door.

LADY.

It is not poison?

MEPHISTOPHELES (*offended*).

Honor where 'tis due!
You for such coal much ground must wander o'er
It cometh from a pyre, that we of yore
More fiercely stirred than now we do.

PAGE.

I love; as still unripe they scorn my youth!

MEPHISTOPHELES (*aside*).

I know not whom to listen to, in sooth.
(*To the* PAGE.)
Not on the youngest set your happiness;
Those more in years your merits will confess.
(*Others press up to him.*)
Others are coming! What a fearful rout!
Myself with truth I must at last help out —
The sorriest shift! Great is the need! Ah me!
O Mothers, Mothers! Only Faust set free.
(*Looking round.*)
The lights are burning dimly in the hall;
At once the court is moving, one and all;
Advancing in due order them I see,
Through long arcade and distant gallery;
Now in the old baronial hall, the train
Assemble, them it scarcely can contain;
Its ample walls rare tapestries enrich,
While armor decks each corner, every niche.
Here magic-words, methinks, are needed not,
Ghosts, of their own accord, would haunt this spot.

Baronial Hall.

Dimly illuminated.

EMPEROR *and Court have entered.*

HERALD.

Mine ancient usage, to announce the play,
The spirits' secret working mars; in vain
The surging tumult to ourselves, to-day,
Would we, on reasonable ground, explain.
Seats are arranged, ready is every chair;
The Emperor sits before the wall, and there,
On tapestry in comfort may behold
The battles of the glorious days of old.
All now are seated; prince and court around;
While crowded benches fill the hinder ground;
Your lovers too, in these dark hours, will find,
Beside their sweethearts, places to their mind.
So now we're seated, ready for the play;
The phantoms may appear, without delay!
(*Trumpets.*)

ASTROLOGER.

Now let the drama, 'tis the Sire's command,
Begin forthwith its course! ye walls expand!
Naught hinders; magic yields what we require.
The curtains vanish, as up rolled by fire;
The wall splits open, backward it doth wend;
An ample theatre appears to rise,
A mystic lustre gleams before our eyes;
And I to the proscenium ascend.

MEPHISTOPHELES

(*emerging from the prompter's box*).

I hope for general favor in your eyes,
The Devil's rhetoric in prompting lies!
(*To the* ASTROLOGER.)
The time dost know, in which the stars proceed,
And, like a master, wilt my whispering read.

ASTROLOGER.

Through magic power, appears before our gaze,
Massive enough, a fane of ancient days;

Like Atlas, who of old the heavens up-bare,
Columns, in goodly rows, are standing there;
They for their burden may suffice, when twain
A mighty edifice might well sustain.

ARCHITECT.

That the antique — I cannot think it right;
It as unwieldy we should designate;
The rude is noble styled, the clumsy great!
Slim shafts I love, aspiring, infinite;
The pointed zenith lifts the soul on high;
Such building us doth mostly edify.

ASTROLOGER.

Receive with reverence star-granted hours!
By magic word enthralled be reason's powers
Here on the other hand, let phantasy,
Noble and daring, roam more wildly free!
What boldly you desired, he with your eyes perceived!
Impossible, and hence, by faith to be believed.

(Faust *rises at the other side of the proscenium.*)

ASTROLOGER.

In priestly vesture, crowned, a wondrous man,
Who now achieves, what trustful he began;
A tripod with him from the gulf ascends;
With the surrounding air the incense blends;
He arms himself, the lofty work to bless:
Henceforth we naught can augur but success.

FAUST.

In your name, Mothers, ye who on your throne
Dwell in the Infinite, for aye alone,
Yet sociably! Around your heads are rife
Life's pictures, restless yet devoid of life;
What was, there moveth, bright with lustrous sheen;
For deathless will abide what once hath been.
This ye dispense, beings of matchless might,
To day's pavilion, to the vault of night;
Life in its gentle course doth some arrest;
Of others the bold magian goes in quest,
In rich profusion, fearless, he displays
The marvels upon which each longs to gaze.

ASTROLOGER.

Scarcely the glowing key the censer nears,
When o'er the scene a misty shroud appears;
It creepeth in, cloudlike it onward glides,
Expands, up-curls, contracts, unites, divides.
Now recognize a spirit masterpiece:
The clouds make music; wonders never cease,
The airy tones, one knows not how, float by:
Where'er they move, there all is melody;
The pillared shaft, the very triglyph rings;
Yes, I believe that the whole temple sings!
The mist subsides; step forth, in measured time,
From the light veil, a youth in beauty's prime.
Silent mine office here; his name I need not show;
Who doth the gentle Paris fail to know!

1ST LADY.

Oh! in his youthful strength what lustrous grace!

2D LADY.

Fresh as a peach, and full of sap his face!

3D LADY.

The finely chiselled, sweetly swelling lip!

4TH LADY.

At such a beaker fain wert thou to sip?

5TH LADY.

Though handsome, quite unpolished is his mien.

6TH LADY.

A little more refined he might have been.

KNIGHT.

The shepherd youth, methinks, in him I trace;
Naught of the prince or of the courtier's grace!

ANOTHER KNIGHT.

Half naked, fair the stripling seems to be;
But clad in armor him we first must see!

LADY.

Gently he seats himself, with easy grace.

KNIGHT.

For you his lap were pleasant resting-place?

ANOTHER.

Lightly his arm he bendeth o'er his head.

CHAMBERLAIN.

That is not here allowed. 'Tis underbred!

LADY.

You gentlemen are always hard to please.

CHAMBERLAIN.

Before the Emperor to loll at ease!

LADY.

He only acts! He thinks himself alone.

CHAMBERLAIN.

The drama should be courtly near the throne.

LADY.

Gently hath sleep o'ercome the gracious youth.

CHAMBERLAIN.

He snoreth now; 'tis nature, perfect truth.

YOUNG LADY (*enraptured*).

What fragrance with the incense sweetly blends,
That to my inmost heart refreshment sends?

OLD LADY.

A breath the soul pervades with gracious power!
From him it comes.

OLDEST LADY.

Of growth it is the flower;
It like ambrosia from the youth distils,
And the whole atmosphere around him fills.
(HELENA *steps forward.*)

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Such then she was! She will not break my rest!
Fair, doubtless; but she is not to my taste.

ASTROLOGER.

For me remains no further duty now,
As man of honor, this I must allow.

The fair one comes; and had I tongues of fire —
Beauty of old did many a song inspire —
Who sees her is enraptured; all too blest
Was he indeed by whom she was possessed.

FAUST.

Have I still eyes? Is beauty's very spring,
Full gushing, to mine inmost sense revealed?
Most blessed gain doth my dread journey bring.
How blank to me the world, its depths unsealed!
What is it since my priesthood's solemn hour!
Enduring, firmly-based, a precious dower!
Vanish from me of life the breathing power,
If, e'en in thought, I e'er from thee decline! —
The gracious form that raptured once my sight,
That in the magic mirror waked delight,
Was a foam-image to such charms as thine! —
'Tis thou, to whom as tribute now I bring
My passion's depth, of every power the spring,
Love, adoration, madness, heart and soul!

MEPHISTOPHELES

(*from the prompter's box*).

Collect yourself, and fall not from your rôle!

ELDERLY LADY.

Tall and well-shaped! Only too small the head.

YOUNGER LADY.

Her foot! 'Tis clumsy if the truth were said.

DIPLOMATIST.

Princesses of this kind I've seen; and she
From head to foot seems beautiful to me.

COURTIER.

Softly she nears the sleeper, artful, shy.

LADY.

How hateful near that form of purity!

POET.

He is illumined by her beauty's sheen.

LADY.

Endymion! Luna! — 'Tis the pictured scene!

POET.

Quite right! The goddess downward seems to sink;
O'er him she bends, his balmy breath to drink;
A kiss! — The measure's full! — O envied youth!

DUENNA.

Before the crowd — Too bold that is, in sooth!

FAUST.

A fearful favor to the boy! —

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Be still!
And let the phantom do whate'er it will.

COURTIER.

She steals away, light-footed; — he awakes.

LADY.

A backward glance, just as I thought, she takes!

COURTIER.

He starts! 'Tis marvellous! he's all amaze.

LADY.

To her no marvel is what meets her gaze.

COURTIER.

To him with coy reserve she turneth now.

LADY.

She takes him into tutelage, it seems;
All men, in such a case, are fools, I trow;
Himself to be the first, he fondly dreams!

KNIGHT.

Let me admire! Majestically fair —

LADY.

The courtesan! 'Tis vulgar, I declare!

PAGE.

Now in his place to be, full fain I were!

COURTIER.

Who in such net would not be gladly caught?

LADY.

From hand to hand the jewel hath been passed;
The very gilding is worn off at last.

ANOTHER.

From her tenth year she hath been good for naught.

KNIGHT.

Each takes the best that Fate to him hath sent:
With this fair ruin I were well content.

LEARNED MAN.

Her I behold, yet to confess am free,
Doubts may arise, if she the right one be.
What's present doth into extremes betray;
Cling closely to the letter, that's my way;
I to what's written turn, and there I read:
How she all Troya's gray-beards charmed indeed.
How perfectly this tallies here, I see —
I am not young, and yet she pleases me.

ASTROLOGER.

A boy no more! A man, heroic, brave,
He claspeth her, who scarce herself can save;
With stalwart arm aloft he raises her.
Thinks he to bear her off?

FAUST.

Rash fool! Beware!
Thou darest! Hearest not! Forbear, I say!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Why thou thyself dost make the phantom-play!

ASTROLOGER.

Only one word! From what did her befall,
"The rape of Helena," the piece I call.

FAUST.

The rape! Count I for nothing here? This key,
Do I not hold it still within my hand?
Through dreary wastes, through waves, it guided me,
Through solitudes, here to this solid land;

Here is firm footing, here the actual, where
Spirit with spirits to contend may dare,
And for itself a vast, twin-realm prepare.
Far as she was, how can she be more near?
Saved, she is doubly mine! I'll dare it! Hear,
Ye Mothers, Mothers, hear, and grant my quest!
Who once hath known, without her cannot rest!

ASTROLOGER.

What dost thou? Faustus! Faustus!—Her with might,
He seizes; fades the phantom from the sight;
Towards the youth he turneth now the key
He touches him!—Presto! alas! Woe's me!

(*Explosion*, FAUST *lies upon the ground.*)
(*The phantoms vanish in the air.*)

MEPHISTOPHELES.

(*taking* FAUST *upon his shoulders*)

You have it now! With fools oneself to burden,
May to the Devil prove a sorry guerdon.

(*Darkness. Tumult.*)

ACT THE SECOND.

High-vaulted, narrow Gothic chamber, formerly FAUST'S, *unaltered.*

MEPHISTOPHELES.

(*Stepping from behind a curtain. While he raises it and looks back,* FAUST *is seen, stretched upon an old-fashioned bed.*)

Lie there, ill-starred one! In love's chain,
Full hard to loose, he captive lies!
Not soon his senses will regain
Whom Helena doth paralyze.

(*Looking round.*)

Above, around, on every side
I gaze, uninjured all remains:
Dimmer, methinks, appear the colored panes,

The spiders' webs are multiplied,
Yellow the paper, and the ink is dry;
Yet in its place each thing I find;
And here the very pen doth lie,
Wherewith himself Faust to the Devil signed,
Yea, quite dried up, and deeper in the bore,
The drop of blood, I lured from him of yore —
O'erjoyed to own such specimen unique
Were he who objects rare is fain to seek —;
Here on its hook hangs still the old fur cloak,
Me it remindeth of that merry joke,
When to the boy I precepts gave, for truth,
Whereon, perchance, he's feeding now, as youth.
The wish comes over me, with thee allied,
Enveloped in thy worn and rugged folds,
Once more to swell with the professor's pride
How quite infallible himself he holds;
This feeling to obtain your savans know;
The Devil parted with it long ago.

(*He shakes the fur cloak which he has taken down; crickets, moths, and chafers fly out.*)

CHORUS OF INSECTS.

We welcome thy coming,
Our patron of yore!
We're dancing and humming,
And know thee once more.
Us singly, in silence,
Hast planted, and lo!
By thousands, oh, father,
We dance to and fro.
The rogue hides discreetly
The bosom within;
We looseskins fly rather
Forth from the fur skin.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

O'erjoyed I am my progeny to know!
We're sure to reap in time, if we but sow.
I shake the old fur mantle as before,
And here and there out-flutters one or more. —

Above, around, hasten, belovèd elves,
In hundred thousand nooks to hide yourselves!
'Mid boxes there of bygone time,
Here in these age-embrownèd scrolls,
In broken potsherds, foul with grime,
In yonder skulls' now eyeless holes!
Amid such rotten, mouldering life,
Must foolish whims for aye be rife.
(*Slips into the fur mantle.*)
Come, shroud my shoulders as of yore!
To-day I'm principal once more;
But useless 'tis, to bear the name:
Where are the folk to recognize my claim?
(*He pulls the bell, which emits a shrill penetrating sound, at which the halls shake and the doors spring open.*)

FAMULUS

(*tottering up the long dark passage*).

What a clamor! What a quaking!
Stairs are rocking, walls are shaking,
Through the windows' quivering sheen,
Are the stormful lightnings seen;
Springs the ceiling, — thence, below,
Lime and mortar rattling flow:
And, though bolted fast, the door
Is undone by magic power!
There, in Faust's old fleece bedight,
Stands a giant, — dreadful sight!
At his glance, his beck, at me!
I could sink upon my knee.
Shall I fly, or shall I stay?
What will be my fate to-day!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Come hither, friend! — Your name is Nicodemus?

FAMULUS.

Most honored Sir, such is my name. — Oremus!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

That we'll omit.

FAMULUS.

O joy, me you do not forget.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I know it well: old, and a student yet;
My mossy friend, even a learned man
Still studies on, because naught else he can:
Thus a card-house each builds of medium height;
The greatest spirit fails to build it quite.
Your master, though, that title well may claim —
The noble Doctor Wagner, known to fame,
First in the learned world! 'Tis he, they say,
Who holds that world together; every day
Of wisdom he augments the store!
Who crave omniscience, evermore
In crowds upon his teaching wait;
He from the rostrum shines alone;
The keys doth like Saint Peter own,
And doth of Hell and Heaven ope the gate;
As before all he glows and sparkles,
No fame, no glory but grows dim,
Even the name of Faustus darkles!
Inventor there is none like him.

FAMULUS.

Pardon, most honored Sir, excuse me, pray —
If I presume your utterance to gainsay —
This bears not on the question any way;
A modest mind is his allotted share.
The disappearance, unexplained as yet,
Of the great man, his mind doth sorely fret;
Comfort from his return and health are still his prayer.
The chamber, as in Doctor Faustus' day,
Maintains, untouched, its former state,
And for its ancient lord doth wait.
Venture therein I scarcely may.
What now the aspect of the stars? —
Awe-struck the very walls appear;
The door-posts quivered, sprang the bars —
Else you yourself could not have entered here.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Where then bestowed himself hath he?
Lead me to him! bring him to me!

FAMULUS.

Alas! Too strict his prohibition,
Scarce dare I, without his permission.
Months, on his mighty work intent,
Hath he, in strict seclusion spent.
Most dainty 'mong your men of books,
Like charcoal-burner now he looks,
With face begrimed from ear to nose;
His eyes are bleared, while fire he blows;
Thus for the crisis still he longs;
His music is the clang of tongs.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Admittance unto me deny?
To hasten his success, the man am I.

(*Exit* Famulus. *Mephistopheles seats himself with a solemn air.*)

Scarce have I ta'en my post, when lo!
Stirs from behind a guest, whom well I know;
Of the most recent school, this time, is he,
And quite unbounded will his daring be.

BACCALAUREUS
(*storming along the passage*).

Open find I door and gate!
Hope at last springs up elate,
That the living shall no more
Corpse-like rot, as heretofore,
And, while breathing living breath,
Waste and moulder as in death.

Here partition, screen, and wall
Are sinking, bowing to their fall,
And, unless we soon retreat,
Wreck and ruin us will greet.
Me, though bold, nor soon afraid,
To advance shall none persuade.

What shall I experience next?
Years ago when sore perplexed,
Came I not a freshman here,
Full of anxious doubt and fear,
On these gray-beards then relied,
By their talk was edified?

What from musty tomes they drew,
They lied to me; the things they knew
Believed they not; with falsehood rife,
Themselves and me they robbed of life.
How? — Yonder in the murky glare,
There's one still sitting in the chair —

Drawing near I wonder more —
Just as him I left of yore,
There he sits, in furry gown,
Wrapped in shaggy fleece, the brown!
Then he clever seemed, indeed,
Him as yet I could not read;
Naught will it avail to-day;
So have at him, straight-away!

If Lethe's murky flood not yet hath passed,
Old Sir, through your bald pate, that sideways bends,
The scholar recognize, who hither wends,
Outgrown your academic rods at last.
The same I find you, as of yore;
But I am now the same no more.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Glad am I that I've rung you here.
I prized you then not slightingly;
In grub and chrysalis appear
The future brilliant butterfly.
A childish pleasure then you drew
From collar, lace, and curls. — A queue
You probably have never worn? —
Now to a crop I see you shorn.
All resolute and bold your air —
But from the *absolute* forbear!

BACCALAUREUS.

We're in the ancient place, mine ancient Sir,
But think upon time's onward flow,
And words of double meaning spare!
Quite otherwise we hearken now.
You fooled the simple, honest youth;
It cost but little art in sooth,
To do what none to-day will dare.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

If to the young the naked truth one speaks,
It pleases in no wise the yellow beaks;
But afterwards, when in their turn
On their own skin the painful truth they learn,
They think, forsooth, from their own head it came;
"The master was a fool," they straight proclaim.

BACCALAUREUS.

A rogue perchance! — For where's the teacher found
Who, to our face direct, will Truth expound?
Children to edify, each knows the way.
To add or to subtract, now grave, now gay.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

For learning there's in very truth a time;
For teaching, I perceive, you now are prime
While a few suns and many moons have waned,
A rich experience you have doubtless gained!

BACCALAUREUS.

Experience! Froth and scum alone,
Not with the mind of equal birth!
Confess! what men have always known,
As knowledge now is nothing worth.

MEPHISTOPHELES (*after a pause*).

I long have thought myself a fool;
Now shallow to myself I seem, and dull.

BACCALAUREUS.

That pleases me! like reason that doth sound;
The first old man of sense I yet have found!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I sought for hidden treasures, genuine gold —
And naught but hideous ashes forth I bore!

BACCALAUREUS.

Confess that pate of yours, though bare and old,
Than yonder hollow skull is worth no more!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Thou knowest not, friend, how rude is thy reply.

BACCALAUREUS.

In German to be courteous is to lie.

MEPHISTOPHELES

(*still moving his wheel-chair ever nearer to the proscenium, to the pit*).

Up here I am bereft of light and air;
I perhaps shall find a refuge with you there?

BACCALAUREUS

When at their worst, that men would something be,
When they are naught, presumptuous seems to me.
Man's life is in the blood, and where, in sooth,
Pulses the blood so strongly as in youth?
That's living blood, which with fresh vigor rife,
The newer life createth out of life.
There all is movement, something there is done;
Falleth the weak, the able presses on!
While half the world we 'neath our sway have brought,
What have ye done? Slept, nodded, dreamed, and thought,
Plan after plan rejected; — nothing won.
Age is, in sooth, a fever cold,
With frosts of whims and peevish need:
When more than thirty years are told,
As good as dead one is indeed:
You it were best, methinks, betimes to slay.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

The devil here has nothing more to say.

BACCALAUREUS.

Save through my will, no devil dares to be.

MEPHISTOPHELES (*aside*).

The devil now prepares a fall for thee!

BACCALAUREUS.

The noblest mission this of youth's estate.
The world was not, till it I did create;
The radiant Sun I lead from out the sea;
Her changeful course the Moon began with me;
The Day arrayed herself my steps to meet,
The earth grew green, and blossomed me to greet;

At my command, upon yon primal Night,
The starry hosts unveiled their glorious light.
Who, beside me, the galling chains unbound,
Which cramping thought had cast your spirits round?
And I am free, as speaks my spirit-voice,
My inward light I follow, and rejoice;
Swift I advance, enraptured, void of fear,
Brightness before me, darkness in the rear. (*Exit.*)

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Go, in thy pride, original, thy way! —
True insight would, in truth, thy spirit grieve!
What wise or stupid thoughts can man conceive,
Unpondered in the ages passed away? —
Yet we for him need no misgiving have;
Changed will he be, when a few years are past;
Howe'er absurdly may the must behave,
Nathless it yields a wine at last. —

(*To the younger part of the audience, who do not applaud.*)

Though to my words you're somewhat cold,
Good children, me you don't offend;
Reflect! The devil, he is old;
Grow old then, him to comprehend!

Laboratory.

(*After the fashion of the middle ages; cumbrous, useless apparatus, for fantastic purposes.*)

WAGNER (*at the furnace*).

Soundeth the bell, a fearful clang
Thrills through these sooty walls; no more
Upon fulfilment waits the pang
Of hope or fear; — suspense is o'er;
The darkness begins to clear,
Within the inmost phial glows
Radiance, like living coal, that throws,
As from a splendid carbuncle, its rays;
Athwart the gloom its lightning plays.
A pure white lustre doth appear;
O may I never lose it more! —
My God! what rattles at the door?

MEPHISTOPHELES (*entering*).

Welcome! As friend I enter here.

WAGNER.

Hail to the star that rules the hour!

(*Softly.*)

On breath and utterance let a ban be laid!
Soon will be consummate a work of power.

MEPHISTOPHELES (*in a whisper*).

What is it, then?

WAGNER.

A man is being made.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

A man? and pray what loving pair
Have in your smoke-hole their abode?

WAGNER.

Nay! Heaven forbid! As nonsense we declare
The ancient procreative mode;
The tender point, life's spring, the gentle strength
That took and gave, that from within hath pressed,
And seized, intent itself to manifest.
The nearest first, the more remote at length, —
This from its dignity is now dethroned!
The brute indeed may take delight therein,
But man, by whom such mighty gifts are owned,
Must have a purer, higher origin.

(*He turns to the furnace.*)

It flashes, see! — Now may we trustful hold,
That if, of substances a hundred-fold,
Through mixture, — for on mixture it depends —
The human substance duly we compose,
And then in a retort enclose,
And cohobate; in still repose
The work is perfected, our labor ends.

(*Again turning to the furnace.*)

It forms! More clear the substance grows!
Stronger, more strong, conviction grows!

What Nature's mystery we once did style,
That now to test our reason tries,
And what she organized erewhile,
We now are fain to crystallize.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Who lives doth much experience glean;
By naught in this world will he be surprised;
Already in my travel-years I've seen,
Full many a race of mortals crystallized.

WAGNER (*still gazing intently on the phial*).

It mounts and glows and doth together run,
One moment, and the work is done!
As mad, a grand design at first is viewed;
But we henceforth may laugh at fate,
And so a brain, with thinking-power embued,
Henceforth your living thinker will create.

(*Surveying the phial with rapture.*)

The glass resounds, with gracious power possessed;
It dims, grows clear; living it needs must be!
And now in form of beauty dressed,
A dainty mannikin I see.
What more can we desire, what more mankind?
Unveiled is now what hidden was of late;
Give ear unto this sound, and you will find,
A voice it will become, articulate. —

HOMUNCULUS

(*in the phial, to* WAGNER).

Now, fatherkin, how goes it? 'Twas no jest!
Come, let me to thy heart be fondly pressed —
Lest the glass break, less tight be thine embrace!
This is the property of things: the All
Scarcely suffices for the natural;
The artificial needs a bounded space.

(*to* MEPHISTOPHELES.)

But thou, Sir Cousin, Rogue, art thou too here?
At the right moment! Thee I thank. 'Tis clear
To us a happy fortune leadeth thee;
While I exist still must I active be,

And to the work forthwith myself would gird
Thou'rt skilled the way to shorten.

WAGNER.

Just one word! I oft have been ashamed that knowledge failed,
When old and young with problems me assailed.
For instance: no one yet could comprehend,
How soul and body so completely blend,
Together hold, as ne'er to part, while they
Torment each other through the live-long day.
So then —

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Forbear! The problem solve for me,
Why man and wife so wretchedly agree?
Upon this point, my friend, thou'lt ne'er be clear;
The mannikin wants work, he'll find it here.

HOMUNCULUS.

What's to be done?

MEPHISTOPHELES (*pointing to a side door*).

Yonder thy gifts display!

WAGNER (*still gazing into the phial*).

A very lovely boy, I needs must say!
(*The side door opens*; FAUST *is seen stretched upon a couch.*)

HOMUNCULUS (*amazed*).

Momentus!
(*The phial slips from* WAGNER'S *hands, hovers over* FAUST, *and sheds a light upon him.*)
Girt with beauty! — Water clear
In the thick grove; fair women, who undress;
Most lovely creatures! — grows their loveliness:
But o'er the rest one shines without a peer,
As if from heroes, nay, from gods she came;
In the transparent sheen her foot she laves;
The tender life-fire of her noble frame
She cools in yielding crystal of the waves.
Of swiftly moving wings what sudden noise?
What plash, what plunge the liquid glass destroys?

The maidens fly alarmed; alone, the queen,
With calm composure gazes on the scene;
With womanly and proud delight, she sees
The prince of swans press fondly to her knees,
Persistent, tame; familiar now he grows.—
But suddenly up-floats a misty shroud,
And with thick-woven veil doth overcloud
The loveliest of all lovely shows.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Why, thou, in sooth, canst everything relate!
Small as thou art, as phantast thou art great.
I can see nothing—

HOMUNCULUS.

I believe it. Thou,
Bred in the north, in the dark ages, how,
In whirl of priesthood and knight-errantry,
Have for such sights thy vision free!
In darkness only thou'rt at home.
(*Looking round.*)
Ye brown, repulsive blocks of stone,
Arch-pointed, low, with mould o'ergrown!
Should he awake, new care were bred,
He on the spot would straight be dead.
Wood-fountains, swans, fair nymphs undressed;
Such was his dream presageful, rare;
In place like this how could he rest,
Which I, of easy mood, scarce bear!
Away with him!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I like your plan, proceed!

HOMUNCULUS.

Command the warrior to the fight,
The maiden to the dancers lead!
They're satisfied, and all is right.
E'en now a thought occurs, most bright;
'Tis classical Walpurgis night—
Most fortunate! It suits his bent,
So bring him straightway to his element!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Of such I ne'er have heard, I frankly own.

HOMUNCULUS.

Upon your ear indeed how should it fall?
Only romantic ghosts to you are known;
Your genuine ghost is also classical.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

But whitherward to travel are we fain?
Your antique colleagues are against my grain.

HOMUNCULUS.

Northwestward, Satan, lies thy pleasure-ground;
But, this time, we to the southeast are bound. —
An ample vale Peneios floweth through.
'Mid bush and tree its curving shores it laves;
The plain extendeth to the mountain caves,
Above it lies Pharsalus, old and new.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Alas! Forbear! Forever be eschewed
Those wars of tyranny and servitude!
I'm bored with them: for they, as soon as done,
Straight recommence; and no one calls to mind
That he in sooth, is only played upon
By Asmodeus, who still lurks behind.
They battle, so 'tis said for freedom's rights —
More clearly seen, 'tis slave 'gainst slave who fights.

HOMUNCULUS.

Leave we to men their nature, quarrel-prone!
Each must defend himself, as best he can,
From boyhood up so he becomes a man.
The question here is how to cure this one?
(*Pointing to* FAUST.)
Hast thou a means, here let it tested be;
Canst thou do naught, then leave the task to me.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Full many a Brocken-piece I might essay,
But bolts of heathendom foreclose the way.

The Grecian folk were ne'er worth much, 'tis true,
Yet with the senses' play they dazzle you;
To cheerful sins the human heart they lure,
While ours are reckoned gloomy and obscure.
And now what next?

HOMUNCULUS.

Of old thou wert not shy;
And if I name Thessalian witches, — why,
I something shall have said, — of that I'm sure.

MEPHISTOPHELES (*lustfully*).

Thessalian witches — well! the people they
Concerning whom I often have inquired.
Night after night, indeed, with them to stay,
That were an ordeal not to be desired;
But for a trial trip —

HOMUNCULUS.

The mantle there
Reach hither, wrap it round the knight!
As heretofore, the rag will bear
Both him and thee; the way I'll light.

WAGNER (*alarmed*).

And I?

HOMUNCULUS.

At home thou wilt remain,
Thee most important work doth there detain;
The ancient scrolls unfolding, cull
Life's elements, as taught by rule,
And each with other then combine with care;
Upon the *What*, more on the *How*, reflect!
Meanwhile as through a piece of world I fare,
I may the dot upon the "I" detect.
Then will the mighty aim accomplished be;
Such high reward deserves such striving; — wealth,
Honor and glory, lengthened life, sound health,
Knowledge withal and virtue — possibly.
Farewell!

WAGNER.

Farewell! That grieves my heart full sore!
I fear, indeed, I ne'er shall see thee more.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Now to Peneios forth we wend!
We must not slight our cousin's aid.
(*To the spectators.*)
At last, in sooth, we all depend
On creatures we ourselves have made.

CLASSICAL WALPURGIS NIGHT.

Pharsalian Fields.

Darkness.

ERICHTHO.*

To this night's ghastly fête, as oftentimes before,
I hither come, Erichtho, I, the gloomy one;
Not so atrocious, as the sorry poet-throng
Me in excess have slandered. . . They no measure know
In censure and applause. . . O'erwhitened seems to me,
With waves of dusky tents, the valley, far and wide,
Night-phantom of that dire and most appalling night.
How often 'tis repeated! Will for evermore
Repeat itself for aye. . . empire none gladly yields
To others; none to him, by force who mastered it
And forceful reigns. For each, his inmost self to rule
How impotent soe'er, ruleth right joyously
His neighbor's will, as prompts his own imperious mind. . . .
Nathless a great example here was battled through;
Here force 'gainst force more potent takes its stand,
Freedom's fair chaplet breaks, with thousand blossoms rife,
The stubborn laurel bends around the victor's brow.
Of greatness' budding-day here Pompey dreamed; and there,
Watching the wavering balance, Cæsar wakeful lay!
Strength they shall measure. Knows the world who here prevailed.
Brightly the watch-fires burn, diffusing ruddy flames:
Reflex of blood, once spilt, does from the soil exhale,
And by the night's most rare and wondrous splendor lured,
Hither the legions throng of Hellas' mythic lore.
Round every fire dim shapes, phantoms of ancient days
Flit wavering to and fro, or there recline at ease. .

* A Thessalian witch consulted by Pompey.

The moon, not fully orbed, of clearest light serene,
Uprising, lustre mild diffuses all around.
Vanish the spectral tents, the fires are burning blue.
But lo! above my head, what sudden meteor sails!
It shines, and doth illume a ball corporeal.
I snuff the scent of life. Me it beseemeth not
The living to approach, to whom I noxious am;
That brings me ill-repute, and nothing profits me.
Already it sinks down. With caution I retire.

(*Withdraws.*

The aerial travellers above.

HOMUNCULUS.

O'er the horror weird and blazing,
Wing once more your circling flight;
Down on vale and hollow gazing,
All phantasmal is the sight.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Hideous ghosts, as through the casement
Old, 'mid northern waste and gloom,
I behold, — without amazement, —
Here as there I am at home!

HOMUNCULUS.

Swiftly, there, before us striding,
Mark yon tall, retreating shade!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Seeing us through ether gliding,
Troubled seems she, and afraid.

HOMUNCULUS.

Let her stride! Set down thy burden, —
Him, thy Knight; — the while I speak,
Life to him returns, the guerdon,
He in fable-land doth seek.

FAUST (*touching the ground*).

Where is she?

HOMUNCULUS.

That I cannot say,
But here perchance inquire for her you may.

Till breaks the dawn, with speed, do thou.
From fire to fire, still seeking, wend;
He nothing more need fear, I trow,
Who, to the Mothers, ventured to descend.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

My part to play, I also claim;
And for our weal naught better know,
Than that, forthwith, from flame to flame,
Seeking his own adventures each should go.
Then us once more to re-unite,
Show, little friend, thy sounding light!

HOMUNCULUS.

Thus shall it sound, thus glitter, too!
(*The glass rings, and emits a powerful light.*)
And now away to marvels new!

FAUST (*alone*).

Where is she? — Now no further question make!
If this were not the sod, her form that bare,
This not the wave that brake to welcome her,
Yet 'tis the air, that once her language spake!
Here! through a wonder, here on Grecian land!
I felt at once the soil whereon I stand:
As me, the sleeper, a new spirit fired,
An Antæus in heart, I rise inspired.
Assembled here objects most strange I find.
Searching, through this flame-labyrinth I'll wind.
(*He retires.*)

MEPHISTOPHELES (*prying around*).

As I these little fires still wander through,
I find myself a stranger everywhere;
Quite naked most, some shirted here and there:
The Sphinxes shameless, and the Griffins too,
And winged things, with tresses, hurrying past,
Before, behind, within mine eye are glassed . . .
At heart indecent are we, truth to speak,
Yet all too lifelike find I the Antique;
It by the modern mind must be controlled,
And overglossed, in fashions manifold. . . .
A crew repulsive! Yet, a stranger guest,

In courteous phrase be my salute expressed. . . .
All hail! ye beauteous ladies, gray-beards wise!

GRIFFIN (*snarling*).

Not Gray-beards — Griffins! It the temper tries
To hear oneself styled gray. In every word
Some echo of its origin is heard:
Grim, grievous, grizzled, grimy, graveyards, gray,
In etymology accord, and they
Still put us out of tune.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Yet all the same,
The "Gri" contents you in your honored name.

GRIFFIN (*as above*).

Of course! For the alliance proved may be,
Oft blamed, indeed, but praised more frequently
Let each one gripe at beauty, empire, gold,
Fortune still aids the Griper if he's bold.

ANTS (*of the colossal kind*).

Of gold ye speak. Thereof we much had stored,
And piled in rocks and caves our secret hoard;
The Arimaspians found it, bore it off —
So far away that now at us they scoff.

GRIFFIN.

We'll bring them straightway to confession.

ARIMASPIAN.

Not on this night of jubilee!
Ere morning, all will squandered be;
For this time we retain possession.

MEPHISTOPHELES

(*who has seated himself between the Sphinxes*).

How soon, well-pleased, I grow familiar here!
I understand them, man by man.

SPHINX.

Our spirit-tones into your ear
We breathe, embody them you can.
Until we know thee better, tell thy name.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Full many a title I 'mong men may claim.
Are Britons here? They travel far to trace
Renownèd battle-fields and water-falls,
Old musty classic sites, and ruined walls.
A worthy goal for them this very place;
Of me their ancient plays would testify;
I there was seen as Old Iniquity.

SPHINX.

How came they upon that?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I know not.

SPHINX.

That may be.
To read the starry volume hast thou power?
What sayest to the aspect of the hour?

MEPHISTOPHELES (*looking up*).

Star shooteth after star, bright the shorn moon doth shine,
And I'm content this cosy place within;
I warm myself against thy lion's skin.
Aloft to climb were hurtful, I opine.
Propose some riddles, some charades! — Begin!

SPHINX.

Thyself declare, a riddle that indeed.
Only essay thine inmost self to read:
"Needful to pious, as to bad men found;
Armor to those, ascetic fence to test,
Comrade to these, in every desperate quest.
And both alike to Zeus, a merry jest."

1ST GRIFFIN (*snarling*).

I like him not!

2D GRIFFIN (*snarling more loudly*).

What wants he here?

BOTH.

The brute belongs not to this sphere!

MEPHISTOPHELES (*brutally*).

Thou thinkest, maybe, that the stranger's nail,
To scratch with, like thy talons, can't avail?
Let's try, forthwith!

SPHINX (*mildly*).

Here thou may'st ever dwell,
But from our midst thyself wilt soon expel.
In thine own land art wont thyself to please.
If I mistake not, here thou'rt ill at ease.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Enticing art thou, when above descried;
But with the beast below, I'm horrified.

SPHINX.

Thou false one, thou shalt bitterly repent:
These paws are sound: but as for thee,
With thy shrunk hoof thou'rt not content,
It seems, in our society.

SIRENS (*preluding above*).

MEPHISTOPHELES.

What birds are those, on poplar bough
Swinging, the river banks along?

SPHINX.

Beware! the noblest have ere now
Been mastered by the Sirens' song!

SIRENS.

Ah! Misguided one, why linger,
'Mid these hideous wonders dwelling!
Cometh each melodious singer;—
Hark! our choral notes are swelling,
As beseems the Siren-throng.

SPHINXES

(*mocking them in the same melody*).

Force them downward, hither faring;
'Mid the boughs themselves concealing,
They to seize you are preparing;
Ugly falcon-claws revealing,
If ye hearken to their song.

SIRENS.

Envy, Hate, avaunt ye! Listen!
All the brightest joys that glisten
'Neath the sky, assemble we!
Now with joy in every feature,
Hail we gladly every creature,
On the earth or in the sea!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Dainty novelties, — there ring
From the throat and from the string
Tones that sweetly interweave.
Trills on me away are thrown;
Tickle they mine ear alone,
But untouched my heart they leave.

SPHINXES.

Speak not of hearts, for, I believe,
A leathern wallet in its place,
Shrivelled, would better suit thy face.

FAUST (*entering*).

The spectacle contents me; — wondrous creatures,
Ill-favored, yet with large and stalwart features.
E'en now, I augur an auspicious fate;
Whither doth me that earnest glance translate?
(*pointing to the* Sphinxes).
Once before such took Œdipus his stand;
(*pointing to the* Sirens).
Writhed before such Ulyss in hempen band?
(*pointing to the* Ants).
By such the mightiest treasure was upstored.
(*pointing to the* Griffins).
With true and faithful watch, these kept the hoard.
I feel new life my being penetrate;
Great are the forms, the memories are great!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Once thou such shapes had scouted, now
Thou seemest friendly to their kind;
E'en monsters welcome are, I trow,
To him who would the loved one find.

FAUST (*to the* SPHINXES).

Ye women shapes, straight must ye answer me:
Hath one of you chanced Helena to see?

SPHINX.

We reach not to her day; the last was slain
By Hercules; some tidings thou may'st gain
From Chiron, canst thou him detain.
Round on this ghostly night he doth career;
If he will answer thee, thy goal is near.

SIRENS.

Thou, for certain, shalt not fail! . . . .
When Ulysses, with us whiling,
Sped not forward, unreviling,
He hath told us many a tale.
All to thee we would confide,
If 'midst Ocean's purple tide,
To our seats thou would'st repair.

SPHINX.

Noble one, their guile beware!
As Ulysses to the mast, —
Thee let our good counsel bind.
Canst thou noble Chiron find,
Thy desire wilt gain at last.

(*Exit* FAUST.)

MEPHISTOPHELES (*peevishly*).

What croaks, on pinions rushing by?
So swiftly they elude the eye,
In single file they hurrying fly;
The hunter they would tire, I ween.

SPHINX.

Like storm of wintry tempest, these,
Scarce reach Alcides' arrows keen —
They are the swift Stymphalides;
Their croaking too is kindly meant,
With foot of goose and vulture beak;
To mingle in our sphere they seek,
Their cousinship to prove intent.

MEPHISTOPHELES (*scared*).

There whiz some other forms of ill —

SPHINX.

For fear of these you need not quake:
These are the heads of the Lernæan snake,
Shorn from the trunk, and think they're something still.
But say what meaneth this distress?
This troubled air, this restlessness?
Where would you go? Be off, I say!
The group, that yonder meets mine eye,
Leads you to turn your neck awry.
Be not constrained! Begone! Away!
And greet full many a visage fair!
The Lamiæ, wantons sly, are there,
With forehead bold, and winning smile,
As they the Satyr-race beguile:
With them the goat's foot all may dare.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

You'll stay, that I may find you here again.

SPHINX.

Yea! mingle with the airy train!
From Egypt we the custom own,
That each a thousand years shall keep her throne.
And to our place, if due respect ye pay,
We rule the lunar, rule the solar day.

We, the Pyramids before,
Sit for judgment of the nations,
War and peace and inundations —
Change our features nevermore.

PENEIOS.

Surrounded by waters and NYMPHS.

PENEIOS.

Sedgy whispers, gently flow;
Sister reeds, breathe faint and low;
Willows, lightly rustle ye,
Lisp, each trembling poplar-tree.

To my interrupted dream!
Wakens me a tempest drear;
From my rest a trembling fear
Scares me, 'neath my flowing stream.

FAUST (*approaching the stream*).

By mine ear I must believe,
Where these arbors interweave
Bush and bough, there breathes around,
As of human voice the sound;
Prattling seems each wave to play,
And the breeze keeps holiday.

NYMPHS (*to* FAUST).

Oh, best were it for thee,
Way-weary and sore,
In coolness reclining,
Thy limbs to restore;—
The rest thus enjoying
That from thee doth flee;
We rustle, we murmur,
We whisper to thee!

FAUST.

Yes, I'm awake? Let them have sway
These peerless shapes, as in their play
Follows mine eye, in eager quest.
How strange the feeling! What are these?
Dreams are they? Are they memories?
Already once wert thou so blest.
Athwart thick-woven copse and bush
Still waters glide;— they do not rush,
Scarcely they rustle as they flow:
From every side their currents bright
A hundred crystal springs unite,
And form a sloping bath below.
Young nymphs, whose limbs of graceful mould,
The gazer's raptured eyes behold,
Are in the liquid mirror glassed!
Bathing with joyance all-pervading,
Now boldly swimming, shyly wading,
With shout and water-fight at last.

Contented might I be with these,
Mine eye be charmed with what it sees,
Yet to yon covert's leafy screen
My yearning glance doth forward press,
The verdant wealth of whose recess
Shrouds from my gaze the lofty queen.
Most wonderful! Swans now draw near;
Forth from the bays their course they steer,
Oaring with majestic grace;
Floating, tenderly allied,
But with self-complacent pride,
Head and beak they move apace!
But one seems before the rest,
Joyfully the wave to breast,
Sailing swift, without a peer;
Swells his plumage, wave on wave,
That the answering flood doth lave; —
He the hallowed spot doth near. . . .
Now the others swim together,
To and fro, with shining feather;
Soon in splendid strife, they scare
All the timid maids away;
That, from duty swerving, they
For themselves alone may care.

NYMPHS.

Sisters, hearken, lay your ear
To the water's grassy bound!
Ringeth, if I rightly hear,
As of horse's hoof the sound.
Would I knew who, on this night,
Message bears in rapid flight.

FAUST.

As it seems, the earth indeed
Echoes 'neath a hurrying steed.
Yonder turns my glance!
Can such blessed chance
Wait upon me here?
Marvel without peer!
Hither a rider swift doth scour —
Endowed with spirit and with power —

Borne by a snow-white steed is he. . . .
I err not, him I seek is found —
Of Philyra the son renowned! —
Halt! Chiron! Halt! I'd speak with thee. . . .

CHIRON.

How now! what wouldest thou?

FAUST.

Thy course arrest!

CHIRON.

I pause not.

FAUST.

Take me with thee, grant my quest!

CHIRON.

Mount! So I can inquire, as on we fare,
Whither art bound? Thou standest on the banks;
Prepared I am, thee through the stream to bear.

FAUST (*mounting*).

Where'er thou wilt. Have evermore my thanks. . . .
The mighty man, the pedagogue of old
Whose fame it was, a hero-race to mould:
The noble Argonauts, with all their peers,
Who formed the poet's world, in bygone years —

CHIRON.

That pass we over. Pallas' self indeed
As Mentor is not honored; to my thought,
All, in the end, in their own way proceed,
As though, in sooth, they never had been taught.

FAUST.

The leech who names each plant, who knows
All roots, e'en that which deepest grows,
Wounds who assuageth, sickness who doth chase,
In mind and body's strength I here embrace —

CHIRON.

Were hero wounded on the field,
Counsel and aid I could impart;
But, in the end, to priests I yield,
And women-herbalists my healing art.

In thee the truly great man speaks,
To words of praise who stops his ears;
Who acts, while privacy he seeks,
As were he one of many peers.

CHIRON.

Well skilled thou seemest, to beguile
People and prince with glozing wile.

FAUST.

At least by thee 'twill be confessed, —
The greatest of thy time hast seen, the best;
Hast with the noblest vied, in earnest strife,
And lived of demi-gods the arduous life!
But 'mong those figures of heroic mould,
In virtue whom pre-eminent didst hold?

CHIRON.

In the high circle of the Argonauts,
Each valiant was in fashion of his own,
And, by the virtue which inspired his thoughts,
Where others failed, he could suffice alone;
The Dioscuri ever did prevail
Where youthful bloom and beauty turned the scale;
Resolve, prompt deeds for others' welfare, these
The portion fair of the Boreades;
Reflective, wary, strong, in council wise,
So Jason lorded, dear to woman's eyes.
Then, Orpheus, tender, contemplative, still; —
Smote he the lyre, all owned his wondrous skill.
Lynceus, through rocks and shoals, who, keen of sight,
Guided the holy ship, by day and night.
In fellowship is danger fronted best,
Where one achieves, extolled by all the rest.

FAUST.

Of Hercules to me wilt naught impart?

CHIRON.

Alas! wake not the longing in my heart. . . .
Never had Phœbus met my gaze,
Ares, or Hermes, — such their name;

When, as divine what all men praise
Before my raptured vision came!
A monarch born, in youth arrayed
With glorious beauty; homage due
He to his elder brother paid,
And to the loveliest women, too;
His second bears not Mother Earth,
Nor Hebe leads to heaven again;
Song strives in vain to tell his worth,
Tortured is marble, too, in vain!

FAUST.

To give such form to mortal ken
The sculptor's boasted power is weak.
The fairest hast portrayed of men,
Now of the loveliest woman speak!

CHIRON.

What! Woman's beauty! Empty phrase,
Too oft an image void of life;
The being only can I praise,
Joy-giving and with gladness rife.
For beauty in herself is blest;
Grace makes resistless, where possessed,
Like Helena, whom once I bare.

FAUST.

Her thou hast borne?

CHIRON.

Yea! On this back.

FAUST.

Was I not 'mazed enough? Alack!
And now such seat must bless me!

CHIRON.

By my hair
Me hath she grasped, as thou dost now.

FAUST.

I lose myself! Oh, tell me, how?
She is in truth my sole desire!
Her, whence and whither didst thou bear?

CHIRON.

Easy to tell what you require.
Their little sister, then the robbers' prey,
The Dioscuri had redeemed; but they,—
The ravishers, not wont to be subdued,
Took courage, and with stormful rage pursued;
The brothers, with their sister, urged their way
Towards the marsh, that near Eleusis lay:
The brothers waded; plashing over it, I swam;
Then off she sprang, and fondly pressed
My mane, all-dripping; self-possessed,
She soothed and thanked, with sweet reserve and coy!
How charming was she! Young, of eld the joy!

FAUST.

Just seven years old. . . .

CHIRON.

The philologues, I see,
As they themselves deceived, so have they thee.
Unique, in sooth, your mythologic dame:
After his pleasure her the poet shows;
Forever young, old age she never knows,
Her figure, love-inspiring, aye the same;
Ravished when young, courted when youth is flown —
Enough, no bonds of time the poets own.

FAUST.

So let her also by no time be bound!
At Pheræ by Achilles she was found
Beyond time's limits — happiness how rare!
In spite of destiny, love triumphed there;
And should I not, with powerful longing rife,
Draw forth that matchless figure into life,
The deathless being, born of gods the peer,
Tender as great, sublime, yet ever dear?
Thou sawest her once, whom I to-day have seen,
Charming as fair, fair as desired, I ween!
Enthralled is my whole being, heart and brain;
I cease to live, unless I her obtain!

CHIRON.

Stranger! thou art enraptured, as men deem;
Yet among spirits, brain-struck thou dost seem.

'Tis well this madness hath assailed thee here,
Since, only for some moments every year,
My wont it is to Manto to repair;
She, Æsculapius' child, in silent prayer
Implores her sire, who honor thus would gain,
Now to illumine the physicians' brain.
That from rash death-strokes they henceforth refrain —
To me the dearest of the Sybil's guild,
Not wildly moved, with helpful kindness filled;
After a brief delay thy perfect cure,
Through power of simples, can her art secure.

FAUST.

But cured I would not be! My mind is strong!
Then were I abject like the vulgar throng!

CHIRON.

Scorn not the healing of the noble fount.
We now are at the place; with speed, dismount.

FAUST.

Whither, upon this night, with horror fraught,
Me, through the pebbly stream, to land hast brought?

CHIRON.

Here Rome and Hellas madly spurned in fight,
(Olympus left, Peneios to the right,)
The mightiest realm that e'er in sand was lost;
The monarch flies, triumphs the burgher host.
Look up! Here stands, significantly near,
The fane eternal, bathed in moonlight clear.

MANTO (*dreaming within.*)

Horse-hoofs shake the air,
Rings the sacred stair;
Demi-gods draw near.

CHIRON.

Right? Open but thine eyes! I'm here!

MANTO (*awaking*).

Welcome! Thou hast not failed, I see.

CHIRON.

Still stands thy temple-home for thee!

MANTO.

Unwearied roam'st thou far and wide?

CHIRON.

In quiet dost thou aye abide,
While I in ceaseless change delight?

MANTO.

I wait, time circles me. — This wight?

CHIRON.

Him hath this ill-reputed night
Caught in its whirl, and hither brought.
Helen, with mind and sense distraught,
Helen, he for himself would win,
But how and where he knows not to begin;
Worthy is he thy healing art to prove.

MANTO.

Who the impossible desires, I love.

(CHIRON *is already far away.*)

Enter, bold man, be joy thy meed!
This gloomy path to Proserpine doth lead,
She at Olympus' hollow foot
Doth lurk for unallowed salute.
In bygone time I Orpheus smuggled here;
Do thou fare better! Forward! Do not fear!

(*They descend.*)

The Upper Peneios, as before.

SIRENS.

Plunge into Peneios' flood!
There beseems to swim rejoicing,
Song on song in chorus voicing,
For the unhallowed people's good.
Without water health is none!
In bright bands to the Ægean,
Speed we now with sounding pæan;
Every joy will then be won.

(*Earthquake.*)

SIRENS.

Back the foaming wave is rushing,
In its bed it flows no more;
Quakes the earth, the floods are gushing,
Bursting smokes the pebbly shore.
Let us fly! Come, every one!
Bodes this marvel good to none.

Hence! each noble, joyous guest,
Seaward to our gladsome fest,
Where the wavelets' glittering band
Lightly swelling, lave the strand;
There where Luna, mirrored true,
Moistens us with holy dew!
There is life's unfettered motion —
Here an earthquake's dire commotion!
Hence! Ye wise ones, fly apace!
Horror reigneth in this place.

SEISMOS

(*bellowing and blustering in the depths*).

Once more heave with might and main,
With the shoulders bravely strain:
So the upper world we gain,
Where to us must all things bend!

SPHINX.

What a most unpleasant quaking,
Hideous storm-blast, awe-awaking!
What a heaving, what a throe,
Surging, swaying, to and fro!
Horror not to be endured!
But our post we'll not forsake,
Though all Hell were loose to break.

Now uprears itself a dome,
Wonderful. With age long hoar,
He it is who built of yore
Delos' isle amid the foam,
Heaving it from out the sea,
For her, a mother soon to be;
Striving, pressing, upward-tending,
Arms wide-stretching, back low-bending,

Atlas-like, amid the surf
Shale he raises, grass and turf,
Pebbles, gravel, loam, and sand,
Tranquil cradle of our strand:
Crosswise, he a track did wrest
From the valley's tranquil vest:
Caryatid, of giant mould,
He, with strength that ne'er grows old,
Bears, half buried, earth his zone,
A huge scaffolding of stone —
But his course must here be stayed!
Sphinxes here their stand have made.

SEISMOS.

That have I wrought, myself alone,
This will mankind at last declare;
Had I not shaken and upthrown,
How had the world been now so fair?
Into the pure ethereal blue,
Their crests how should yon mountains raise,
Had I not heaved them forth to view,
To charm the painter's raptured gaze,
What time (my sires meanwhile surveying,
Chaos and Night), myself I bare
Stoutly, and, with the Titans playing,
Pelion and Ossa, tossed like balls in air?
Madly we raged, by youthful heat possessed,
Till, fairly wearied out at last,
With malice on Parnassus' crest,
We, like twin-caps both mountains cast. . . .
There with the Muses' hallowed choir,
Apollo finds a glad retreat;
For Zeus, too, and his bolts of fire,
I raised aloft his glorious seat.
So now have I, with direful strain,
Pressed from the depths to upper air,
And joyous dwellers call amain
New life henceforth with me to share.

SPHINXES.

Primeval had been deemed, I trow,
What here hath struggled into birth,

Had we ourselves not witnessed how
It tore itself from out the earth.
Now upwards bushy groves themselves extend,
Rocks pressing upon rocks still forward tend;
Yet not for this shall any sphinx retreat:
Untroubled we retain our sacred seat.

GRIFFINS.

Gold in leaflets, gold in flitters,
Through the crannies how it glitters,
Let none rob you of the prize—
Up! to seize it, Emmets, rise!

CHORUS OF ANTS.

Giants, the light to greet,
Upward-aspiring
Hurled it; with pattering feet
Climb, never tiring!
Nimbly press out and in!
Each cleft is screening
(Seek ye each crumb to win,)
Gold worth the gleaning;
Even the least of all
Must ye uncover;
Haste, in each cranny small
Gold to discover.
Swarmers, in quest of pelf,
Toil without leisure!
Heed not the hill itself;
Gather the treasure!

GRIFFINS.

In with it; pile the golden heap!
Upon it we our claws will lay;
Bolts of the surest fashion, they
The greatest treasure safe will keep.

PIGMIES.

We a footing here have got,
How it chanced, doth not appear;

Whence we issued, question not;
Once for all we're settled here!
Seat for merry life doth yield,
Every country, every land;
Is a rocky cleft revealed,
There the dwarf is straight at hand
Dwarf and dwarfess, model pair,
Swiftly each its labor plies.
Know I cannot if it were
So before in Paradise;
Here all find we for the best,
So our stars we thank; for still,
Mother Earth, in east and west,
Bringeth forth with right good will.

DACTYLS.

Hath she, in a single night
Brought these tiny ones to light,
She the smallest will create;
Each forthwith will find his mate.

ELDEST OF THE PIGMIES.

Hasten, make ready,
Prompt be, and steady!
Swift to the deed!
Let strength be for speed!
Peace still is reigning;
Build uncomplaining
The smithy, to burnish
Armor, and furnish
All war's belongings
Now for the host!

Ants in swift throngings.
Busily post;—
Metals procure, and you,
Dactyls, a tiny crew,
Yet an unnumbered band,
Hear our command;
Wood bring with speed!
Flamelets in secret heap;

Them still alive to keep,
Coals too we need!

GENERALESSISSIMO.

With arrow and bow
Now march on the foe:
The herons that o'er
Yon fish-pond now soar,
Numberless nesting,
Haughtily breasting,
Shoot altogether,
That so we may
With helm and feather
Ourselves array!

ANTS AND DACTYLS.

Deliverance is vain!
The iron we bring,
They forge the chain;
Our freedom to wring
'Tis not yet the hour:
Crouch then to their power!

THE CRANES OF IBYCUS.

Cry of murder, dying-wailing!
Wing-strokes, anguished, unavailing!
What lament, what agony,
Pierces to our realms on high!
All are murdered now; the water,
Red with blood, betrays the slaughter;
Wanton lust of ornament
Hath the heron's plumage shent:
See it o'er the helmet wave
Of each greasy, crook-legged knave!
Comrades of our army, ye
Heron-wanderers of the sea,
Be with us for vengeance mated,
In a cause so near related:
Let none spare or strength or blood!
Deathless hatred to this brood!

(*They disperse, croaking in the air.*)

MEPHISTOPHELES (*on the plain*).

The northern witches I could curb; with these,
Your foreign spirits, I am ill at ease.
The Blocksberg is convenient when you roam:
Go where you may, you find yourself at home,
For us Dame Ilsa watches on her stone,
Heinrich is cheerful on his mountain-throne,
The Snorers grunt if Elend but appears,
Yet all is settled for a thousand years;
But here, stand still or walk, and who can know
Whether the ground up-heaves not from below?
Through a smooth valley merrily I wind,
And all at once there rises from behind
A mountain, — scarce a mountain, — yet of height
To intercept the sphinxes from my sight. . . .
Adown the valley many a flame aspires;
Round some adventure quiver still the fires . . . .
Dances, and round me hovers to entice,
An amorous crew, with many a coy device.
But soft: — Accustomed to forbidden sweets,
One seeks to snatch them, wheresoe'er one meets!

LAMIÆ

(*luring* MEPHISTOPHELES *after them*).

Fleeter, still fleeter!
Ever advancing!
Then again staying,
Prattling and playing!
Nothing is sweeter
Than the hoar sinner,
After us dancing,
Thus to allure;
Limping and stumbling,
Fretting and grumbling,
To penance sure,
Draweth he nigh;
His stiff leg dragging,
Comes he unflagging,
As him we fly.

MEPHISTOPHELES (*standing still*).

Accursed Fate! Dupes truly styled!
From Adam downward, fooled, beguiled!
We age — but who's in wisdom schooled?
Wert not enough already fooled?
We know how good for naught these creatures;
Pinched at the waist, with painted features;
No soundness in their bodies slim; —
Grasp where we may, rotten is every limb:
We know, we see, we handle it in life —
And yet we dance, if but the carrion fife!

LAMIÆ (*stopping*).

Hold! He considers, lingers, stands;
Meet him, lest he escape your hands!

MEPHISTOPHELES (*advancing*).

Push on! nor, like a simpleton,
Let web of doubt entangle thee!
For if of witches there were none,
The devil who would devil be!

LAMIÆ.

Round this hero circle we!
Love for one within his breast,
Soon itself will manifest.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

By this light's uncertain gleam
Beauteous damosels ye seem,
So from blame shall you be free.

EMPUSA (*rushing in*).

And I also! One with you,
Now admit me to your crew!

LAMIÆ.

One too many, she I ween
Spoiler of our sport hath been.

EMPUSA (*to* MEPHISTOPHELES).

Thee doth thy cousin dear salute,
Empusa with the ass' foot!
Thine but a horse's hoof, yet thee,
Cousin, I greet most courteously!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Myself unknown I fancied here —
And yet, alas, near kinsfolk meet;
From Hartz to Hellas, far and near,
So runs the rede, you'll cousins greet!

EMPUSA.

I with resolve can act, can take
Full many a shape; but for thy sake,
That I to thee due honor pay,
The ass' head I don to-day.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I see, with people of this sort,
Relationship doth much import;
Yet, come what may, 'tis all the same;
The ass' head I must disclaim.

LAMIÆ.

This hag avoid! She comes to scare
Whatever lovely seems and fair;
What lovely was and fair before,
When she draws near, is so no more.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

These smooth slim cousins, short or tall,
Make me suspicious, one and all;
I fear, those rosy cheeks behind,
Some metamorphoses to find.

LAMIÆ.

Come, take thy choice; we many are.
Catch hold! If reigns thy lucky star,
Thou of the lot may'st draw the best.
What means this hankering delay?
The wooer wretchedly dost play.

With haughty mien and lofty crest!—
Amid our troop now see him glide;
Throw by degrees your masks aside,
And be your proper selves confessed!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I've made my choice, the fairest, she. . .
(*Embracing her.*)
Dry as a besom! Woe is me!
(*Seizing another.*)
And this?. . . a fright, oh wretched lot!

LAMIÆ.

Deserv'st thou better? Think it not!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

The little one I fain would clasp. . . . .
A lizard glides from out my grasp,
And serpent-like her polished hair.
Anon a taller one I catch. . . . .
A thyrsus-staff alone I snatch,
That for a head doth a pine-cone wear.
Where will this end?. . . One plump and round,
With whom some solace may be found —
I'll try my fortune once again!—
Right flabby, squashy; such a prize,
Your Oriental dearly buys. . . . .
But ah! The puff-ball bursts in twain!

LAMIÆ.

Quick as lightning, disunite!
Hover ye, in dusky flight,
Round the intruding witch's son,
In uncertain, ghastly rings,
Flitter-mice, on noiseless wings!
Too cheaply he'll escape anon.

MEPHISTOPHELES (*shaking himself*).

I have not grown much wiser, that is clear;
The North's absurd, absurd 'tis also here,
Ghosts here as there, a devilish crew,
Folk are insipid, poets too!
'Tis here a masquerade as there,
A sensual dance, as everywhere;

At beauty's mask I clutched amain —
And seized, what made me stand aghast. . . .
Yet to deceive myself I'm fain,
If only longer it would last!
(*Losing his way among the rocks.*)
Where am I? Whither tend my pains?
Where was a path, there chaos reigns,
I by smooth roads have hither sped,
Rude bowlders now impede my tread;
I clamber up and down in vain —
My sphinxes, where shall I regain?
Ne'er had I dreamed so mad a thing:
Such mountain in a single night!
A bold witch-journey is this flight,
Their Blocksberg with them here they bring!

OREAD (*from the natural rock*).

Hither ascend! My mountain old
Its form primeval still doth hold —
My steep and rocky steps revere,
Extremest branch of Pindus — here,
Unshaken have I reared my head,
When over me Pompeius fled;
Yon phantom shape that cheats the eye
Away, when crows the cock, will fly!
Such fables oft arise, I see,
And disappear as suddenly.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Honor to thee, thou reverend head;
With lofty oak-strength garlanded,
Moonshine, however clear and bright,
Faileth to pierce thy rayless night! —
But, 'mong the bushes, comes this way
A light, that gleams with modest ray.
How fitly all things happen thus;
In truth! it is Homunculus! —
Whither away, thou tiny friend?

HOMUNCULUS.

Flitting from place to place, I wend.
In the best sense full fain I am to be;

And long impatiently my glass to break;
Only from what I've seen and see,
Courage I lack the step to take.
But, now, in confidence to speak,
Of two philosophers the track I seek;
I hearkened, their discourse I overheard;
And Nature — Nature — was their only word:
Apart from these I would not go,
Somewhat of earthly being they must know,
And doubtless I at last shall learn
Whither most wisely I myself may turn.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Thy course shape thou thyself. Be wise!
For where your ghosts find entrance, there
Welcome is your philosopher:
That you his art and favor may delight,
A dozen new ones he brings forth to light.
Unless thou errest, reason dormant lies;
Wilt thou exist, through thine own effort rise!

HOMUNCULUS.

Such good advice should not neglected be.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

So now away! Of this we more shall see,
(*They separate.*)

ANAXAGORAS (*to* THALES).

To yield is adverse to thy stubborn mind;
To bring conviction, needs there further proof?

THALES.

The waves yield willingly to every wind,
But from the beetling crag still keep aloof.

ANAXAGORAS.

Through fiery vapor came this rock to birth.

THALES.

Moisture hath gendered all that lives on earth.

HOMUNCULUS (*between them*).

To walk beside you, suffer me!
I also greatly long to be.

ANAXAGORAS.

Hast thou, O Thales, ever in one night,
Such mountain out of slime brought forth to light?

THALES.

Never was Nature, with her living powers,
Measured by scale of days and nights and hours;
By law each shape she fashioneth, and hence,
E'en in the grand there is no violence.

ANAXAGORAS.

Yet such was here! Plutonic savage fire,
Æolian vaporous force, explosive, dire,
Burst through the ancient crusts of level earth,
And a new mountain came forthwith to birth.

THALES.

Why further press the ease? at any rate,
'Tis there, and that is well. In such debate,
Leisure and precious time away one flings,
Your patient folk to keep in leading-strings.

ANAXAGORAS.

Quickly with myrmidons the mountain teems,
The clefts to people: forth there streams
Of pigmies, ants, and gnomes, a living tide,
And other tiny bustling things beside.
(*To* Homunculus.)
After the Great hast ne'er aspired,
But hermit-like hast lived retired;
To lordship if thyself canst bring,
Forthwith I'll have thee crowned as king.

HOMUNCULUS.

What says my Thales?

THALES.

Not with my consent;
With dwarfs we are with dwarfish deeds content:
While with the great the dwarf doth greatness win.
See there: of cranes the swarthy cloud,
They threaten the excited crowd,

And so would threat the king; with beak
Sharp-pointed and with talons fierce,
Down-swooping, they the pigmies pierce;
Fateful, their stormful ire they wreak;
A crime the herons doomed to slaughter,
Brooding around their tranquil water;
But that death-shower of arrowy rain,
For bloody vengeance cries amain,
And doth with rage their kindred fill,
The pigmies' guilty blood to spill.
Of what avail helm, spear, and shield?
What helps the dwarf the heron's plume?
How ant and dactyl shun their doom!
Wavers the host, — they fly, they yield.

ANAXAGORAS

(*after a pause, solemnly*).

If I, till now, the powers subterrain praise,
I, in this hour, my prayers to heaven upraise. . . .
Thou throned aloft, eternal, aye the same,
Threefold in aspect, and threefold in name,
Amid my people's woe I cry to thee,
Diana, Luna, Hecatè!
Deep pondering mind, expander of the breast,
Mighty within, though outwardly at rest,
Unclose the gulfs abysmal of thy shade,
Be without spells thine ancient might displayed.

(*Pause.*)

Am I too quickly heard?
And hath my prayer,
Ascending there,
Marred Nature's order with a word?

And greater, ever greater draweth near
The goddess' throne, her full-orbed sphere,
Enormous, fearful to the gaze!
Its fire grows redder through the haze. . . .
No nearer! Threatening orb, I pray; —
Ourselves and land and sea thou'lt sweep away!
Was it then true that dames of Thessaly
Through sinful trust in magic, thee
Have downward from thy pathway sung,
From thee have powers most baleful wrung? . . .

The glittering shield, behold, it darkles!
Sudden it splits, and flares and sparkles!
What a hissing! what a rattling!
Thunder and storm-blast fiercely battling! —
Humbled I fall before thy throne —
Pardon! myself invoked it, I alone.

(*Throws himself on his face.*)

THALES.

What hath this man not seen and heard!
I know not rightly how with us it fared.
Like him I have not felt it. Ne'ertheless
The hours are out of tune, we must confess,
And Luna calmly as before,
In her own place aloft doth soar.

HOMUNCULUS.

Behold the pigmies' seat! The mound
Is pointed now, before 'twas round.
Convulsion huge I felt; a rock
Down from the moon, with sudden shock,
Hath fallen; and both friend and foe
Were crushed and slaughtered at a blow!
Yet arts like these I needs must praise,
That, working with creative might,
Upwards and downwards, could upraise,
This mountain in a single night.

THALES.

Peace! 'Twas but fancy. That vile brood, —
To swift destruction let them fare!
That thou wert not their king, is good.
Now to the sea's glad feast repair!
Strange guests are honored and expected there.

(*They withdraw.*)

MEPHISTOPHELES

(*clambering up the opposite side*).

Up rocky stairs and steep must I to-day,
Through ancient oaks' gnarled roots make toilsome way.
Upon my Hartz the piny atmosphere
Savors of pitch, and that to me is dear,

'Tis next to brimstone. . . . Here, among the Greeks
E'en for a trace of it one vainly seeks.
Inquisitive I am, and must inquire
Wherewith they feed hell-torment and hell-fire.

DRYAD.

In thine own land be prudently at home;
Thou hast not wit enough abroad to roam.
Towards home thou should'st not turn thy thought; while here
The honor of the sacred oaks revere.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

The lost will aye in thought arise;
What we are used to, is our Paradise.
But say, what triple object do I trace,
By the dim light, in yonder cavern's shade?

DRYAD.

The Phorkyads! Go, venture to the place,
And speak to them, if thou art undismayed!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

And wherefore not? . . . I see it with amaze.
Proud as I am, e'en I must needs confess,
Their like I ne'er have seen; their ugliness
That of our hellish hags o'ersways!
Sins reprobated long, — will they
Waken henceforth the least dismay,
If men this threefold dread survey?
Would we not suffer them to dwell
On threshold of our dreariest Hell;
Rooted in Beauty's land of fame,
Here to be styled antique they claim . . .
They stir themselves, to scent me they appear,
Like Vampire-Bats, their twitter meets mine ear.

PHORKYADS.

Give me the eye, my sisters, forth to gaze,
So near our fane who boldly thus delays!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Most honored! To approach you give me leave,
That I your threefold blessing may receive.

As still unknown, indeed, I come to you,
Yet am, methinks, a distant cousin too.
Gods ancient and revered I've seen of yore,
Deeply have Ops and Rhea bowed before;
Your own and Chaos' sisters, yesternight,
Or night before, the Parcæ met my sight;
Yet on your like I ne'er before have gazed.
Silent I am, delighted and amazed.

PHORKYADS.

Intelligent this spirit seems to be.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

That you no bard hath sung, surprises me.
And say, most worthy ones, how hath it been
That of your charms no pictured forms are seen?
Your shapes should sculpture labor to retain,
Not Juno, Pallas, Venus, and their train!

PHORKYADS.

Immersed in solitude and night profound,
Such thought no entrance to our mind hath found!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

How should it, from the world retired, when ye,
Yourselves by none beheld, can no one see!
You in such regions rather should reside
Where art and splendor reign in equal pride,
Where from a marble-block, with genius rife,
Steps forth each day a hero into life,
Where ——

PHORKYADS.

Silence! in us wake no longings new:
What would it profit us, if more we knew?
In night begot, to things of night allied,
Unto ourselves scarce known, unknown to all beside.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Not much, indeed, in such case can one say.
But each himself to others can convey:
One eye, one tooth suffices for you three;
So would it tally with mythology,

In two the being of the three to blend,
And your third semblance unto me to lend,
But for brief space.

ONE OF THE PHORKYADS.

What think you, may we try?

THE OTHER.

We'll venture — but without tooth or eye.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

With these the very best away you've ta'en;
Imperfect the stern image would remain!

ONE OF THE PHORKYADS.

Press one eye close — full easily 'tis done;
Now of your canine teeth display but one —
Forthwith, in profile, perfect and complete,
Our sisterly resemblance we shall greet.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Much honor! Be it so!

PHORKYADS.

So be it!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

(*as a* PHORKYAD *in profile*).

Done!
Here stand I Chaos' well-beloved son!

PHORKYADS.

Daughters of Chaos we, by ancient right.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Me now they call, oh shame, hermaphrodite!

PHORKYADS.

What beauty our new triad gives to view!
Of eyes, and eke of teeth, we now have two.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Now must I shroud myself from mortal sight,
In pool of hell the devils to affright.

(*Exit.*)

Rocky Bays of the Ægean Sea.
The moon pausing in the zenith.

SIRENS

(*reclined upon the cliffs around, fluting and singing*).

Thou whom from thy realm supernal,
Downward drew, with rites nocturnal,
Weird Thessalian sorceresses,
With thy glance, all things that blesses,
Now illume the throng that presses
Through the waves with billowy motion,
Flooding all the rippling ocean
With the splendor of thy light!
Luna fair, thy vassals greet thee;
Be propitious, we entreat thee!

NEREIDS *and* TRITONS
(*as wonders of the sea*).

Sing aloud, with shriller singing,
Let it, through broad ocean ringing,
Call its people, far and near!—
From the storm's dread whirlpools hiding,
We in stillest depths were biding;
Gracious song allures us here.

See, we deck ourselves enraptured,
With the treasures we have captured,
Golden chain and clasp and gem,
Spangled zone and diadem;
All this fruitage is your prey;
Down to us these shipwrecked treasures,
You have lured with your sweet measures,
You, the Dæmons of our bay!

SIRENS.

Well we know, through sea-waves gliding,
In their crystal depths abiding,
Live the fishes, sorrow-free;
Yet blithe roamers, hither thronging,
We to-day to know are longing
That ye more than fishes be.

NEREIDS *and* TRITONS.

Ere your song hath hither brought us,
Of this question we've bethought us;
Sisters, Brothers, hasten we!
Briefest journey, doubt dispelling,
Yieldeth proof sufficing, telling
That we more than fishes be! (*They retire.*)

SIRENS.

In a twinkling, straight away,
Sped to Samothrace have they,
Vanished with a favoring wind!
What their purpose? what to gain,
Where the high Cabiri reign?
Gods they are, the strangest, who,
Self-evolved, are ever new,
Yet to their own nature blind.

Kindly linger on thy height,
Gracious Luna, that the night
Tarry may, lest daylight breaking
Drive us hence, our haunts forsaking!

THALES

(*on the shore, to* HOMUNCULUS).

Thee to old Nereus gladly would I lead;
Not distant are we from his cave indeed;
But sour he is and obstinate,
Moreover hath a stubborn pate!
The race entire of mortal kind
Is never to the grumbler's mind.
But he the future can disclose,
Hence each to him due reverence shows,
And gives him honor at his post;
To many he hath rendered aid.

HOMUNCULUS.

Let's knock, that trial may be made!
At once my glass and flame it will not cost.

NEREUS.

Men's voices are they that mine ear hath heard?
With anger straight mine inmost heart is stirred!

Forms — striving still, who high as gods would soar,
Yet to be like themselves, doomed evermore.
Long years could I have dwelt in godlike rest,
But ever was impelled to aid the best;
And when at last I saw the accomplished deed,
It was as though they ne'er had heard my rede.

THALES.

Yet people trust in thee, thou Ocean Seer;
Wise art thou; chase us not! This flamelet here,
That man's similitude doth wear, survey,
In everything thy counsel he'll obey.

NEREUS.

Counsel! What good to men hath counsel brought?
On stubborn ears fall prudent words in vain;
Oft as the deed dire punishment hath wrought,
Self-willed as ever mortals aye remain.
How fatherly I Paris warned, or e'er
His lust another's consort did ensnare!
On Hellas' shore fearless he stood and bold;
What I in spirit saw, I there foretold:
The reeking winds, the upstreaming ruddy glow,
Rafters ablaze, murder and death below,
Troy's day of doom — fast bound in deathless rhyme,
A terror and a portent for all time.
The scoffer mocked the old man's oracle;
He followed his own lust, and Ilion fell,
A giant corpse, slowly its death-pangs ceased, —
To Pindus' eagles a right welcome feast.
Ulysses, too — did I not oft presage
To him dark Circe's wiles, the Cyclop's rage,
His own delay, his comrades' reckless vein,
And what not else? And hath it brought him gain?
Till, sorely battered, he full late, at last,
By favoring wave on friendly shore was cast.

THALES.

Such conduct to the sage must needs give pain;
Yet still the good man trieth once again.
A grain of thanks that richly him repays,
Tons of ingratitude still overweighs.

I and this youngster no slight boon require.
Wisely *to be* is now his sole desire.

NEREUS.

Spoil not for me my present mood, most rare!
Far other aims to-day engross my care;
My daughters I've invoked to come to me,
The Dorides, the Graces of the sea.
Neither Olympos nor your region bears
Form so replete with grace, so light as theirs.
From Dragons of the sea, with loveliest motion,
They cast themselves upon the steeds of Ocean,
One with the element that round them plays,
The very foam would seem their forms to raise.
'Mid rainbow-hues of Venus' pearly car,
Comes Galatea, beauty's choicest star,
Who, since on us hath Cypris ceased to smile,
As goddess honored is on Paphos' isle;
And so for long the gracious one doth own,
As heiress, temple-town and chariot-throne.

Away! Harsh words, and hatred in the heart
Have in the Father's raptured hour no part.
Away to Proteus! Ask that being strange
The secret of existence and of change.
(*He retires towards the sea.*)

THALES.

We by this step, it seems, have nothing won;
For if we light on Proteus, straight he's gone,
And if he wait, he only says at last
Things that perplex, and make one stand aghast.
Yet, once for all, such counsel thou dost need;
So then to try him, onward let us speed!
(*They retire.*)

SIRENS (*on the rocks above*).

What are these, far off appearing,
Through the billowy realm careering?
Like to sails of snowy whiteness,
Zephyr-guided, such their brightness,
Hither borne with gentle motion,
These the lustrous nymphs of Ocean!

Downward climb we; hark! They're singing;
Hear ye not their voices ringing?

NEREIDS *and* TRITONS.

Those whom thus our hand upraises
Scatter blessings; — sing their praises!
From Chelone's giant shield,
Shines an awful form revealed:
Gods they are whom we rejoicing
Hither bring, glad pæans voicing.

SIRENS.

Little in height,
Potent in might,
Hoar gods from the wave
The shipwrecked who save!

NEREIDS *and* TRITONS.

To our peaceful revel speeding,
The Cabiri we are leading;
Where their power the hapless shieldeth,
Kindly sway there Neptune wieldeth.

SIRENS.

Yield we must to you.
Ye the sinking crew,
With resistless power,
Save in shipwreck's hour.

NEREIDS *and* TRITONS.

Three we bring, our triumph sharing,
But the fourth refused, declaring
That for all abiding yonder,
He the sole one is to ponder.

SIRENS.

Thus one god doth jeer
At his fellows still.
All the good revere,
Dread ye every ill!

NEREIDS *and* TRITONS.

There of them should seven be.

SIRENS.

Where then are the other three?

NEREIDS *and* TRITONS.

That we cannot answer: rather,
On Olympos' question farther:
There the eighth perchance is pining,
Whom none thinks upon. Inclining
Graciously, they us have greeted —
But all are not yet completed.

The incomparable, these; —
Pressing onward, aye aspiring,
Full of longing, still desiring
What can ne'er be reached, to seize.

SIRENS.

Every power enthroned,
Sun or Moon that sways,
In our prayers is owned;
'Tis our wont; it pays.

NEREIDS *and* TRITONS.

How brightly shines our fame, behold,
Leading this festivity!

SIRENS.

Heroes of the ancient days
Lack henceforth their meed of praise,
How great soe'er their fame of old;
Though they have won the fleece of gold,
Ye have the Cabiri.

(*Repeated in full Chorus.*)

Though they have won the fleece of gold,
We! ye! have the Cabiri.

(*The* NEREIDS *and* TRITONS *pass on.*)

HOMUNCULUS.

These uncouth figures, — I am fain
For earthen pots to take them,
'Gainst them the wise ones strike amain
Their stubborn heads, and break them!

THALES.

The very thing they most desire.
The rusty coin is valued higher.

PROTEUS (*unperceived*).

This pleases me, the old in fable:
The stranger 'tis, the more respectable!

THALES.

Where art thou, Proteus?

PROTEUS

(*ventriloquizing, now near, now far away*).

Here! and here!

THALES.

I pardon the stale jest; appear,
And with a friend vain words forego!
From a false place dost speak, I know.

PROTEUS (*as from a distance*).

Farewell!

THALES (*softly to* Homunculus).

He's close at hand. Now brightly flare,
He's curious as a fish; where'er
He hide himself, that flame, be sure,
Hither forthwith will him allure.

HOMUNCULUS.

Full light I'll pour, yet care must take
Lest with the shock the glass should break.

PROTEUS.

(*in the form of a gigantic porpoise*).

What shines with radiancy so dear?

THALES

(*concealing* Homunculus).

Good! If thou wish it, thou canst draw more near;
Let the slight trouble vex thee not, I pray,
Thyself upon two human feet display.
'Tis solely by our leave, and courtesy,
That what we now conceal, who wills may see.

PROTEUS (*in a noble form*).

Thy sophist's tricks, it seems, dost still employ.

THALES.

Thy figure to transform still gives thee joy.
(*He has uncovered* HOMUNCULUS).

PROTEUS (*astonished*).

A glittering dwarflein! Ne'er beheld before!

THALES.

Fain to exist, he counsel doth implore.
He is, from him I heard it, come to earth
Only half-formed, through some mysterious birth.
Fairly endowed with qualities ideal,
The power he lacks, firmly to grasp the real,
Till now the glass alone to him gives weight;
But he at once would be incorporate.

PROTEUS.

A genuine virgin's son art thou;
Born ere thou shouldest be, I trow!

THALES (*in a whisper*).

Further it seemeth critical to me;
He an Hermaphrodite appears to be.

PROTEUS.

The sooner 'twill succeed; where'er
He comes, he happily will fare.
With much reflection we may here dispense;
In the broad sea thy being must commence;
On a small scale one there begins,
Well pleased the smallest to devour;
Till, waxing step by step, one wins,
For loftier achievement, ample power.

HOMUNCULUS.

A tender air is wafted here;
Dear is to me the breeze, the fragrance dear!

PROTEUS.

Right, dearest youth! Farther away
Still more delightful 'twill be found;
Ineffable the airs that play
This narrow tongue of land around.

Thence, near enough, the train we see,
Now floating hither. Come with me!

THALES.

I, too, will go with thee, proceed!

HOMUNCULUS.

A threefold spirit-step, wondrous indeed!

TELCHINES *of* RHODES.

(*Upon hippocampi and sea-dragons, bearing Neptune's trident.*)

The trident we forged, wherewith Neptune assuages
Old Ocean's wild waves, when most fiercely he rages:
His clouds when the Thunderer spreads o'er the skies,
To their rolling terrific then Neptune replies;
And when from on high the jagged lightning doth leap,
Then wave after wave dashes up from the deep;
And all that in anguish their joint rage o'erpowered,
Long whirled to and fro, by the depth is devoured;
To-day then the sceptre to us hath he lent. —
Now joyously float we, serene and content!

SIRENS.

You, to Helios dedicated,
You, to bright day consecrated,
Hail we to this hour, whose light
Doth to Luna's praise invite!

TELCHINES.

Thou loveliest Queen of yon o'ervaulting sphere,
The praise of thy brother with rapture dost hear:
To Rhodus' blest island an ear thou dost lend,
Thence one deathless pæan to him doth ascend.
The day-course he opens and with fiery gaze,
When finished his journey, our troop he surveys;
The cities and hills, shore and wave, yield delight
To the glorious God, and are lovely and bright.
No mist hovers o'er us, and should one draw near,
A ray and a zephyr — the island is clear:
His form the high god beholds multiplied there,
As stripling, as giant, the Mighty, the Fair —

The power of the gods it was we who began
To portray in the form, not unworthy, of man.

PROTEUS.

Grudge them not their boastful singing,
To the holy sun, life-bringing.
Dead works are an idle jest.
Fusing mould they; when completed
Stands their god with rapture greeted,
Straight with triumph swells their breast!
These proud gods so fondly cherished,—
What their doom, inquire ye? Prone,
By an earthquake overthrown,
Melted, they long since have perished.

Toil of earth, whate'er it be,
Nothing is but drudgery:
Life in ocean better fareth:
Thee to endless water beareth
Proteus-Dolphin. (*He transforms himself.*)
Fairly sped!
Bravely, on my back careering,
Thou shalt prosper, onward steering,
And to Ocean thee I'll wed.

THALES.

Obey the noble inspiration,
And at its source begin creation,
Make ready for the great emprize!
By laws eternal still ascending,
Through myriad forms of being wending,
To be a man in time thou'lt rise.

(HOMUNCULUS *mounts the* PROTEUS *dolphin.*)

PROTEUS.

In spirit come to boundless ocean:
Unfettered there in every motion,
At thine own pleasure thou shalt wend;
But let not higher rank allure thee;
Attaining manhood, I assure thee,
Then all with thee is at an end!

THALES.

As it may happen; good it seems to me,
In one's own day a stalwart man to be.

PROTEUS (*to* THALES).

One of your stamp, perchance! For they
Abide awhile, nor pass away;
Since 'mong the troops of spirits pale,
As pass the centuries, thy form I hail.

SIRENS (*on the rocks*).

See yon cloudlets, how they mingle
Round the moon in circlet bright!
Doves they are, whom love doth kindle,
With their pinions pure as light!
Paphos hath her bird-choir sent us,
Girt with radiance they appear.
Now our fête may well content us,
Fraught with rapture full and clear!

NEREUS (*approaching* THALES).

Yonder ring, an airy vision
Nightly wanderer might maintain;
But with juster intuition,
Other views we entertain:
Doves they are, whose escort playeth
Round my daughter's pearly car;
Wondrous art their movement swayeth,
Learned by them in days afar.

THALES.

That I also hold for best,
Peace that yieldeth to the good,
If in warm and silent nest
Something holy still doth brood.

PSYLLI *and* MARSI

(*on sea-bulls, sea-calves, and sea-rams*).

In the rugged Cyprian caves,
Sheltered from the shocks of Ocean,
From the earthquake's dire commotion,
Fanned by Zephyr's viewless waves,
There, as in the days afar,
We, with conscious rapture, are

Guardians of Cythera's car,
And through breathings of the night,
Through the rippling wavelets bright,
Viewless still to mortal sight,
We the loveliest daughter lead.
Us nor wingèd lion scares,
Nor eagle, as our task we ply,
Nor cross, nor crescent, though it flares
Aloft, emblazoned in the sky;
To and fro, alternate swaying,
Each the other driving, slaying,
Fields and towns in ashes laying:
Thus with joyous speed,
Onward our loveliest mistress we lead.

SIRENS.

Circling still, with gentle motion,
Round the chariot, line on line,
Gliding o'er the waves of ocean,
With your movements serpentine,
Come, ye stalwart Nereides,
Sturdy damsels, gracious, wild;
Bring ye, tender Dorides,
Galatea, fair and mild,
Image of her mother, she
Earnest is, of godlike mien,
Worthy immortality,
Yet, like earth's fair dames, your queen
Winsome is, with grace serene!

DORIDES

(*passing in chorus before* NEREUS, *mounted upon dolphins*).

Luna, light and shadow throwing,
Round this youthful band, shine clear!
For we come our Father showing
Prayerfully, our bridegrooms dear.
(*To* NEREUS.)
Them, soft pity's voice obeying,
From the rock's fell tooth we bore,
And on moss and seaweed laying,
Warmed them back to light once more;

Kisses upon us bestowing,
Thus their grateful temper showing,
View them kindly, we implore!

NEREUS.

Precious indeed the twofold gain;
To show compassion, and delight obtain!

DORIDES.

Dost praise, O Father, our endeavor?
Grudge us not our joy, well-earned;
Deathless youth, enjoyed forever
In the bliss of love returned!

NEREUS.

Would ye enjoy your captured treasure!
Then mould each youth to be a man;
Powerless am I to do your pleasure;
Accord your prayer Zeus only can.
The waves, whose foam around you playeth,
All steadfastness in love ignore,
And if its spell no longer swayeth,
Then place them quietly ashore.

DORIDES.

Dear ye are, sweet youths, in sooth;
Yet from you we needs must sever:
We have craved eternal truth,
But the Gods allow it never!

THE YOUTHS.

Gallant sailor-youths and true,
If ye still will fondly tend us;
Life so fair we never knew,
Nor could fate a fairer send us.

(GALATEA *approaches in the shell chariot*).

NEREUS.

Tis thou, my beloved one!

GALATEA.

O Sire! what delight
Linger, ye dolphins, enchained is my sight.

NEREUS.

Gone already! They forsake me,
Speeding on with circling motion!
What to them the heart's emotion!
Oh! that with them they would take me!
Yet such rapture yields one gaze,
The livelong year it well repays.

THALES.

Hail! all hail! The cry renew!
Blooms my spirit, pierced through
By the Beautiful, the True! . . . .
All from water sprang amain!
All things water doth sustain:
Ocean, grant thy deathless reign!
Were no clouds by thee outspread,
No rich brooklets by thee fed,
On their course no rivers sped,
And no streamlets perfected,
What then were the world, what were ocean and plain?
'Tis thou, who the freshness of life doth maintain.

ECHO

(*chorus of the collective circles*).

'Tis thou, from whom freshness of life pours amain!

NEREUS.

Far distant now they wheel and turn,
And vainly glance for glance must yearn;
Circle in circle wide extending,
The countless throngs, in order blending,
Urge o'er the waves their glad career.
But Galatea's pearly throne,
Behold I still, behold; alone
Now it glitters like a star
'Midst the crowd; with radiance tender,
Shines through the press the loved one's splendor;
Though so far, so very far,
Still it shimmers bright and clear,
Ever true and ever near!

HOMUNCULUS.

In this moisture calm and dear,
All I shine on doth appear
Exquisitely fair!

PROTEUS.

In this living, dewy sphere,
First thy flamelet shineth clear,
Breathing tones most rare.

NEREUS.

But lo! what new mystery, fraught with surprise,
Reveals itself now, 'mid yon crowds, to our eyes?
What flames round the shell, round the feet of my child?
Now strongly it glitters, now sweetly, now mild,
As if by the pulses of love it were swayed!

THALES.

Homunculus is it, by Proteus betrayed . . . .
A yearning majestic these symptoms disclose,
Presageful they tell of his passionate throes;
Against the bright throne he'll be shattered! It grows,
It flashes, it sparkles, abroad now it flows!

SIRENS.

What marvel illumines the billows, which dash
Against one another in glory? They flash,
They waver, they hitherward glitter, and bright
All forms are ablaze in the pathway of night;
And all things are gleaming, by fire girt around,
Prime source of creation, let Eros be crowned!

Hail, ye billows! Hail to thee,
Girt by holy fire, O sea!
Water, hail! Hail, fire's bright glare!
Hail to this adventure rare!

ALL TOGETHER.

Hail, each softly blowing gale!
Caverns rich in marvels, hail!
Highly honored evermore
Be the elemental four!

ACT THE THIRD.

Before the Palace of Menelaus in Sparta.
Enter HELENA, *with a chorus of captive Trojan women*
PENTHALIS, *leader of the chorus.*

HELENA.

The much admired and much upbraided, Helena,
From yonder strand I come, where erst we disembarked,
Still giddy from the roll of ocean's billowy surge,
Which, through Poseidon's favor and through Euros' might,
On lofty-crested backs hither hath wafted us,
From Phrygia's open field, to our ancestral bays.
Yonder King Menelaus, glad of his return,
With his brave men of war, rejoices on the beach.
But oh, thou lofty mansion, bid me welcome home,
Thou, near the steep decline, which Tyndareus, my sire
From Pallas' hill returning, here hath builded up;
Which also was adorned beyond all Sparta's homes,
What time with Clytemnestra, sister-like I grew,
With Castor, Pollux, too, playing in joyous sport.
Wings of yon brazen portals, you I also hail!
Through you, ye guest-inviting, hospitable gates,
Hath Menelaus once, from many princes chosen,
Shone radiant on my sight, in nuptial sort arrayed.
Expand to me once more, that I the king's behest
May faithfully discharge, as doth the spouse beseem.
Let me within, and all henceforth behind remain,
That, charged with doom, till now darkly hath round me stormed!
For since, by care untroubled, I these sites forsook,
Seeking Cythera's fane, as sacred wont enjoined,
And by the spoiler there was seized, the Phrygian,
Happened have many things, whereof men far and wide
Are fain to tell, but which not fain to hear is he
Of whom the tale, expanding, hath to fable grown.

CHORUS.

Disparage not, oh, glorious dame,
Honored possession of highest estate!
For sole unto thee is the greatest boon given;
The fame of beauty that all over-towers!
The hero's name before him resounds,
So strides he with pride;
Nathless at once the stubbornest yields
To beauty, the presence which all things subdues.

HELENA.

Enough! I with my spouse, ship-borne, have hither sped,
And to this city now by him before am sent.
But what the thought he harbors, that I cannot guess.
Come I as consort hither? Come I as a queen?
Come I as victim for the prince's bitter pangs,
And for the evils dire, long suffered by the Greeks?
Conquered I am; but whether captive, know I not:
For the Immortal Powers fortune and fame for me
Have doomed ambiguous; direful ministers that wait
On beauty's form, who even on this threshold here,
With dark and threat'ning mien, stand bodeful at my side!
Already, ere we left the hollow ship, my spouse
Looked seldom on me, spake no comfortable word;
As though he mischief brooded, facing me he sat.
But now, when, to Eurotas' deeply curving shores
Steering our course, scarce had our foremost vessel's beak
The land saluted, spake he, as by God inspired;
"Here let my men of war, in ordered ranks, disbark;
I marshal them, drawn up upon the ocean strand;
But thou, pursue thy way, not swerving from the banks,
Laden with fruit, that bound Eurotas' sacred stream,
Thy coursers guiding o'er the moist, enamelled meads,
Until thou may'st arrive at that delightful plain,
Where Lacedæmon, once a broad fruit-bearing field,
By mountains stern surrounded lifteth now its walls.
Set thou thy foot within the tower-crowned princely house,
Assemble thou the maids, whom I at parting left,

And with them summon too the wise old stewardess.
Bid her display to thee the treasures' ample store,
As by thy sire bequeathed, and which, in peace and war,
Increasing evermore, I have myself up-piled.
All standing shalt thou find in ancient order; for,
This is the prince's privilege, that to his home,
When he returns at last, safe everything he finds,
Each in its proper place, as he hath left it there.
For nothing of himself the slave hath power to change."

CHORUS.

Oh, gladden now, with glorious wealth,
Ever increasing, thine eye and heart!
For beautiful chains, the adornment of crowns,
Are priding themselves, in haughty repose;
But step thou in, and challenge them all,
They arm themselves straight;
I joy to see beauty contend for the prize,
With gold, and with pearls, and with jewels of price.

HELENA.

Forthwith hath followed next this mandate of my lord:
"Now when in order thou all things hast duly seen,
As many tripods take, as needful thou may'st deem,
And vessels manifold, which he at hand requires,
Who duly would perform the sacrificial rite,
The caldrons, and the bowls, and shallow altar-plates;
Let purest water, too, from sacred fount be there,
In lofty pitchers; further, store of seasoned wood,
Quick to accept the flame, hold thou in readiness;
A knife, of sharpest edge, let it not fail at last.
But I all other things to thy sole care resign."
So spake he, urging me at once to part; but naught,
Breathing the breath of life, the orderer appoints,
That, to the Olympians' honor, he to slaughter doomed:
Suspicious seems it! yet, dismiss I further care;
To the high Gods' decree be everything referred,
Who evermore fulfil, what they in thought conceive;
It may, in sooth, by men, as evil or as good
Be counted, it by us, poor mortals, must be borne.
Full oft the ponderous axe on high the priest hath raised
In consecration o'er the earth-bowed victim's neck.101

Nor could achieve the rite, for he was hinderèd,
Or by approaching foe, or intervening God.

CHORUS.

What now will happen, canst thou not guess;
Enter, queen, enter thou in,
Strong of heart!
Evil cometh and good
Unexpected to mortals;
Though foretold, we credit it not.
Troya was burning, have we not seen
Death before us, terrible death!
And are we not here,
Bound to thee, serving with joy,
Seeing the dazzling sunshine of heaven,
And of earth, too, the fairest,
Kind one — thyself — happy are we!

HELENA.

Come what come may! Whate'er impends, me it behoves
To ascend, without delay, into the royal house,
Long missed, oft yearned-for, well-nigh forfeited;
Before mine eyes once more it stands, I know not how.
My feet now bear me not so lightly as of yore,
When up the lofty steps I, as a child, have sprung.

CHORUS.

Fling now, O sisters, ye
Captives who mourn your lot,
All your sorrows far from you.
Share ye your mistress' joy!
Share ye Helena's joy,
Who to the dear paternal hearth,
Though returning full late in sooth,
Nathless with surer, firmer tread
Joyfully now approaches!

Praise ye the holy ones,
Happy restoring ones,
Gods, the home-leaders, praise ye.
Soars the enfranchised one,
As upon outspread wings,
Over the roughest fate, while in vain

Pines the captured one, yearning-fraught,
Over the prison-battlements
Arms outstretching, in anguish.

Nathless her a god hath seized,
The exiled one,
And from Ilion's wreck
Bare her hitherward back once more,
To the ancient, the newly-adornèd
Father-house,
After unspeakable
Pleasure and anguish,
Earlier youthful time,
Newly quickened, to ponder.

PENTHALIS (*as leader of the chorus*).

Forsake ye now of song the joy-surrounded path,
And toward the portal-wings turn ye forthwith your gaze!
What see I, sisters? Here, returneth not the queen?
With step of eager haste, comes she not back to us?—
What is it, mighty queen, that in the palace-halls,
Instead of friendly hail, could there encounter thee,
And shatter thus thy being? Thou conceal'st it not;
For I abhorrence see, impressed upon thy brow,
And noble anger, that contendeth with surprise.

HELENA

(*who has left the folded doors open, excited*).

No vulgar fear beseems the daughter of high Zeus,
And her no lightly-fleeting terror-hand may touch;
But that dire horror which, from womb of ancient Night,
In time primeval rising, still in divers shapes,
Like lurid clouds, from out the mountain's fiery gorge,
Whirls itself forth, may shake even the hero's breast.
Thus have the Stygian Gods, with horror fraught, to-day
Mine entrance to the house so marked, that fain I am,
Back from the oft-time trod, long-yearned-for threshold, now,
Like to a guest dismissed, departing, to retire.
Yet no, retreated have I hither to the light;
No further shall ye drive me, Powers, whoe'er ye be!

Some expiation I'll devise, then purified,
The hearth-flame welcome may the consort as the lord.

LEADER OF THE CHORUS.

Discover, noble queen, to us thy handmaidens,
Devotedly who serve thee, what hath come to pass!

HELENA.

What I have seen, ye too, with your own eyes, shall see,
If ancient Night, within her wonder-teeming womb,
Hath not forthwith engulfed, once more, her ghastly birth;
But yet, that ye may know, with words I'll tell it you: —
What time the royal mansion's gloomy inner court,
Upon my task intent, with gloomy step I trod,
I wondered at the drear and silent corridors.
Fell on mine ear no sound of busy servitors,
No stir of rapid haste, officious, met my gaze;
Before me there appeared no maid, no stewardess,
Who every stranger erst, with friendly greeting, hailed.
But when I neared at length the bosom of the hearth,
There saw I, by the light of dimly smouldering fire,
Crouched on the ground, a crone, close-veiled, of stature huge,
Not like to one asleep, but as absorbed in thought!
With accent of command I summon her to work,
The stewardess in her surmising, whom perchance
My spouse, departing hence, with foresight there had placed;
Yet, closely muffled up, still sits she, motionless;
At length, upon my threat, uplifts she her right arm,
As though from hearth and hall she motioned me away.
Wrathful from her I turn and forthwith hasten out,
Towards the steps, whereon aloft the Thalamos
Rises adorned, thereto the treasure-house hard by;
When, on a sudden, starts the wonder from the floor;
Barring with lordly mien my passage, she herself
In haggard height displays, with hollow eyes, blood-grimed,
An aspect weird and strange, confounding eye and thought.
Yet speak I to the winds; for language all in vain

Creatively essays to body forth such shapes.
There see herself! The light she ventures to confront:
Here are we master, till the lord and monarch comes;
The ghastly brood of Night doth Phœbus, beauty's friend,
Back to their caverns drive, or them he subjugates.
(PHORKYAS *stepping on the threshold, between the door-posts*).

CHORUS.

Much have I lived through, although my tresses
Youthfully waver still round my temples;
Manifold horrors have mine eyes witnessed;
Warfare's dire anguish, Ilion's night,
When it fell;

Through the o'erclouded, dust-overshadowed
Tumult of war, to gods have I hearkened,
Fearfully shouting; hearkened while discord's
Brazen voices clang through the field
Rampart-wards.

Ah, yet standing were Ilion's
Ramparts; nathless the glowing flames
Shot from neighbor to neighbor roof,
Ever spreading from here and there,
With their tempest's fiery blast,
Over the night-darkened city.—

Flying, saw I through smoke and glare,
And the flash of the tonguèd flames,
Dreadful, threatening Gods draw near;
Wondrous figures, of giant mould,
Onward striding through the weird
Gloom of fire-luminous vapor.

Saw I them, or did my mind,
Anguish-torn, itself body forth
Phantoms so terrible — nevermore
Can I tell; but that I this
Horrible shape with eyes behold,
This of a surety know I!
Yea, with my hands could clutch it even,
Did not fear, from the perilous
Venture, ever withhold me.

Tell me, of Phorkyas'
Daughters which art thou?
For to that family
Thee must I liken.
Art thou, maybe, one of the gray-born?
One eye only, and but one tooth
Using still alternately?
One of the Graiæ art thou?

Darest thou, Horror,
Thus beside beauty,
Or to the searching glance
Phœbus' unveil thee?
Nathless step thou forward undaunted;
For the horrible sees he not,
As his hallowed glances yet
Never gazed upon shadows.

But a tragical fate, alas,
Us, poor mortals, constrains to bear
Anguish of vision, unspeakable,
Which the contemptible, ever detestable,
Doth in lovers of beauty wake!

Yea, so hearken then, if thou dar'st
Us to encounter, hear our curse,
Hark to each imprecation's threat,
Out of the curse-breathing lips of the happy ones,
Who by the gods created are!

PHORKYAS.

Trite is the word, yet high and true remains the sense:
That shame and beauty ne'er together, hand in hand,
Their onward way pursue, earth's verdant path along.
Deep-rooted in these twain dwelleth an ancient grudge,
So that, where'er they happen on their way to meet,
Upon her hated rival turneth each her back;
Then onward speeds her course with greater vehemence,
Shame filled with sorrow, Beauty insolent of mood,
Till her at length embraces Orcus' hollow night,
Unless old age erewhile her haughtiness hath tamed.
You find I now, ye wantons, from a foreign shore,
With insolence o'erflowing, like the clamorous flight

Of cranes, with shrilly scream that high above our heads,
A long and moving cloud, croaking send down their noise,
Which the lone pilgrim lures, wending his silent way,
Aloft to turn his gaze; yet on their course they fare,
He also upon his: so will it be with us.

Who are ye, then, that thus around the monarch's house,
With Mænad rage, ye dare like drunken ones to rave?
Who are ye, then, that ye the house's stewardess
Thus bay, like pack of hounds hoarsely that bay the moon?
Think ye, 'tis hid from me, the race whereof ye are?
Thou youthful, war-begotten, battle-nurtured brood,
Lewd and lascivious thou, seducers and seduced,
Unnerving both, the soldier's and the burgher's strength!
Seeing your throng, to me a locust swarm ye seem,
Which, settling down, conceals the young green harvest-field.
Wasters of others' toil! ye dainty revellers,
Destroyers in its bloom of all prosperity!
Thou conquered merchandise, exchanged and marketed!

HELENA.

Who in the mistress' presence chides her handmaidens,
Audacious, doth o'erstep her household privilege;
For her alone beseems, the praiseworthy to praise,
As also that to punish which doth merit blame.
Moreover with the service am I well content,
Which these have rendered me, what time proud Ilion's strength
Beleaguered stood, and fell and sank; nor less indeed
When we, of our sea-voyage the dreary changeful woe
Endured, where commonly each thinks but of himself.
Here also I expect the like from this blithe train;
Not what the servant is, we ask, but how he serves.
Therefore be silent thou, and snarl at them no more!
If thou the monarch's house till now hast guarded well
Filling the mistress' place, that for thy praise shall count;
But now herself is come, therefore do thou retire,
Lest chastisement be thine, instead of well-earned meed!

PHORKYAS.

The menial train to threat, a sacred right remains,
Which the illustrious spouse of heaven-favored lord
Through many a year doth earn of prudent governance.
Since that, now recognized, thy ancient place as queen,
And mistress of the house, once more thou dost resume,
The long-time loosened reins grasp thou; be ruler here,
And in possession take the treasures, us with them!
Me before all protect, who am the elder-born,
From this young brood, who seem, thy swan-like beauty near,
But as a basely winged flock of cackling geese!

LEADER OF THE CHORUS.

How hideous beside beauty showeth hideousness!

PHORKYAS.

How foolish by discretion's side shows foolishness!

(*Henceforth the choristers respond in turn, stepping forth singly from the chorus.*)

1ST CHORISTER.

Tell us of Father Erebus, tell us of Mother Night!

PHORKYAS.

Speak thou of Scylla, speak of her, thy sister born!

2D CHORISTER.

From thy ancestral tree springs many a monster forth.

PHORKYAS.

To Orcus hence, away! Seek thou thy kindred there!

3D CHORISTER.

Who yonder dwell, in sooth, for thee are far too young.

PHORKYAS.

Tiresias, the hoary, go, make love to him!

4TH CHORISTER.

Orion's nurse of old, was thy great-granddaughter.

PHORKYAS.

Harpies, so I suspect, did rear thee up in filth,

5TH CHORISTER.

Thy cherished meagreness, whereon dost nourish that?

PHORKYAS.

'Tis not with blood, for which so keenly thou dost thirst.

6TH CHORISTER. [335

For corpses dost thou hunger, loathsome corpse thyself!

PHORKYAS.

Within thy shameless jaw the teeth of vampires gleam.

7TH CHORISTER.

Thine I should stop were I to tell thee who thou art.

PHORKYAS.

First do thou name thyself; the riddle then is solved.

HELENA.

Not wrathful, but in grief, step I between you now,
Forbidding such alternate quarrel's angry noise; 340
For to the ruler naught more hurtful can befall,
Than 'mong his trusty servants, sworn and secret strife;
The echo of his mandate then to him no more,
In swift accomplished deed responsively returns;
No, stormful and self-willed, it rages him around, 345
The self-bewildered one, and chiding still in vain.
Nor this alone; ye have in rude unmannered wrath
Unblessèd images of dreadful shapes evoked,
Which so encompass me, that whirled I feel myself
To Orcus down, despite these my ancestral fields. 350
Is it remembrance? Was it frenzy seized on me?
Was I all that? and am I? shall I henceforth be
The dread and phantom-shape of those town-wasting ones?
The maidens quail: but thou, the eldest, thou dost stand,
Calm and unmoved; speak, then, to me some word of sense! 355

PHORKYAS.

Who of long years recalls the fortune manifold,
To him heaven's highest favor seems at last a dream.
But thou, so highly favored, past all bound or goal,
Saw'st, in thy life-course, none but love-inflamèd men,

Kindled by impulse rash to boldest enterprise.
Theseus by passion stirred full early seized on thee,
A man of glorious form and strong as Heracles.

HELENA.

Forceful he bore me off, a ten-year slender roe,
And in Aphidnus' keep, shut me, in Attica.

PHORKYAS.

But thence full soon set free, by Castor, Pollux too,
In marriage wast thou sought by chosen hero-band.

HELENA.

Yet hath Patroclus, he, Pelides' other self,
My secret favor won, as willingly I own.

PHORKYAS.

But thee thy father hast to Menelaus wed,
Bold rover of the sea and house-sustainer too.

HELENA.

His daughter gave he, gave to him the kingdom's sway;
And from our wedded union sprang Hermione.

PHORKYAS.

But while he strove afar, for Crete, his heritage,
To thee, all lonely, came an all too beauteous guest.

HELENA.

Wherefore the time recall of that half-widowhood,
And what destruction dire to me therefrom hath grown!

PHORKYAS.

That voyage unto me a free-born dame of Crete,
Hath also capture brought, and weary servitude.

HELENA.

As stewardess forthwith he did appoint thee here,
With much entrusted, — fort and treasure boldly won.

PHORKYAS.

All which thou didst forsake, by Ilion's tower-girt town
Allured, and by the joys, the exhaustless joys of love.

HELENA.

Remind me not of joys: no, an infinitude
Of all too bitter woe o'erwhelmed my heart and brain.

PHORKYAS.

Nathless 'tis said thou didst in twofold shape appear;
Seen within Ilion's walls, and seen in Egypt too.

HELENA.

Confuse thou not my brain, distraught and desolate!
Here even, who I am, in sooth, I cannot tell.

PHORKYAS.

'Tis also said, from out the hollow shadow-realm,
Achilles, passion-fired, hath joined himself to thee,
Whom he hath loved of old, 'gainst all resolves of Fate.

HELENA.

As phantom I myself, to him a phantom bound;
A dream it was — thus e'en the very words declare.
I faint, and to myself a phantom I become.
(*She sinks into the arms of the semi-chorus.*)

CHORUS.

Silence! Silence!
False-seeing one, false-speaking one, thou!
Through thy horrible, single-toothed lips,
Ghastly, what exhaleth
From such terrible loathsome gulf!

For the malignant one, kindliness feigning.
Rage of wolf 'neath the sheep's woolly fleece,
Far more terrible is unto me than
Jaws of the hound three-headed.
Anxiously watching stand we here:
When? How? Where of such malice
Bursteth the tempest
From this deep-lurking brood of Hell?

Now, 'stead of friendly words, freighted with comfort,
Lethe-bestowing, gracious and mild,
Thou art summoning from times departed,
Thoughts of the past most hateful,
Overshadowing not alone
All sheen gilding the present,

Also the future's
Mildly glimmering light of hope.

Silence! Silence!
That fair Helena's soul,
Ready e'en now to take flight,
Still may keep, yea firmly keep
The form of all forms, the loveliest,
Ever illumined of old by the sun.

(HELENA *has revived, and again stands in the midst.*)

PHORKYAS.

Forth emerge from fleeting cloudlets, sun resplendent of this day,
If when veiled thou couldst delight us, dazzling now thy splendor reigns.
As the world unfolds before thee, thou dost gaze with gracious look.
Though as hideous they revile me, well the beautiful I know.

HELENA.

Giddy from the void I issue, that in fainting round me closed,
Rest once more I fain would cherish, for sore-weary are my limbs;
Yet the queen it still beseemeth, yea all mortals it beseems,
Self-controlled, to man their spirits, whatsoe'er of ill may threat.

PHORKYAS.

In thy greatness now thou standest, in thy beauty 'fore us there,
Tells thy glance that thou commandest; what commandest thou? speak it forth!

HELENA.

The delay your strife occasioned, now prepare ye to retrieve:
Haste, a sacrifice to order, as the king commanded me!

PHORKYAS.

In the palace all is ready: censer, tripod, sharpened axe,
For lustration and for incense; now the destined victim show!

HELENA.

That to me the king disclosed not.

PHORKYAS.

Spake it not? O doleful word!

HELENA.

What the sorrow that o'erpowers thee?

PHORKYAS.

Queen, it is thyself art meant!

HELENA.

I?

PHORKYAS.

And these.

CHORUS.

Oh, woe and wailing!

PHORKYAS.

Thou wilt perish by the axe.

HELENA.

Dreadful—yet surmised! Me wretched!

PHORKYAS.

Unavoidable it seems.

CHORUS.

And to us, ah, what will happen?

PHORKYAS.

She a noble death will die;
But upon the lofty rafter, that upholds the gable-roof,
As in fowling-time the thrushes, ye shall struggle in a row.

(HELENA *and the chorus stand astounded and terrified, in striking, well-arranged groups.*)

PHORKYAS.

Poor phantoms!—Stand ye there like figures petrified,
In deadly fear to part from day, which is not yours.
Mortals, who phantoms are together like as ye,
Not willingly renounce the sun's resplendent beams;

Yet from their doom may none save them by force or prayer;
All know it, yet can few with pleasure welcome it!
Enough, ye all are lost. So to the work forthwith!
(*She claps her hands; thereupon appear at the door masked dwarfish figures, who execute with alacrity the orders as they are delivered*).
Approach, thou swarthy, round, misshapen, goblin train!
Roll yourselves hither! Mischief work ye here at will.
The altar, golden-horned, bear ye, and give it place;
And let the gleaming axe o'erlay the silver rim!
The water-vessels fill, wherewith to wash away
Of black polluting gore, the horror-breathing stain;
The costly carpet here outspread upon the dust,
That so the victim may in royal fashion kneel,
And wrapt within its folds, although with severed head,
Sepulchred straight may be, with honorable rites!

LEADER OF THE CHORUS.

The queen, absorbed in thought, beside us stands apart;
Blenching the maidens droop, like meadow-grass when mown;
On me, the eldest, seems a sacred duty laid,
With thee to barter words, thou form of primal eld.
Experienced art thou, wise, well-minded seemest to us,
Although this brainless troop, misjudging, thee reviled:
Tell then, if thou dost know, of rescue possible.

PHORKYAS.

'Tis easy said. Alone it resteth with the queen
Herself to save, and you her handmaidens with her.
Needful is prompt resolve, and of the quickest, too!

CHORUS.

Most revered among the Parcæ, wisest of the Sibyls thou,
Sheathèd hold the golden scissors, light and life to us proclaim!
For our tender limbs already, feel we dangling, unrejoicing,
Swinging to and fro, that rather in the dance rejoiced of yore,
Resting then on lover's breast.

HELENA.

These tremblers leave ye; sorrow feel I, naught of fear;
Yet knowest thou rescue, straight be it with thanks received!
To sage, far-seeing minds, oft the impossible
As possible doth show. Speak on and tell thy thought!

CHORUS.

Speak and tell us, tell us quickly; how may we escape the ghastly,
Odious nooses, that, with menace, like to ornaments the vilest,
Round our necks themselves are coiling? We, poor victims, feel beforehand,
Feel the stifling, feel the choking, if of all the gods, thou, Rhea,
Lofty mother, feelest no pity!

PHORKYAS.

Have ye patience, to my story's course protracted
Still to hearken? Manifold its windings are.

CHORUS.

Patience enough! For while we hearken still we live.

PHORKYAS.

The man at home who tarries, noble wealth who guards,
And knoweth to cement his dwelling's lofty walls,
As also to secure his roof 'gainst stress of rain,
With him shall all go well, through the long day of life:
But lightly who o'ersteps, with rash and flying foot,
His threshold's sacred bounds, by guilty aim impelled,
Shall find, on his return, the ancient place, indeed,
But altered everything, if not completely wrecked.

HELENA.

Declare, whereto these trite and well-known proverbs here?
Thou shouldst relate; stir not what needs must give offence!

PHORKYAS.

True history it is, in no wise a reproof.
As pirate Menelaus steered from bay to bay;

Mainland and islands, all he ravaged as a foe,
With spoil returning home, as it within lies stored.
He before Ilion's walls hath wasted ten long years,
But on his homeward course how many know I not;
Meanwhile how fares it here where stands the lofty house
Of Tyndarus? How fares it with the region round?

HELENA.

Is then reproach in thee so thoroughly ingraft,
That, save to utter blame, thy lips thou canst not move?

PHORKYAS.

Thus stood, for many years, forlorn the sloping ridge
That northwards to the height rises in Sparta's rear,
Behind Taygetus, whence, still a merry brook,
Downward Eurotas rolls, and then, along our vale,
Broad-flowing among reeds, gives nurture to your swans.
There in the mountain-vale, behind, a stalwart race
Themselves established, pressing from Cimmerian night,
And have upreared a fastness, inaccessible,
Whence land and folk around they harry, as they list.

HELENA.

This could they then achieve? Impossible it seems.

PHORKYAS.

They ample time have had; haply, some twenty years.

HELENA.

Is one the lord? Are they a numerous robber-horde?

PHORKYAS.

Not robbers are they, yet is one among them lord.
Of him I speak no blame, though once he sought me here;
He might have taken all, yet did content himself
With some few things — which he free gifts, not tribute, named.

HELENA.

And what his mien?

PHORKYAS.

Nowise amiss! He pleases me,
A cheerful man he is, courageous, and well-built,

With understanding dowered, as few among the Greeks.
As barbarous we brand the race, but yet, methinks,
So savage none can be as heroes, not a few,
Who man-devouring pests at Ilion showed themselves
His greatness I respect; did trust myself to him.
His fortress! That should ye with your own eyes behold!
'Tis something different from clumsy mason-work,
The which your fathers have aloft, at random, piled,
Cyclopean like the cyclops, one unwieldy stone
On stone unwieldy hurling! There quite otherwise,
Upright and level, all is fixed by square and rule.
Gaze on it from without; upward it strives toward heaven,
So straight, so well-adjusted, mirror-smooth like steel;
To clamber there, in sooth, your very thought slides down.
Within are ample courts, broad spaces girt around
With solid mason-work, of divers kinds and use;
Pillars, pilasters, arches, archlets, balconies,
Are there, and galleries, for peering out and in,
And scutcheons.

HELENA.

What are they?

PHORKYAS.

Ajax, upon his shield,
A coiled serpent bare, as ye yourselves have seen;
The seven chiefs at Thebes have figured emblems borne,
Each one upon his shield, significant and rich:
There moon and star were seen, on heaven's nightly field,
There goddess, hero, ladder, weapons, torches, too,
And what with violence still threatens goodly towns.
Devices of like sort beareth our hero-band,
In colored splendor, heired from primal ancestors;
There lions you behold, eagles, claw too and beak,
Then horns of buffalo, wings, roses, peacock-tails,
Bars also, gold and black and silver, blue and red.
Such symbols in their halls hang pendant, row on row,
In halls that know no bound, ample as is the world;
There might ye dance!

CHORUS.

O tell us, be there dancers there?

PHORKYAS.

The best; a youthful band, blooming and golden-haired;
Of youth they breathe! Of yore so only Paris breathed,
What time he to the queen approached too near.

HELENA.

Thou fall'st
Quite from thy part! To me declare the final word.

PHORKYAS.

That speakest thou; in earnest say distinctly yes!
Then with that fortress thee I'll straightway compass.

CHORUS.

Speak
That little word, and save thyself and us with thee!

HELENA.

How? Shall I harbor fear lest Menelaus should
So ruthlessly transgress as rage to wreak on me?

PHORKYAS.

Hast thou forgotten, how he thy Deiphobus,
Thy slaughtered Paris' brother, in unheard-of guise,
Hath mangled, he who strove thy stubborn widowhood
To bend, and gained his purpose! Nose and ears he lopped,
And mutilated sore; 'twas horror to behold!

HELENA.

That did he unto him; for my sake it was done.

PHORKYAS.

And for his sake, be sure, the like he'll do to thee.
Not to be shared is beauty; her who hath possessed
Entire, destroyeth rather, cursing partnership.
(*Trumpets in the distance; the* Chorus *shudders.*)
As the shrill trumpets' blare doth ear and entrails seize,
Rending asunder, so her talons jealousy
Fixes in that man's breast, who never can forget
What once he owned, now lost, by him possessed no more.

CHORUS.

Hear'st thou not the horns resounding? See'st thou not the gleam of arms?

PHORKYAS.

Be thou welcome! To thee, lord and monarch! gladly
give I reckoning.

CHORUS.

But for us?

PHORKYAS.

Ye know full surely: 'fore your eyes her
death you see,
Your own death mark, too, within there; no, for you
there is no help. (*Pause.*)

HELENA.

I have the course devised, which next I will pursue.
An adverse Demon art thou, that full well I feel;
And fear thou wilt convert even the good to ill.
Nathless to yonder keep I straight will follow thee.
The rest I know: but what in her deep breast the
queen
As mystery conceals, let it remain to all
A secret unrevealed! Now, ancient one, lead on!

CHORUS.

O how gladly go we hence,
Urging our footsteps:
Death in our rear;
Once more before us
Rises a fortress,
With unscalable ramparts;
Us may they shelter as well,
Even as Ilion's keep,
Which succumbed at last
Through contemptible craft alone!

(*Mists diffuse themselves, veiling the background; also the nearer portion of the scene.*)

How! Sisters, how!
Sisters, gaze around!
Was it not cheerfulest day?
Mists are rising, wreathing aloft,
From Eurotas' hallowed stream!
Vanished hath the beautiful,
Sedge-becrowned marge from the gaze;
And the free, graceful swans,
Proudly, silently, floating,

Joyfully together,
See I, ah! no more!

Yet, sisters, yet!
Singing hear I them,
Singing harsh tones from afar —
Death presaging, so mortals say;
Ah, that they to us may not,
'Stead of rescue's promised weal,
Ruin dire betoken at last,
Unto us, swan-like maids,
Fair, white-throated ones, and ah!
To our queen swan-gendered!
Woe to us, woe, woe!

All itself overshrouds,
Wrapt in vapor and mist;
Gaze on each other can we not!
What befalls? Do we walk?
Hover we now,
Tripping with light steps over the ground?
Seest thou naught? Floats not us before
Hermes perchance? Gleams not his golden wand,
Bidding, commanding us back to return,
Back to yon joyless realm, dusky and gray,
With intangible phantoms teeming,
The o'ercrowded, yet aye-empty Hades?

Deepens all at once the darkness. Rayless now dissolves the vapor,
Gray and murky brown as stone-work. Walls ascend, our glances meeting,
Our free glances meeting sheer. Court is it? deep moat? or cavern?
'Tis in every case appalling! Sisters, ah, we are imprisoned,
'Prisoned now as erst we were!

(*Inner court of the castle, surrounded with rich fantastic buildings of the middle ages.*)

LEADER OF THE CHORUS.

Foolish and overswift, true type of woman-kind,
Dependent on the moment, sport of every gust

Of bale or blessing! Yet not either can ye bear
With constant courage. One still fiercely contradicts
The others, crosswise she by others is gainsaid;
Only in joy and pain ye, with the self-same tone,
Or howl or laugh. Be still and hearken what the queen,
High-souled, may here decide both for herself and us.

HELENA.

Where art thou, Pythonissa? Whatsoe'er thy name,
From out the gloomy vaults step forth of this stern keep!
Perchance, art gone to seek this wondrous hero-lord,
To herald my approach, reception kind bespeaking!
So take my thanks and quickly lead me unto him!
My wanderings I would end, repose I wish alone.

LEADER OF THE CHORUS.

Vainly thou lookest, queen, round thee on every side;
The hateful form hath vanished, or perchance remained
In yonder mist, from forth whose bosom hitherward,
We came, I wist not how, swiftly without a step;
Perchance, indeed, in doubt, this labyrinth she treads,
Where many castles strangely mingle into one,
Greeting august and high demanding from its lord.
But yonder see above, where move in busy throngs,
In corridors, at casements, and through portals wide,
A crowd of menials passing, swiftly here and there;
Distinguished welcome this portends of honored guest.

CHORUS.

Expands now my heart! O, yonder behold,
How modestly downward, with lingering step,
A fair youthful throng becomingly move
In march well appointed! Say, by whose command
Now appeareth well-trained, and so promptly arrayed,
Of blooming boyhood, the glorious race?
What admire I the most? Is it their elegant gait,
Or the tresses that curl round their dazzling white brow,
Or the twin-blooming cheeks, with the hue of the peach.
And shaded like it with soft tender down?
Fain would I bite, but I shrink back in fear;
For in similar venture, replete was the mouth,
I shudder to tell it, with ashes!

But the most beautiful
Hither are wending;
What are they bearing?
Steps for the throne,
Carpet and seat,
Hangings and tent-
Adorning gear?
Hover the folds on high,
Cloud-garlands forming
Over the head of our queen;
Lo! now invited,
Climbs she the stately couch.
Forward advancing,
Step by step, treading,
Range yourselves there!
Worthy, oh worthy, thrice worthy of her,
Be blessing on such a reception!

(*All that the* Chorus *has indicated takes place by degrees.*)

(*After pages and squires have descended in long procession,* Faust *appears above, on the steps, in knightly court costume of the middle ages; he descends slowly and with dignity.*)

LEADER OF THE CHORUS.

(*attentively observing him*).

If to this man the gods have not, as is their wont,
But for a season lent this wonder-worthy form,
And if his lofty grace, his love-inspiring mien,
Be not their transient gift, success will sure attend
On all he undertakes, be it in strife with men,
Or in the petty war, with fairest women waged.
To many others him, in sooth, I must prefer,
Others, the highly prized, on whom mine eyes have gazed.
With slow, majestic step, by reverence withheld,
The prince do I behold. Towards him turn, O queen!

FAUST

(*advancing, a man in fetters at his side*).

'Stead of most solemn greeting, as beseemeth,
'Stead of most reverent welcome, bring I thee,
In chains fast manacled, this varlet, who
In duty failing, wrested mine from me.—

Here bend thy knee, before this noblest dame,
To make forthwith confession of thy guilt! —
This is, exalted potentate, the man,
Of rarest vision, from the lofty tower
Appointed round to gaze, the expanse of heaven
Keenly to overlook, and breadth of earth,
If here or yonder aught present itself,
From the encircling hills, across the vale,
Towards this fortress moving; billowy herds,
Or warlike host perchance; those we defend,
These meet in fight. To-day, what negligence!
Thou comest hither, he proclaims it not;
August reception faileth, honor due
To guest so noble. Forfeited he hath
His guilty life, and in the blood of death,
Well-merited, should lie; but thou alone
May'st punish, or show mercy, at thy pleasure.

HELENA.

High as the honor thou accordest me,
As judge, as potentate, and were it but,
As I suspect, to try me — so will I
The judge's foremost duty now fulfil,
To give the accused a hearing. — Therefore speak!

LYNCEUS, THE TOWER-WARDER.

Let me kneel and gaze upon her,
Let me live or let me die:
Pledged to serve, with truth and honor,
The god-given dame, am I.

Watching for the morning, gazing
Eastward for its rising, lo!
In the south, my vision dazing,
Rose the sun a wondrous show.

Neither earth nor heavenward turning,
Depth nor height my vision drew;
Thitherward I gazed, still yearning,
Her, the peerless one, to view.

Eyesight keen to me is granted,
Like to lynx on highest tree;
From the dream, which me enchanted.
Hard I struggled to be free.

Could I the delusion banish —
Turret — tower — barred gateway see?
Vapors rise, and vapors vanish;
Forward steps this deity!

Eye and heart to her I tender!
I inhale her gentle light;
Blinding all, such beauty's splendor
Blinded my poor senses quite;

I forgot the warder's duty,
I forgot the entrusted horn;
Threaten to destroy me — Beauty
Tameth anger, tameth scorn.

HELENA.

The ill, myself occasioned, dare I not
Chastise. Ah, woe is me! What ruthless fate
Pursues me, everywhere the breasts of men
So to befool, that they nor spare themselves
Nor aught that claimeth reverence. Plundering now,
Seducing, fighting, harrying here and there,
Gods, heroes, demi-gods, yea, dæmons, too,
Perplexed have led me, wandering to and fro;
Singly, the world I maddened, doubly, more;
Now threefold, fourfold, bring I woe on woe! —
This guiltless man discharge, let him go free,
No shame should light upon the god-befooled.

FAUST.

Filled with amaze, O queen, I see at once
The unerring smiter, here the smitten one;
The bow I see, wherefrom hath sped the shaft
This man that wounded. Shaft doth follow shaft,
And me they smite. Them crosswise I perceive,
Feathered, and whirring round through court and keep.
What am I now? Thou makest, all at once,
My trustiest, rebellious; insecure
My very walls; henceforth my hosts, I fear,
Will serve the conquering unconquered queen.
What now remaineth, save myself to yield,
And all I fancied mine, to thy sole sway?
Freely and truly, let me at thy feet,

Acknowledge thee as queen, who, coming here,
Hath won forthwith possession and a throne.

LYNCEUS

(*with a chest, followed by men bearing other chests*).

Back, queen, thou seest me once more!
One glance the rich man doth implore;
Poor as a beggar feeleth he,
Yet rich as prince — beholding thee.

What was I erst — what am I now?
What can I wish — what aim avow?
What boots it keenest sight to own?
Its glance reboundeth from thy throne?

We from the east still onward pressed,
And soon o'ermastered was the west;
A host of nations, long and vast —
The foremost knew not of the last;

The foremost fell; the next advance;
Ready the third with doughty lance —
Strengthened was each a hundredfold;
Thousands, unmarked, lay stark and cold.

We rushed along, we stormed apace,
Lordship we won, from place to place;
And where to-day I sway achieved,
Next day another sacked and reaved.

Rapid the glance we took — one laid
His hand upon the fairest maid,
The steer one seized of surest tread;
The horses all with us were led.

But my delight was everywhere
To peer about for things most rare;
And what another held in store,
To me was withered grass, no more.

On treasure's track I onward sped,
Only by my keen insight led;
In every coffer I could see,
Transparent was each chest to me.

Thus heaps of gold at length were mine,
And jewel-stones, with lustrous shine? —

The emerald's resplendent green
Alone may grace thy breast, fair queen.

Let pearl-drops hang 'twixt lip and ear,
The spoil of Ocean! rubies, near
Thy dainty cheeks, their radiance lose,
Quenched by their vermeil-tinctured hues.

The greatest treasures thus to-day,
Before thy presence here I lay;
And at thy feet, in homage yield
Harvest of many a bloody field.

Though I full many a chest have brought,
Yet more I have, with treasure fraught;
Let me attend thy path, and lo!
Thy treasure-vaults shall straight o'erflow.

For scarce dost thou the throne ascend,
Already bow, already bend,
Reason, and wealth, and sovereign power,
Before thy beauty's peerless dower.

All this I firmly held, as mine —
Freely relinquished, now 'tis thine!
Its worth I deemed both vast and high —
Its nothingness I now descry.

What once was mine, doth from me pass,
Scattered like mown and withered grass.
With one kind look, give back once more,
In full, the worth it owned before!

FAUST.

Hence quickly with the burden boldly earned,
Not blamed, in sooth, but yet without reward.
Already all is hers, which in its depths
The castle hides; to offer special gifts
Is bootless. Hence! Treasure on treasure heap,
In order due; of splendor yet unseen
Set forth the exalted pomp; and let the vaults
Glitter like heaven new-born; from lifeless life
A paradise prepare; before her steps,
With eager haste, let carpet, rich in flowers,
Unroll on flowery carpet! Let her tread

Meet dainty footing, and the brightest sheen,
Blinding to all but gods, her glance arrest!

LYNCEUS.

Slight is our lord's behest; 'tis play,
A pleasant pastime, to obey:
Not wealth alone, the blood no less
O'ersways this beauty's fond excess!
Tamed is the host, and falchions keen,
Now blunt and lame have lost their sheen;
The sun beside her form divine,
Weary and cold, forgets to shine;
While near the riches of her face,
Empty is all devoid of grace. (*Exit.*)

HELENA (*to* FAUST).

With thee I fain would speak, therefore ascend,
And seat thee at my side! The vacant place
Invites its owner, and secures me mine.

FAUST.

First, kneeling, let my true allegiance be
Accepted, noble lady; let me kiss
The hand that now uplifts me to thy side!
Me as co-regent strengthen of thy realm,
No bound that knows; and for thyself obtain
Adorer, liegeman, warder, all in one!

HELENA.

Full many a wonder do I see and hear;
Amazement strikes me, much I have to ask.
Yet fain I am to know wherefore the speech
Of yonder man sounds strangely, strange and sweet:
Each tone appears accordant with the next,
And hath a word found welcome in the ear,
Another woos caressingly the first.

FAUST.

If thee our people's utterance thus delights,
O then be sure, their song will ravish thee,
Appeasing to their depths both ear and mind.
Yet were it best this language to essay;
Alternate speech invites it, calls it forth.

HELENA.

How thus to speak so sweetly I would know.

FAUST.

'Tis easy, from the heart the words must flow;
And when with fond desire the bosom yearns,
We look around and ask —

HELENA,

Who with us burns?

FAUST.

The spirit looks nor forward nor behind,
The present only —

HELENA.

There our bliss we find.

FAUST.

Wealth is it, pledge and fortune; I demand,
Who granteth confirmation?

HELENA.

This — my hand.

CHORUS.

Who would now upbraid our princess
Grant she to this castle's lord
Friendliest demeanor?
For confess, together are we
Captives now, as oft already,
Since the tragical overthrow
Ilios', and our piteous voyage
Labyrinthine, with sorrow fraught.

Women wont to men's affection,
Choosers are they not, in sooth,
Rather adepts are they;
And to gold-ringleted shepherds,
May be to Fauns darkly bearded,
As to them the occasion comes,
O'er thy delicate limbs must they
Yield completely an equal right,

Near and nearer sit they already,
Each on other reclining,

Shoulder to shoulder, knee to knee,
Hand in hand, rock they themselves
Over the throne's
High and loftily cushioned state;
For no scruple hath majesty,
Secretest raptures,
'Fore the eyes of the people,
All unblushingly thus to display,

HELENA.

I feel myself so distant, yet so near,
And all too gladly say: Here am I! here!

FAUST.

I tremble; scarcely breathe, words die away:
A dream it is, vanished have place and day!

HELENA.

Outworn I feel and yet as life were new,
With thee entwined: to thee, the unknown one, true.

FAUST.

Forbear to ponder thy strange destiny!
Being is duty, were it momently.

PHORKYAS (*entering impatiently*).

On love's primer cast your eyes,
Its sweet lessons analyze,
Fondly sport in lover-wise!
Yet thereto time fails, I ween.
Feel ye not the storm o'erhanging?
Hear ye not the trumpet clanging!
Ruin nears, with threatening mien.

Menelaus comes, and gleaming
With him waves of people streaming;
Arm ye for the conflict keen!
Girt by victors conquest heated,
Like Deiphobus, maltreated,
Forfeit thou must pay, O queen;
These light ware shall from the halter
Dangle; ready on the altar
Sharpened axe for thee is seen!

FAUST.

Bold interruption, she annoyingly intrudes!
Not e'en in peril brook I senseless violence.
Ill message hideous make the fairest messenger;
Most hideous thou who dost ill tidings gladly bring.
They shall not profit thee; ay, shatter thou the air
With empty breath. In sooth, no danger lurketh here,
And danger's self would seem but idle threatening.

(*Signals. Explosions from the towers, trumpets and cornets, martial music, a powerful army marches across the stage.*)

FAUST.

No, straight assembled thou shalt see
Our heroes' close united band!
For woman's grace none wins but he
Who knows to shield with forceful hand.

(*To the leaders, who separate themselves from their columns and step forward.*)

With bridled rage and silent power,
Which victory must crown at length,
Ye of the north, the youthful flower,
Ye of the east, the blooming strength!

Steel-clad, with sunbeams round them breaking,
Empires they shatter with their spear;
They march — beneath them earth is shaking; —
They pass — it thunders in their rear.

At Pylos from our barques we landed —
The ancient Nestor was no more;
In vain their troops, the kinglings banded,
'Gainst our free host, on Hellas' shore.

Drive from these walls, my voice obeying,
King Menelaus back to sea;
There let him, sacking and waylaying,
Fulfil his will and destiny.

I hail you dukes, for so ordaineth
Sparta's fair queen; before her lay
Mountain and valley; while she reigneth,
Ye, too, shall profit by her sway.

Guard, German, wall and fence extending,
Corinthus' bay, whate'er assails;
Goths, I confide to your defending,
Achaia, with its hundred vales;

March, Franks, your course to Elis steering,
Messene be the Saxon's share;
Normans, the sea from pirates clearing,
Of Argolis the strength repair.

Then shall each one, at home abiding,
Prowess and strength abroad make known;
Yet Sparta shall, o'er all presiding,
Be still our queen's ancestral throne.

Rejoicing in their lands, each nation
She sees, with every blessing crowned;
Justice and light and confirmation,
Seek at her feet, with trust profound.

(FAUST *descends, the princes close a circle round him, in order better to hear his instructions and commands.*)

CHORUS.

Who the fairest fain would possess,
Foremost, let him for weapons
Stoutly and wisely look all around!
Fond words for him may have won
What on earth is the highest:
Yet in peace possesseth he not;
Fawners slyly entice her from him,
Spoilers daringly snatch her from him;
This to guard against be he prepared!

I for this commend our prince,
Prize him higher than others,
Who, brave and prudent, himself hath leagued,
So that the stalwart obedient stand,
To his beck still attentive;
Loyally they his hests fulfil,
To his own profit, one and all,
Having his guerdon in his lord's thanks,
And for the loftiest glory of both.

For who shall snatch her away
From her potent possessor?
She is his, to him be she granted,
Doubly granted by us, whom he
Within, e'en like her, with impregnable ramparts,
Without, by mightiest host, surrounds.

FAUST.

Our gifts to these are great and glorious:
To every one a goodly land
Fertile and broad. March on victorious!
Here in the midst take we our stand.

Girt round by waves in sunlight dancing,
Half island, thee — whose hill-chains blend
With Europe's mountains, widely branching —
Will they in rivalry defend.

Blessed be this land, all lands transcending,
To every race, for evermore,
Which sees my queen the throne ascending,
As erst her birth it hailed of yore.

When, 'mid Eurotas' reedy whisper,
Forth from the shell she burst to light,
Her mighty mother, brothers, sister,
Were blinded by the dazzling sight.

This land, her choicest bloom that layeth
Before thee, waiting thy behest —
Though the wide earth thy sceptre swayeth,
Oh, love thy fatherland the best!

What though the sun's keen arrow coldly playeth,
Upon the mountain summits, jagged and bare
Yet where the rocks the verdure overlayeth,
The wild-goat nibbling crops its scanty fare;

The spring leaps forth, united plunge the fountains,
And meadow, gorge, and valley, all are green,
On broken pastures of a hundred mountains,
Spread far and wide the woolly herds are seen;

With measured tread, cautious, in line divided,
By the steep edge, the hornèd cattle wend;
Yet for them all a shelter is provided,
O'er many a cave the vaulted rock doth bend!

Pan shields them there, and many a nymph appeareth.
In moist and bushy caverns dwelling free;
And yearning after higher spheres, upreareth
Its leafy branches, tree close pressed to tree —

Primeval woods! The giant oak there standing,
Links bough to bough, a stubborn, tortuous, maze;
The gentle maple, with sweet juice expanding,
Shoots clear aloft and with its burden plays —

And motherly for child and lambkin streameth,
'Mid silent shades, warm milk prepared for them;
Fruit close at hand, the plain's ripe nurture, gleameth,
And honey droppeth from the hollow stem.

Pleasure is here a birthright; vieing
In gladness cheek and lip are found,
Each in his station is undying,
Content and blooming health abound.

And thus to all his father's strength unfoldeth
The gentle child, environed by sweet day.
Amazed we stand; each asks, as he beholdeth:
If gods they be, or men? so fair are they.

So when the part of hind Apollo playeth,
Like him the fairest shepherd-youth appears;
For there where Nature in clear circle swayeth,
Harmoniously are linked her several spheres.

(*Taking his seat beside* HELENA.)

Thus happy Fate hath me, hath thee attended;
Behind us henceforth let the past be thrown!
From God supreme, oh, feel thyself descended:
Thou to the primal world belongest alone.

Thee shall no firm-built fortress capture;
Strong in eternal youth, expands
For us a sojourn; fraught with rapture,
Arcadia, near to Sparta's lands.

Allured to this blest region, hither
Hast fled to brightest destiny:
Thrones change to bowers that never wither;
Arcadian be our bliss and free!

(*The scene is entirely changed. Close arbors recline against a series of rocky caverns. A shady grove extends to the base of the encircling rocks.* FAUST *and* HELENA *are not seen. The* CHORUS *lies sleeping scattered here and there.*)

PHORKYAS.

How long these maids have slept, in sooth, I cannot tell:
Or whether they have dreamed what I before mine eyes
Saw bright and clear, to me is equally unknown.
So wake I them. Amazed the younger folk shall be.
Ye too, ye bearded ones, who sit below and wait, 1091
Hoping to see at length these miracles resolved.
Arise! Arise! And shake quickly your crisped locks!
Shake slumber from your eyes! Blink not, and list to me!

CHORUS.

Only speak, relate, and tell us, what of wonderful hath chanced!
We more willingly shall hearken that which we cannot believe;
For we are aweary, weary, gazing on these rocks around.

PHORKYAS.

Children, how, already weary, though you scarce have rubbed your eyes?
Hearken then! Within these caverns, in these grottoes, in these bowers,
Shield and shelter have been given, as to lover-twain idyllic,
To our lord and to our lady —

CHORUS.

How, within there?

PHORKYAS.

Yea, secluded
From the world; and me, me only, they to secret service called.
Highly honored stood I near them, yet, as one in trust beseemeth,
Round I gazed on other objects, turning hither, turning thither,

Sought for roots, for barks and mosses, with their properties acquainted;
And they thus remained alone.

CHORUS.

Thou wouldst make believe that yonder, world-wide spaces lie within,
Wood and meadow, lake and brooklet; what strange fable spinnest thou!

PHORKYAS.

Yea, in sooth, ye inexperienced, there lie regions undiscovered:
Hall on hall, and court on court; in my musings these I track.
Suddenly a peal of laughter echoes through the caverned spaces;
In I gaze, a boy is springing from the bosom of the woman
To the man, from sire to mother: the caressing and the fondling,
All love's foolish playfulnesses, mirthful cry and shout of rapture,
Alternating, deafen me.
Naked, without wings, a genius, like a faun, with nothing bestial,
On the solid ground he springeth; but the ground, with counter-action,
Up to ether sends him flying; with the second, third rebounding
Touches he the vaulted roof.
Anxiously the mother calleth: Spring amain, and at thy pleasure:
But beware, think not of flying, unto thee is flight denied
And so warns the faithful father: In the earth the force elastic
Lies, aloft that sends thee bounding; let thy toe but touch the surface,
Like the son of earth, Antæus, straightway is thy strength renewed.
And so o'er these rocky masses, on from dizzy ledge to ledge,

Leaps he ever, hither, thither, springing like a stricken ball.
But in cleft of rugged cavern suddenly from sight he vanished;
And now lost to us he seemeth, mother waileth, sire consoleth,
Anxiously I shrug my shoulders. But again, behold, what vision!
Lie there treasures hidden yonder? Raiment broidered o'er with flowers
He becomingly hath donned;
Tassels from his arms are waving, ribbons flutter on his bosom,
In his hand the lyre all-golden, wholly like a tiny Phœbus,
Boldly to the edge he steppeth, to the precipice; we wonder,
And the parents, full of rapture, cast them on each other's heart;
For around his brow what splendor! Who can tell what there is shining?
Gold-work is it, or the flaming of surpassing spirit-power?
Thus he moveth, with such gesture, e'en as boy himself announcing
Future master of all beauty, through whose limbs, whose every member,
Flow the melodies eternal: and so shall ye hearken to him,
And so shall ye gaze upon him, to your special wonderment.

CHORUS.

This callest thou marvellous,
Daughter of Creta?
Unto the bard's pregnant word
Hast thou perchance never listened?
Hast thou not heard of Ionia's,
Ne'er been instructed in Hellas'
Legends, from ages primeval,
Godlike, heroical treasure?
All, that still happeneth
Now in the present,

Sorrowful echo 'tis,
Of days ancestral, more noble;
Equals not, in sooth, thy story
That which beautiful fiction,
Than truth more worthy of credence,
Chanted hath of Maia's offspring!

This so shapely and potent, yet
Scarcely-born delicate nursling,
Straight have his gossiping nurses
Folded in purest swaddling fleece,
Fastened in costly swathings,
With their irrational notions.
Potent and shapely, ne'ertheless,
Draws the rogue his flexible limbs,
Body firm yet elastic,
Craftily forth; the purple shell,
Him so grievously binding,
Leaving quietly in its place;
As the perfected butterfly,
From the rigid chrysalid,
Pinion unfolding, rapidly glides,
Boldly and wantonly sailing through
Sun-impregnated ether.

So he, too, the most dexterous,
That to robbers and scoundrels,
Yea, and to all profit-seekers,
He a favoring god might be,
This he straightway made manifest,
Using arts the most cunning.

Swift from the ruler of ocean he
Steals the trident, yea, e'en from Arès
Steals the sword from the scabbard;
Arrow and bow from Phœbus, too,
Also his tongs from Hephæstos:
Even Zeus', the father's, bolt,
Him had fire not scared, he had taken.
Eros also worsted he,
In limb-grappling, wrestling match;
Stole from Cypria as she caressed him,
From her bosom, the girdle.

(*An exquisite, purely melodious lyre-music resounds from the cave. All become attentive, and appear soon to be inwardly moved; henceforth, to the pause indicated, there is a full musical accompaniment.*)

PHORKYAS.

Hark, those notes so sweetly sounding;
Cast aside your fabled lore:
Gods, in olden time abounding, —
Let them go! their day is o'er.

None will comprehend your singing;
Nobler theme the age requires:
From the heart must flow, up-springing,
What to touch the heart aspires.

(*She retires behind the rock.*)

CHORUS.

To these tones, so sweetly flowing,
Dire one! dost incline thine ears,
They in us, new health bestowing,
Waken now the joy of tears.

Vanish may the sun's clear shining,
In our soul if day arise,
In our heart we, unrepining,
Find what the whole world denies.

HELENA, FAUST, EUPHORION *in the costume indicated above.*

EUPHORION.

Songs of childhood hear ye ringing,
Your own mirth it seems; on me
Gazing, thus in measure springing,
Leap your parent-hearts with glee.

HELENA.

Love, terrestrial bliss to capture,
Two in noble union mates;
But to wake celestial rapture,
He a precious three creates.

FAUST.

All hath been achieved. Forever
I am thine, and mine thou art,

Blent our blessings are — oh, never
May our present joy depart!

CHORUS.

Many a year of purest pleasure,
In the mild light of their boy,
Crowns this pair in richest measure.
Me their union thrills with joy!

EUPHORION.

Now let me gambol,
Joyfully springing!
Upward to hasten
Through ether winging,
This wakes my yearning,
This prompts me now!

FAUST.

Gently! son, gently!
Be not so daring!
Lest ruin seize thee
Past all repairing,
And our own darling
Whelm us in woe!

EUPHORION.

From earth my spirit
Still upward presses;
Let go my hands now,
Let go my tresses,
Let go my garments,
Mine every one!

HELENA.

To whom, bethink thee,
Now thou pertainest!
Think how it grieves us
When thou disdainest
Mine, thine, and his — the all
That hath been won.

CHORUS.

Soon shall, I fear me,
The bond be undone!

HELENA *and* FAUST.

Curb for thy parents' sake,
To us returning,
Curb thy importunate
Passionate yearning!
Make thou the rural plain
Tranquil and bright.

EUPHORION.

But to content you
Stay I my flight.
(*Winding among the* CHORUS *and drawing them forth to dance.*)
Round this gay troop I flee
With impulse light.
Say is the melody,
Say is the movement right?

HELENA.

Yea, 'tis well done; advance,
Lead to the graceful dance
These maidens coy!

FAUST.

Could I the end but see!
Me this mad revelry
Fills with annoy.

EUPHORION *and the* CHORUS.

(*Dancing and singing, they move about in interweaving lines.*)
Moving thine arms so fair
With graceful motion,
Tossing thy curling hair
In bright commotion;
When thou with foot so light
Over the earth doth skim,
Thither and back in flight
Moving each graceful limb;
Thou hast attained thy goal,
Beautiful child,
All hearts thou hast beguiled,
Won every soul, (*Pause.*)

EUPHORION.

Gracefully sporting,
Light-footed roes,
New frolic courting,
Scorn ye repose:
I am the hunter,
Ye are the game.

CHORUS.

Us wilt thou capture,
Urge not thy pace;
For it were rapture
Thee to embrace;
Beautiful creature,
This our sole aim!

EUPHORION.

Through trees and heather,
Bound all together,
O'er stock and stone!
Whate'er is lightly won,
That I disdain;
What I by force obtain,
Prize I alone.

HELENA *and* FAUST.

What vagaries, sense confounding!
Naught of measure to be hoped for!
Like the blare of trumpet sounding,
Over vale and forest ringing.
What a riot! What a cry!

CHORUS (*entering quickly one by one*).

Us he passed with glance scorn-laden;
Hastily still onward springing,
Bearing now the wildest maiden
Of our troop, he draweth nigh.

EUPHORION (*bearing a young maiden*).

I this wilful maid and coy
Carry to enforced caress;
For my pleasure, for my joy
Her resisting bosom press,

Kiss her rebel lips, thus so
She my power and will may know.

MAIDEN.

Loose me! in this frame residing,
Burns a spirit's strength and might;
Strong as thine, our will presiding
Swerveth not with purpose light.
Thinkest, on thy strength relying,
That thou hast me in a strait?
Hold me, fool! thy strength defying,
For my sport, I'll scorch thee yet!
(*She flames up and flashes into the air.*)
Follow where light breezes wander,
Follow to rude caverns yonder,
Strive thy vanished prey to net!

EUPHORION
(*shaking off the last flames*).

Rocks all around I see,
Thickets and woods among!
Why should they prison me?
Still am I fresh and young.
Tempests, they loudly roar,
Billows, they lash the shore;
Both far away I hear;
Would I were near!
(*He springs higher up the rock.*)

HELENA, FAUST, *and* CHORUS.

Wouldst thou chamois-like aspire?
Us thy threatened fall dismays!

EUPHORION.

Higher must I climb, yet higher,
Wider still must be my gaze.

Know I now, where I stand:
'Midst of the sea-girt land,
'Midst of the great Pelops' reign,
Kin both to earth and main.

CHORUS.

Canst not near copse and wold
Tarry, then yonder,

Ripe figs and apple-gold
Seeking, we'll wander;
Grapes too shall woo our hand,
Grapes from the mantling vine.
Ah, let this dearest land,
Dear one, be thine!

EUPHORION.

Dream ye of peaceful day?
Dream on, while dream ye may!
War! is the signal cry.
Hark! cries of victory!

CHORUS.

War who desireth
While peace doth reign,
To joy aspireth
Henceforth in vain.

EUPHORION.

All whom this land hath bred;
Through peril onward led,
Free, of undaunted mood,
Still lavish of their blood,
With soul untaught to yield,
Rending each chain!
To such the bloody field,
Brings glorious gain.

CHORUS.

High he soars, — mark, upward gazing, —
And to us not small doth seem:
Victor-like, in harness blazing,
As of steel and brass the gleam!

EUPHORION.

Not on moat or wall relying,
On himself let each one rest!
Firmest stronghold, all defying,
Ever is man's iron breast!

Dwell for aye unconquered would ye?
Arm, by no vain dreams beguiled!

Amazons your women should be,
And a hero every child!

CHORUS.

O hallowed Poesie,
Heavenward still soareth she!
Shine on, thou brightest star,
Farther and still more far!
Yet us she still doth cheer,
Ever her voice to hear,
Joyful we are.

EUPHORION.

Child no more; a stripling bearing
Arms appears, with valor fraught,
Leagued with the strong, the free, the daring,
In soul already who hath wrought.
Hence, away!
No delay!
There where glory may be sought.

HELENA *and* FAUST.

Scarcely summoned to life's gladness,
Scarcely given to day's bright gleam,
Downward now to pain and sadness
Wouldst thou rush, from heights supreme!
Are then we
Naught to thee?
Is our gracious bond a dream?

EUPHORION.

Hark! What thunders seaward rattle,
Echoing from vale to vale!
'Mid dust and foam, in shock of battle,
Throng on throng, to grief and bale!
And the command
Is, firm to stand;
Death to face, nor ever quail.

HELENA, FAUST, *and* CHORUS.

Oh, what horror? Hast thou told it!
Is then death for thee decreed?

EUPHORION.

From afar shall I behold it?
No! I'll share the care and need!

HELENA, FAUST, *and* CHORUS.

Rashness to peril brings,
And deadly fate!

EUPHORION.

Yet — see a pair of wings
Unfoldeth straight!
Thither — I must, I must —
Grudge not my flight!

(*He casts himself into the air; his garments support him for a moment; his head flames, a trail of light follows him.*)

CHORUS.

Icarus! Icarus!
Oh, woeful sight!

(*A beautiful youth falls at the parents' feet, we imagine that in the dead we recognize a well-known form; yet suddenly the corporeal part vanishes; the aureole rises like a comet to heaven; dress, mantle, and lyre remain lying on the ground.*)

HELENA *and* FAUST.

Follows on joy new-born
Anguishful moan!

EUPHORION'S VOICE (*from the depths*).

Leave me in realms forlorn,
Mother, not all alone! (*Pause.*)

CHORUS (*dirge*).

Not alone — for hope we cherish,
Where thou bidest thee to know!
Ah, from daylight though thou perish,
Ne'er a heart will let thee go!
Scarce we venture to bewail thee,
Envying we sing thy fate:
Did sunshine cheer, or storm assail thee,
Song and heart were fair and great.

Earthly fortune was thy dower,
Lofty lineage, ample might,
Ah, too early lost, thy flower
Withered by untimely blight!
Glance was thine the world discerning,
Sympathy with every wrong.
Woman's love for thee still yearning,
And thine own enchanting song.

Yet the beaten path forsaking,
Thou didst run into the snare:
So with law and usage breaking,
On thy wilful course didst fare;
Yet at last high thought has given
To thy noble courage, weight,
For the loftiest thou hast striven —
It to win was not thy fate.

Who does win it? Unreplying,
Destiny the question hears,
When the bleeding people lying,
Dumb with grief, no cry uprears! —
Now new songs chant forth, in sorrow
Deeply bowed lament no more;
Them the earth brings forth, to-morrow,
As she brought them forth of yore!
(*Full pause. The music ceases.*)

HELENA (*to* FAUST).

An ancient word, alas, approves itself in me:
That joy and beauty ne'er enduringly are linked!
Rent is the bond of life, with it the bond of love;
Lamenting both, I say a sorrowful farewell,
And throw myself once more, once only, in thine arms. —
Persephoneia, take the boy, take also me!
(*She embraces* FAUST, *her corporeal part vanishes, her garment and veil remain in his arms.*)

PHORKYAS.

Hold fast what doth of all alone remain to thee,
The garment, loose it not! Already hale
The demons at its skirts, and it would fain
Drag to the nether regions. Hold it fast!

The Goddess is it not, whom thou hast lost,
Yet godlike 'tis. Avail thee of the high
Inestimable gift, and upward soar;
Thee o'er all common things 'twill swiftly bear
Through ether, long as there thou canst abide.
We meet again, far, far away from here.

HELENA'S *garments dissolve into clouds, they envelop* FAUST, *raise him aloft, and pass with him from the scene.*)

PHORKYAS

(*takes* EUPHORION'S *dress, mantle, and lyre from the earth, steps into the proscenium; holding up the spoils, she says*).

A happy find hath me bestead.
The flame in sooth is vanished,
Yet for the world no grief I know:
Enough remaineth bards to consecrate,
Envy to scatter in their guild and hate;
And am I powerless genius to bestow,
Its vesture I can lend, at any rate.

(*She sits down in the proscenium at the foot of a pillar.*)

PENTHALIS.

Now hasten, girls! At length we are from magic free,
From the soul-swaying spell of the Thessalian hag;
Free also from the blare confused of jangling tones,
The ear perplexing, and still worse the inner sense.
Away to Hades! Thither hath in haste the queen,
With earnest step, descended. Now, ye faithful maids,
Do ye, without delay, follow upon her track.
Her at the throne we find of the Inscrutable.

CHORUS.

Royal ladies, certes, everywhere are content;
E'en in Hades places take they supreme,
Proud to be with their peers allied,
With Persephone in friendship knit;
We, meanwhile, far-off in meadows
Deep of asphodel abiding,
With far-reaching poplars,

And unfruitful willows conjoined,
What amusement or joy have we!
Flitting batlike to twitter —
Whispering, undelightsome, and ghostlike!

LEADER *of the* CHORUS.

Who hath no name achieved, nor at the noble aims,
Belongs but to the elements; so hence, begone!
My vehement desire is with my queen to be;
Not merit 'tis alone, fidelity as well,
Secure in yonder spheres, the individual life. (*Exit.*)

ALL.

Back are we given now to the daylight;
Certes, persons no more,
That feel we, that know we;
Nathless return we never to Hades!
Nature, eternally living,
Claims in us spirits,
We in her, a title undoubted.

A portion of the CHORUS.

We, amid the wavy-trembling of these thousand rustling branches,
Gently lure with dalliance charming from the root the vital currents,
Up into the boughs; with foliage, soon with lavish wealth of blossoms,
We adorn our tresses, floating in the breeze for airy growth.
Falls the fruit, forthwith assemble life-enjoying folk and cattle,
For the grasping, for the tasting, swiftly coming, onward pressing,
And, as 'fore the gods primeval, so all bend around us here.

ANOTHER PORTION.

Where these rocky walls are imaged in the smooth, far-gleaming mirror,
Moving in the gentle wavelets, soothingly we onward glide,

Listen, hearken, to all music: birdie's singing, reedy-fluting,
Is it Pan's loud voice tremendous — voice responsive straight replies:
Whisper is it? — we too whisper; thunders it? — we roll our thunder
In o'erwhelming repercussion, threefold, tenfold, echoing back.

A THIRD PORTION.

Sisters, we, of spirit mobile, hasten with the brooklets onwards;
For yon hill-slopes, richly mantled, charm us rising far away.
Ever downwards, ever deeper, in meandering course we water
Now the meadows, then the pastures, then the garden round the house;
There, across the landscape, slender cypress shafts our banks o'erpeering,
Telling of our crystal mirror, upwards into ether soar.

A FOURTH PORTION.

Roam ye others, at your pleasure; we will circle, we will rustle
Round the slopes so richly planted, on its prop where sprouts the vine.
By the vintager's emotion, we throughout the live-long day,
See what doubtful issue waiteth on his busy loving care:
Now with hoe, and now with mattock, earth up-heaping, pruning, binding,
Prayeth he to all celestials, chiefly to the Sun-God prays.

Bacchus frets himself, the weakling, little for his faithful vassal,
Rests in arbors, leans in grottoes, toying with the youngest faun;
For his visions what he lacketh, dreaming half-inebriate,
Stored in skins, in jars and vessels, ready for his use he finds,
Right and left in cool recesses treasured for eternal time.

But at length have the Celestials, hath now Helios 'fore them all,
Breathing, moistening, warming, glowing, filled the berries' teeming horn:
Where the vintager in silence labored, there is sudden life,
Busy stir in every alley, rustles round from vine to vine;
Baskets creak, and pitchers clatter, and the loaded vine-troughs groan,
All towards the mighty wine-press, to the presser's sturdy dance;

And so is the sacred fullness of the purely-nurtured berries
Rudely trodden; foaming, seething, now it mingles, foully squashed;
And now splits the ear the cymbal, with the beaker's brazen tones,
For himself hath Dionysos from his mysteries revealed;
Comes he with goat-footed satyrs, reeling nymphs goat-footed, too,
And meanwhile unruly brayeth shrill Silenus' long-eared beast —
Naught is spared; all law and order cloven hoofs are treading down —
All the senses whirl distracted, hideously the ear is stunned;
Drunkards for their cups are groping, over-full are head and paunch;
Careful one is, there another, yet the tumult waxes loud:
Since the newer must to garner, they the old skins quickly drain.

(*The curtain falls.* Phorkyas, *in the proscenium, rises to a gigantic height, descends from the cothurni, lays aside mask and veil, and reveals herself as* Mephistopheles, *in order, so far as it may be necessary, to comment upon the piece by way of epilogue.*)

ACT THE FOURTH.

High Mountain.

Strong jagged rocky summit. A cloud approaches, leans against the rock, and sinks down upon a projecting level. It divides.

FAUST (*steps forth*).

On deepest solitudes down-gazing, far below my feet,
Full thoughtfully I tread this lofty mountain ridge,
My cloudy car forsaking, me which softly bare,
Through days of sunshine, hither over land and sea.
Slowly it melts from me, not scattered suddenly;
Towards the East the mass strives in its rolling march.
In admiration lost, the eye strives after it;
Moving it now divides, wavelike, and full of change;
Yet will it shape itself — mine eye deceives me not,
On sun-illumined pillows, gloriously reclines,
Of giant size, indeed, a godlike female form;
I see it, like to Juno, Leda, Helena;
In majesty and love before mine eye it floats!
Ah, now it scatters; formless, broad, up-towering,
Rests in the East, and there, like ice-hills far away,
Mirrors of fleeting life the deep significance.
Yet round me hovers still, a mist-wreath, tender, light,
Surrounding breast and brow, cheering, caressing, cool.
Lightly it rises now, still lingering, high and higher, —
Together draws. Doth me a rapturing form delude,
As youth's first fondly prized, long-yearn'd for, highest good?
Well up the earliest treasures of my deepest heart:
To me Aurora's love, so light of wing, it shows,
The swift-experienced glance, the first, scarce understood,
Which, long and firmly held, each treasure overshone!
Like beauty of the soul rises the gracious form,

Dissolveth not, but upward into ether floats,
And with it, of my being draws the best away.
(*A seven-league boot tramps down, another immediately follows.* MEPHISTOPHELES *descends. The boots stride onward in haste.*)

MEPHISTOPHELES.

That's forward striding, I must own!
But tell me, what dost thou intend,
That 'mid such horrors dost descend,
Such wilderness of yawning stone?
Though not precisely here, I know it well;
This was, in sooth, the very floor of Hell.

FAUST.

Of foolish legends never fails thy store;
Such to give forth dost thou begin once more?

MEPHISTOPHELES (*seriously*).

When God the Lord — the reason well I know, —
Us from the air had banned to depths profound,
There, where of fire eterne the central glow
With lurid flames still circles round and round.
By the too brilliant light, we found that we
O'ercrowded were, and placed unpleasantly.
Forthwith to cough the devils all were fain;
From top to bottom straight they spat amain;
With sulphur-stench and acids thus inflated,
Hell, with foul gas, so hugely was dilated,
That earth's smooth surface, by the fiery blast,
Thick as it was, cracking must burst at last.
That all things are reversed we now discern;
What bottom was, is summit in its turn;
Also in this the proper lore they base,
To give the undermost the highest place;
For from the hot and slavish cave we fare
Into the lordship of the boundless air;
An open secret, long time well concealed,
And to the folk only of late revealed.

FAUST.

To me are mountain-masses grandly dumb;
I question neither whence nor why they come.

Herself when Nature in herself had founded,
This globe of earth she then hath purely rounded,
Took both in summit and in gorge delight,
Piled rock on rock, and mountain-height on height;
The hills she fashioned next with gentle force,
And to the valleys sloped their downward course:
Then growth and verdure came, and for her joy
She needs no mad convulsive freak employ.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Ay! so you say, sun-clear to you it lies;
But who was present there, knows otherwise.
I was at hand when, seething still below,
Swelled the abyss, belching a fiery tide,
When Moloch's hammer rocks, with thunderous blow
Welding, the fragments scattered far and wide.
'Neath massive foreign blocks still groans the land —
Such hurling-might say who can comprehend?
This your philosopher can't understand;
There lies the rock, must lie, and there's an end;
But to our shame doth all our thinking tend.
Your genuine common folk alone conceive,
And naught disturbs them in their creed;
Long since their wisdom ripened: they believe
A marvel 'tis, Satan receives his meed;
On crutch of faith my pilgrim hobbles on
To Devil's bridges, to the Devil's stone.

FAUST.

Noteworthy 'tis, Nature, as now I do,
To study from the Devil's point of view.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Be Nature what she may, what do I care!
My honor's touched: the Devil, sooth, was there!
We are the folk, the mighty to attain:
Convulsion, madness, force. 'Tis written plain! —
But now, at last, to make my meaning clear,
Did nothing please thee in our upper sphere?
In boundless space the world thou hast surveyed,
Its kingdoms and their glory, all displayed.

And yet, insatiate as thou art,
To thee did they no joy impart?

FAUST.

A project vast allured me on;
Divine it!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

That I'll do anon.
Some capital I'd choose; therein a store
Of burgher-feeding rubbish at its core;
With crooked alleys, gabled peaks,
Markets confined, kale, turnips, leeks,
And shambles where blue flies repair,
On well-fed joints to batten — there,
At any moment shalt thou find
Stench and activity combined;
Wide squares, with spacious streets between,
Which arrogate a lordly mien;
And lastly, boundless to the eye,
Beyond the gate the suburbs lie.
Of coaches, too, the eternal roar,
Still rattling, behind, before,
Would charm me, and the ceaseless flow
Of ant-swarms, running to and fro;
And let me walk, or let me ride,
Their central point I should abide,
By thousands honored and admired.

FAUST.

Such things I slightly estimate.
That men, it is to be desired,
Should multiply, should live at ease,
Be taught, developed if you please; —
More rebels thus you educate.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Then, in grand style, with conscious power, I'd rear
A pleasure-castle, some fair pleasance near:
Hill, valley, meadow, forest, glade,
Into a splendid garden made,

With velvet lawns and verdurous walls,
Straight paths, art-guided shadows, waterfalls,
From rock to rock constrained to wind,
And water-jets of every kind;
Majestic soaring there while at the sides,
With whiz and gush, threadlike the stream divides.
Then for the loveliest women I'd prepare
A tiny lodge, cosy and quiet; there
The countless hours, according to my mood,
I'd spend in that sweet, social solitude—
Women, I say: since, once for all,
I in the plural think upon the Fair.

FAUST.

Modern and base. Sardanapal!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Might one but guess thy purpose? High,
Doubtless, and grandly bold! Since thou
By so much nearer to the moon didst fly,
Aptly thy choice might thither tend, I trow!

FAUST.

Not so. Upon this globe of ours
For grand achievement still there's space;
Something astounding shall take place;
For daring toil I feel new powers.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Fame also to achieve thou'rt fain?
That thou hast been with heroines is plain.

FAUST.

Dominion and estate by me are sought.
The deed is everything, the fame is naught!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Yet poets shall arise, thy fame
To after ages to proclaim,
Through folly, folly to inflame.

FAUST.

That is beyond thy scope, I ween;
How knowest thou what man desires?
Adverse thy nature, bitter, keen,
How knoweth it what man requires?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Be thy will done, since yield I must.
Me with the circuit of thy whims entrust.

FAUST.

Mine eye was fixed upon the open sea:
Aloft it towered, upheaving; then once more
Withdrew, and shook its waves exultingly,
To storm the wide expanse of level shore —
That angered me, since arrogance of mood,
In the free soul, that values every right,
Through the impetuous passion of the blood,
Harsh feeling genders, in its own despite.
I deemed it chance; more keenly eyed the main:
The billow paused, and then rolled back again,
And from its proudly conquered goal withdrew;
The hour returns, the sport it doth renew —

MEPHISTOPHELES (*ad spectatores*)

For me there's nothing novel here, I own;
This for some hundred thousand years I've known.

FAUST (*continues passionately*).

On through a thousand channels it doth press,
Barren itself, and causing barrenness;
It waxes, swells, it rolls and spreads its reign
Over the waste and desolate domain.
There, power-inspired, wave upon wave sweeps on,
Triumphs awhile, retreats — and naught is done:
It to despair might drive me to survey
Of lawless elements the aimless sway!
To soar above itself then dared my soul;
Here would I strive, this force would I control!

And it is possible. Howe'er the tide
May rise, it fawneth round each hillock's side;

However proudly it may domineer,
Each puny height its crest doth 'gainst it rear,
Each puny deep it forcefully allures.
So swiftly plan on plan my mind matures:
This glorious pleasure for thyself attain;
Back from the shore to bar the imperious main,
Narrow the limits of the watery deep,
Constrain it far into itself to sweep!
My purpose step by step I might lay bare:
That is my wish, to aid it boldly dare!

(*Drums and martial music behind the spectators, from the distance, on the right hand.*)

MEPHISTOPHELES.

How easy 'tis! — Hear'st thou the drums afar?

FAUST.

What, war again! — The prudent likes not war.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

In peace or war the prudent doth obtain
From every circumstance his proper gain.
We watch, we mark each favoring moment; now,
The occasion smileth — Faustus, seize it thou!

FAUST.

Me, I entreat, this riddling nonsense spare.
And short and good, speak out; — thyself declare.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

On my way hither I became aware
That the good emperor is vexed with care;
Thou knowest him. The while we him amused,
And with the show of riches him abused,
Then the whole world to him was cheap, since he
While young attained to regal dignity;
This false resolve did then beguile his leisure,
That possible it is and right
Together these two interests to unite,
At once to govern, and to take one's pleasure

FAUST.

A grievous error! He who would command,
His highest bliss must in commanding find.

With lofty will his bosom must expand,
Yet what he willeth may not be divined;
To trusty ear he whispers his intent,
'Tis realized, — all feel astonishment:
So holds he still the most exalted place,
The worthiest. Enjoyment doth debase!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Such is he not; on pleasure he was bent!
Meanwhile the realm by anarchy was rent,
Where high and low were ranged against each other,
And brother still pursued and slaughtered brother,
Castle 'gainst castle, town 'gainst town had feud,
Guild against noble, too; in conflict rude,
Chapter and flock against their bishop rose;
Who on each other gazed, were foes;
Within the churches death and murder reign,
Merchant and traveller at the gates were slain;
All waxed in daring, nor to small extent;
To live was self-defence. — So matters went.

FAUST.

They went, they limped, they fell, again they rose,
Were overturned, rolled headlong — such the close.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

And such condition no one dared to blame,
Authority each could and each would claim;
The smallest even proudly reared his crest.
At length too mad it grew e'en for the best.
The able, they forthwith arose with might,
And said: Who gives us peace is lord, by right;
The Emperor cannot, will not! — Let us choose
Another, in the realm who shall infuse
Fresh life, and safety unto each assign,
Who in a world its vigor that renews,
Together peace and justice shall combine!

FAUST.

That sounds like priestcraft.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Priests, in sooth, were there;
The well-fed paunch, that was their primal care;
They implicated were above the rest.
The tumult swelled, the priests the tumult blest;
Our Emperor, whom we beguiled, perchance
To his last battle hither doth advance.

FAUST.

I pity him — so frank, so kind of heart.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Let us look on. There's hope ere life depart.
Him from this narrow vale let us deliver!
If rescued now, he rescued is forever.
How yet the die may fall, who may divine!
Vassals he'll have, if Fortune on him shine.

(*They ascend the middle range of hills and survey the disposition of the army in the valley. Drums and military music resound from below.*)

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Well chosen the position is, I see;
We'll join them, perfect then the victory.

FAUST.

What there may we expect? Deceit!
Illusive sorcery! A hollow cheat!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Cunning to win war's lofty game!
Be constant to thy mighty aim,
The while thy goal dost bear in sight;
Secure we to the Emperor throne and land,
Then kneel, from him receiving as thy right,
The fief of the unbounded strand.

FAUST.

Already much for me hast done;
By thee be now a battle won!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

No, do thou win it; forthwith here
As general-in-chief appear.

FAUST.

To my true honor it would tend,
There to command where naught I comprehend!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

The general's staff, let that provide,
So the field-marshal's safe whate'er betide.
War's want of council to its source I've traced;
War's council I forthwith have based
On mountain's and on man's primeval force:
Blest who together draws their joint resource.

FAUST.

What yonder bearing arms appears?
Hast thou aroused the mountaineers?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

No, but like Master Peter Squenze,
Of the whole mass the quintessence.
(*The three mighty ones enter.*)
My fellows now are drawing near!
Divers the clothes, the arms, they wear,
Of different ages they appear;
With them not badly shalt thou fare.
(*ad spectatores.*)
There's not a child but loves to see
Harness and arms of warlike knight;
And, allegoric as the rascals be,
They, for that reason, give the more delight.

BULLY

(*young, lightly armed, in motley attire*).

If one but looks into my eyes,
Straight let his jaws my clenchèd fist beware,
And if a coward from me flies,
Forthwith I seize him by the hair!

HAVEQUICK

(*manly, well armed, in rich attire*).

Such brawls are foolish, are invidious,
They forfeit what the occasion brings;
In *taking* only be assiduous;
Hereafter look to other things.

HOLDFAST

(*in years, strongly armed, without attire*).

Not much by such a course is won;
Through great possessions soon we run,
Borne by the stream of life away.
To take is good, 'tis better fast to hold;
Be still by the gray carle controlled,
And none from thee takes aught away.

(*They descend the mountain together.*)

On the Headland.

Drums and martial music from below. The Emperor's tent is pitched. EMPEROR, GENERAL-IN-CHIEF, ATTENDANTS.

GENERAL-IN-CHIEF.

Still duly weighed appears our course,
Back to this vale at hand that lies,
To lead when somewhat pressed our force;
Our choice of ground, I trust, is wise.

EMPEROR.

How it succeeds must soon be known.
Me this half flight, this yielding, grieves, I own.

GENERAL-IN-CHIEF.

On our right flank, my prince, now cast your eyes:
Such ground doth war's ideal realize:
Not steep the hills, nor yet too easy to ascend,
The enemy ensnaring, while they ours befriend;
We, on the wavelike plain, are half concealed —
No cavalry durst venture on such field.

EMPEROR.

Save to commend naught now remains for me;
Here strength and courage can well tested be.

GENERAL-IN-CHIEF.

There, where the middle plain allures the sight,
Behold the phalanx, eager for the fight;
In the bright sunshine, gilded by its rays,
The lances glitter through the morning haze.
How darkly waves the mighty square below!
For bold emprize its thousands all aglow.

The mass' strength thou thus canst comprehend;
To them I trust, the foemen's strength to rend.

EMPEROR.

So fair a sight ne'er have I seen before:
Such host is worth its number, twice told o'er.

GENERAL-IN-CHIEF.

Of our left flank naught have I to relate.
Holding the stubborn cliffs, stout heroes wait;
Ablaze with arms, the rocky height ascends,
Which the close entrance to the pass defends.
Here, where the bloody onslaught none expect,
The hostile force will, I foresee, be wrecked.

EMPEROR.

There march my lying kinsfolk, still who claimed,
As me they uncle, cousin, brother, named,
More and more license; till the sceptre's strength,
Its honor from the throne, they stole at length;
The empire, through their feuds, distracted lies,
Now, leagued as rebels, they against me rise!
The many waver, swayed from side to side;
Then headlong rush, borne onward by the tide.

GENERAL-IN-CHIEF.

A trusty man, abroad for tidings sent,
Hastes down the rocks; oh, happy be the event.

FIRST SPY.

Fair success on us hath waited;
Through our bold and crafty art,
Here and there we penetrated;
Little good can we impart:
Many pure allegiance proffered;
But for their inaction they,
In excuse, these pretexts offered,
Public danger, civil fray —

EMPEROR.

Self-seekers, caring for themselves alone,
To duty, honor, gratitude, are blind!
If full your measure, you ne'er call to mind,
Your neighbor's house-fire may consume your own.

GENERAL-IN-CHIEF.

The second comes, descending heavily;
Tremble his limbs, a weary man is he.

SECOND SPY.

First with pleasure we detected
The wild tumult's erring course.
Undelaying, unexpected,
A new emperor leads his force;
And with his behests complying,
O'er the plain the concourse sweep.
This false banner, proudly flying,
They all follow now — like sheep!

EMPEROR.

As gain a rival emperor I hail;
That I am emperor, now first I feel!
But as a soldier did I don the mail;
For higher purpose now I'm clad in steel.
At every festival, how bright soe'er,
Though naught was wanting — danger failed me there.
When to the ring-sport at your call I went;
My heart beat high, I breathed the tournament;
From war had ye not held me back, my name
For deeds heroic had been known to fame!
What self-reliance in my breast did reign,
When I stood mirrored in the fire-domain;
The ruthless element pressed on elate,
'Twas but a show, and yet the show was great.
Fame, victory, my troubled dreams displayed —
I'll now achieve, what basely I delayed!

(*Heralds are dispatched to challenge the rival Emperor.*)

FAUST *in armor, with half-closed visor. The three mighty ones, armed and clothed, as above.*

FAUST.

We come, we hope uncensured — foresight here
May yet avail, though needless it appear.
Thoughtful, thou knowest, and wise the mountain-race,
Of rock and nature they the secrets trace;
Spirits, who long have left the level ground,
Are to their rocky heights more firmly bound

Through labyrinthine clefts they labor, where
Rich fumes metallic fill the gaseous air;
Untired they separate, combine and test;
The hidden to make known is their sole quest;
With the light touch of spirit-might, they rear
Transparent figures, then in crystal clear
And its eternal silence, mirrored true,
The doings of the upper world they view.

EMPEROR.

This I have heard, and think that it may be;
But, honest man, say: what is this to me:

FAUST.

The Norcian sorcerer, the Sabine, he
True honorable servant is to thee;
What ghastly fate appalled him, on the pyre!
Crackled the brushwood, rose the tongues of fire;
Dry fagots all around up-piled were seen,
Mingled with pitch, with brimstone bars between,
Man's, god's, or devil's aid had been in vain —
Your majesty then burst the fiery chain!
'Twas there, in Rome. Deeply to thee he's bound,
And o'er thy path keeps watch with care profound;
Himself forgetting, from that moment he
Questions the stars, questions the depths for thee.
He bade us, at the swiftest, hither post,
To succor thee. Great powers the mountains boast:
There Nature works, omnipotently free —
The priest's dull mind blames it as sorcery.

EMPEROR.

On festal day when guest on guest we greet,
Joyful themselves, who joyance come to meet,
Well pleased we see them enter, each and all,
And, man by man, contract the spacious hall;
Yet highest welcome is the brave man's dower,
Who, as ally to aid us, comes with power,
When morning breaks, which doubtful issues wait,
While over it are poised the scales of Fate.
Nathless withhold awhile thy stalwart hand,
In this high moment, from the willing brand!

Honor the hour, when many thousands wend
To battle, for or 'gainst me to contend!
Man's self is man! Who would be throned and crowned,
Of the high honor must be worthy found.
Now may this phantom, that against us stands,
This self-styled emperor, ruler of our lands,
The army's duke, lord of our feudal train,
By my own hand, be thrust to death's domain!

FAUST.

Whate'er the need to end the glorious fight,
To peril thine own head cannot be right.
Is not the helm with crest and plumage decked?
The head, our zeal which fires, it doth protect.
Without the head what could the members do?
Let that but sleep, forthwith all slumber, too;
If it be injured, all are straight unsound,
And all revive, if it with health be crowned.
Promptly the arm its own strong right doth wield,
And to protect the skull uplifts the shield;
Its proper duty well the sword doth know,
Parries with strength, and then returns the blow;
The active foot shares in the common weal,
And on the slain foe's neck doth plant the heel.

EMPEROR.

Such is mine anger: him I thus would treat,
Make his proud head a footstool for my feet!

HERALDS (*returning*).

Little profit, little credit,
From our challenge did we gain;
Noble 'twas, yet while we read it,
Us they flouted with disdain:
"Spent your Emperor's power," — they say,
"Like echo in yon narrow vale;
Would we think of him to-day; —
Once there was: — so runs the tale."

FAUST.

What hath occurred doth with their wish accord,
Who firm and true for thee would draw the sword.

The foe approach; thy troops impatient stand;
The moment favors; straight the charge command!

EMPEROR.

To the command all claim I now resign.
(*To the* General-in-Chief.)
To execute that duty, prince, be thine!

GENERAL-IN-CHIEF.

March then our right wing onward to the field!
The foemen's left, who even now ascend,
Ere they complete their final step, shall yield
To their tried valor who the slope defend!

FAUST.

Permission grant that this blithe hero be
Enrolled among thy ranks, immediately,
That with thy ranks incorporate, he may
Have for his powerful nature ample play.
(*He points to the right.*)

BULLY (*steps forward*).

His face to me who shows doth not escape,
Till both his jaws I've smashed with sudden bang;
His back to me who turns, I strike his nape, —
Dangling adown his back, neck, head, and top-knot hang!
And if, with sword and club, thy men
Will strike, as on I rage before,
Man over man down-smitten, then
The foe shall welter in their gore! (*Exit.*)

GENERAL-IN-CHIEF.

Now let the centre phalanx follow slow,
And in full force with caution meet the foe!
Distressed, they yield already on the right,
Their plan, by our attack, is shattered quite.

FAUST

(*pointing to the middle one*).

Let this one also thy command obey.

HAVEQUICK (*steps forward*)

Unto the host's heroic pride,
Shall thirst for booty be allied;

Upon this goal be all intent;
The rival emperor's sumptuous tent.
Not long upon his throne he'll boast indeed!
Myself to battle will this phalanx lead.

SPEED-BOOTY (a sutler woman)
(*fawning upon him*).

Although his wife I may not be,
A sweetheart dear is he to me.
For us what harvest now is ripe!
Woman is fierce when she doth gripe,
Is ruthless when she robs; press on,
All is allowed — when we have won. (*Exeunt.*)

GENERAL-IN-CHIEF.

Upon our left, as was to be expected,
With furious charge, their right is now directed.
The defile's rocky path they hope to gain;
To thwart their purpose man for man must strain.

FAUST (*beckons to the left*).

Sire, I entreat you, look also on this one;
If strength be stronger made, no harm is done.

HOLDFAST (*steps forward*).

For the left wing dismiss all care!
For where I am, safe is possession there;
Herein doth age approve itself, we're told;
No lightning rendeth what I hold! (*Exit.*)

MEPHISTOPHELES.
(*coming down from above*).

Now to the background turn your gaze;
Forth from the jagged and rocky ways,
See how the armèd warriors pour,
The narrow paths to straiten more,
With helm, shield, harness, sword and spear,
A wall they're forming in our rear,
Waiting the sign to strike the blow.
(*Aside to the knowing ones.*)
From whence they come, ask not to know.
No time I lost; where I appeared,
The armor-halls around were cleared.

Footmen and horsemen, stood they there,
As if yet lords of earth they were;
Knight, emperor, king, they were of yore,
Now they are empty snail-shells, nothing more,—
Full many a ghost, thus armed for strife,
The middle ages have brought back to life;
What devilkin therein may lurk,
For this time it may do its work.

(*Aloud.*)

Hark, in their anger, how they clatter,
And, like tin-plates, each other batter;
Torn banners, too, flapping aloft one sees,
That wait impatiently to catch the breeze.
Reflect, an ancient race stands ready there,
And in this modern combat fain would share.
(*Terrible flourish of trumpets from above; perceptible wavering in the hostile army.*)

FAUST.

Now dark the whole horizon shows,
Yet here and there presageful glows
A ruddy and portentous ray;
The weapons gleam, distained with blood;
The atmosphere, the rock, the wood,
The heavens, mingle in the fray.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Firmly the right flank holds its ground;
Among them towering there I see
Stout Hans, the nimble giant, he
His wonted strokes now deals around.

EMPEROR.

First on one lifted arm I gazed,
A dozen now I see upraised:
Not Nature's laws are working here!

FAUST.

Of mist-wreaths hast not heard, above
The coast of Sicily that rove?
There hovering in daylight clear,
Uplifted in the middle air,
Mirrored in exhalations rare,

A wondrous show the vision takes.
There cities waver to and fro,
There gardens rise, now high, now low,
As form on form through ether breaks.

EMPEROR.

It looks suspicious! For I there
See all the lofty spear-tops glare;
And through our phalanx, on each lance
I see a nimble flamelet dance:
Too spectral seems to me the sight!

FAUST.

Pardon, my lord! The traces they
Of spirit-natures passed away,
A reflex of the mighty Pair,
By whom were sailors wont to swear:
Here they collect their final might.

EMPEROR.

To whom are we beholden, say,
That Nature, for our weal to-day,
Her rarest powers should here unite?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

To whom save him, that master high,
Thy fate who bears within his breast?
The strong threat of thine enemy
His soul hath stirred to deep unrest.
His gratitude will see thee saved,
Though death in the attempt be braved.

EMPEROR.

They cheered, with pomp around my march they pressed;
I now was something: That I fain would test,
So, without thought, it pleased me, then and there,
To grant to that white beard the cooling air.
Thus of the clergy I the sport have crossed,
And have, in sooth, thereby their favor lost;
Now shall I, when so many years are passed,
Of that glad deed the fruitage reap at last?

FAUST.

Rich interest bears the generous deed.
Now heavenward be thy glance directed:
An omen he will send; give heed!
Straight it appears — as I expected.

EMPEROR.

An eagle hovers in the heavenly height;
A griffin, with wild threats, attends his flight.

FAUST.

Give heed! Auspicious seems the sign.
Your griffin is of fabled line;
How, self-forgetting, can he dare
Himself with genuine eagle to compare!

EMPEROR.

Forthwith, in widespread circles wending,
Around they wheel; now, through the sky,
Impetuous, they together fly,
Each other's throat and plumage rending.

FAUST.

Mark how the sorry griffin, torn
And ruffled sore, his flight now steereth,
With drooping lion-tail, forlorn,
And 'mid the tree-tops disappeareth.

EMPEROR.

So be it, e'en as these portend!
With wonder filled, I wait the end.

MEPHISTOPHELES (*towards the right*).

Pressed by our onslaught, oft-repeated,
Our foes must yield, well nigh defeated,
Yet, waging still a dubious fight,
Onward they press toward their right,
And thus embarrass in the fray
The left flank of their chief array.

Our phalanx its firm point doth bring,
Like lightning 'gainst their dexter wing,
The foe, where weakest, they engage.
Now, as when storm-vexed billows rage,

Wildly contend, with equal might,
Both armies in the double fight.
More glorious deed was never done,
Ours is the field, the victory's won!

EMPEROR
(*on the left side, to* FAUST).

Suspicious yonder it doth seem;
Our station hazardous I deem,
No stones they hurl against the foe,
Scaled are the lower rocks, and lo!
Deserted those above appear;
The foe, — in solid mass, draw near;
With might and main still pressing on,
Perchance the passage they have won:
Of skill unholy such the end!
Your arts to futile issues tend! (*Pause.*)

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Hither, my ravens twain are winging!
For us what message are they bringing?
We are, I fear, in evil plight.

EMPEROR.

What want these birds, mischance portending?
They come their swarthy sails extending,
Straight from the hot and rocky fight.

MEPHISTOPHELES (*to the ravens*).

Close to mine ears now take your post.
Whom you protect, is never lost;
For shrewd your counsel is and right.

FAUST (*to the* EMPEROR).

Of pigeons thou hast heard, returning
Homeward, for nest and fledglings yearning,
Steering their flight from far off lands.
But here a difference obtaineth:
Pigeons suffice while peace still reigneth,
But war the raven-post demands.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

The message tells of sore distresses.
See yonder how the tumult presses

Our heroes' rocky wall around!
The nearest heights are now ascended,
Win they the pass by ours defended,
In sorry plight we should be found.

EMPEROR.

So I deluded am at last!
Around me you have drawn your net;
I've shuddered, since it held me fast!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Take courage! Naught is lost as yet;
Patience unties the hardest knot!
Still sharpest is the final stand.
My trusty messengers I've got;
Command me, that I may command.

GENERAL-IN-CHIEF

(*who meanwhile has arrived*).

With these thou hast thyself allied,
I long have grieved to see them at thy side;
No stable good doth conjuring earn.
To change the battle now I can't pretend;
They have begun it, they may end!
My staff I unto thee return.

EMPEROR.

It for some better hour retain,
Which Fate for us may have in store.
This fellow and his ravens twain,
His horrid comrades, I abhor!

(*To* MEPHISTOPHELES.)

The staff I can't on thee bestow,
Thou seemest not the proper man;
Command, and save us from the foe!
Then happen may what happen can.

(*Exit into the tent with the* GENERAL-IN-CHIEF.)

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Him may the stupid staff defend!
To us small profit would it lend;
There was a kind of cross thereon.

FAUST.

What is to do?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Why, all is done!
Now haste, my cousins, swart and fleet,
To the great mountain lake; the Undines greet,
And for a seeming flood, entreat them fair!
The actual they indeed, through female art,
Hard to conceive, from semblance know to part;
That it the actual is, then each will swear. (*Pause.*)

FAUST.

The water-maidens must our raven-pair
Rightly have flattered and with cunning rare:
Yonder it drops already; see,
From many a bare rock's barren side,
Gushes the full, swift-flowing tide —
'Tis over with their victory.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Strange greeting give the rushing streams —
Perplexed the boldest climber seems.

FAUST.

Already downward brook to brook is sweeping,
Doubled from many a gorge again they're leaping;
A stately water-arch one stream doth throw;
Now o'er the rock's broad level smoothly gliding,
Anon, with flash and roar, again dividing,
It plunges step-wise to the vale below.
To stem the flood what boots their brave endeavor?
Them from the mighty flood may none deliver.
Before the tumult wild myself must quail!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Nothing I see of all these watery lies;
They bring illusion but to human eyes;
With joy the wondrous change I hail.
Headlong the masses pour, a shining throng;
The fools imagine they will soon be drowned,
And while they snort upon the solid ground,

Like swimmers laughably they move along.
Now reigns confusion all around. (*The ravens return.*)
To the high master you I will commend.
Yourselves, would ye as masters prove — attend;
Straight to the glowing smithy fare,
To the dwarf-folk, who tireless there
Strike sparks from metal and from stone —
With them, while chattering, desire
A shining, dazzling, bursting fire,
As to man's highest fancy shown.
True, lightning-flashes gleaming from afar,
And, swift as vision, fall of loftiest star,
May happen every summer night;
But flashes amid tangled bushes found,
And stars that hiss upon the humid ground —
These are, in sooth, no common sight:
So must ye, without much annoy,
Entreaties first, and then commands, employ.
(*Exeunt the ravens. All happens as prescribed.*)

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Thick darkness o'er the foe is spreading!
They in uncertainty are treading!
Deluding flashes everywhere;
Then blindness, from the sudden glare! —
All that has wondrously succeeded;
But now some terror-sound is needed.

FAUST.

The hollow weapons from the armories,
Feel themselves stronger in the open breeze;
They rattle there above, and clatter on —
A wonderful discordant tone.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Quite right. They can be reined no more;
As in the gracious times of yore,
The sound of knightly blows is rife;
Armlets and leg-protecting gear,
As Guelfs and Ghibellines appear,
Swift to renew the eternal strife:
Firm in transmitted hate, they close,

While far and wide resound their blows,
The rancor ending but with life.

At last, in every devil's fête
Most potently works party-hate,
Till the last horror closes all;
Discordant sounds of rout and panic,
Between whiles, piercing, shrill, Satanic,
Through the wide valley rise and fall.

(*War tumult in the Orchestra, passing at last into cheerful military music.*)

The rival Emperor's tent. Throne, rich surroundings.

HAVEQUICK, SPEED-BOOTY.

SPEED-BOOTY.

So here the first we are, I see!

HAVEQUICK.

No raven flies so fast as we.

SPEED-BOOTY.

What treasure-heaps lie here and there;
Where to begin? To finish, where?

HAVEQUICK.

So full the space, I'm hard to please:
I know not what I first should seize!

SPEED-BOOTY.

This carpet is the thing for me,
My bed is apt too hard to be.

HAVEQUICK.

Here a steel-club is hanging, such,
Long, as mine own, I've wished to clutch.

SPEED BOOTY.

The mantle red, with golden seams —
I've seen its fellow in my dreams.

HAVEQUICK (*taking the weapon*).

With this full soon the work is done:
One strikes him dead, and passes on.
Much hast thou packed, yet, for thy pains,
Nothing of worth thy sack contains;

This plunder in its place may rest,
One among many, take this chest!
The host's appointed pay they hold;
Within its belly is pure gold.

SPEED-BOOTY.

A murderous weight is this! I may
Nor lift, nor carry it away.

HAVEQUICK.

Duck quickly! Thou must bend! I'll pack
The booty on thy stalwart back.

SPEED-BOOTY.

Alack! alack! 'Tis all in vain!
The load will break my back in twain.
(*The chest falls, and springs open.*)

HAVEQUICK.

There lies of ruddy gold a heap;
Be quick, the prize away to sweep!

SPEED-BOOTY (*stoops down*).

Now fling it in my lap with speed!
There's plenty to supply our need.

HAVEQUICK.

Now there's enough! Away then pack!
(*She rises.*)
The apron has a hole, alack!
Where thou dost stand, and where dost go,
The treasure lavishly dost sow.

HALBERDIERS (*of our* Emperor).

Sacred this place! What do ye here?
Why pillage thus the Emperor's gear?

HAVEQUICK.

Cheaply we sold our limbs, I trow!
Our share of spoil we gather now,
In hostile tents, the victors' due;
And we — why we are soldiers, too.

HALBERDIERS.

It suits not in our ranks to be
Soldier at once and thief, for he

To serve our Emperor who would claim,
Must bear an honest soldier's name!

HAVEQUICK.

Such honesty we know, by you
'Tis Contribution styled! Ye, too,
Upon the self-same footing live:
The password of your trade is — Give!
(*To* SPEED-BOOTY.)
Off with thy prey, right speedily!
For here no welcome guests are we. (*Exeunt.*)

FIRST HALBERDIER.

Say, wherefore didst thou not bestow
Upon the rascal's cheek a blow?

SECOND.

I know not; me my strength forsook;
So phantom-like to me their look!

THIRD.

Something there came to mar my sight.
It glimmered — I saw naught aright.

FOURTH.

In sooth, I know not what to say.
So hot it was the live-long day!
Fearful, oppressive, close as well;
While one man stood, another fell;
We groped, still striking at the foe;
Opponents fell at every blow —
Floated before our eyes a mist;
Then in our ear it buzzed, hummed, hissed.
So on it went — now are we here;
The manner of it is not clear!

Enter the EMPEROR, *with four* PRINCES.
(*The* HALBERDIERS *retire.*)

EMPEROR.

Be with him as it may, the day is ours. Sore-battered,
Over the level plain the foe in flight are scattered.
Here stands the vacant throne; with tapestry hung round,
The traitor's treasure, too, narrows the tented ground.

By our own guards defended, we wait with exultation,
And with imperial pomp, the envoys of each nation.
Here from all sides arrive glad tidings hour by hour:
The realm is pacified, and gladly owns our power.
Though in our fight perchance some magic arts were wrought,
Yet at the last, ourselves — we, only we, have fought.
To combatants, in sooth, chance still may work for good —
From Heaven falls a stone, on foemen it rains blood;
Strange sounds of wondrous power from rocky caves may flow,
Which lift our courage high, and strike with fear the foe.
Object of lasting scorn, prostrate the vanquished lies,
While to the favoring God the victor's praises rise;
All blend with him, nor need that he should give the word —
"We praise Thee, Lord our God!" from million throats is heard.
Yet as the highest praise, my own breast I'll explore,
Searching with pious glance, which rarely happed before.
A young and joyous prince, of time may waste the dower:
Him years will teach, at last, the importance of the hour.
Hence to ally myself with you, most worthy four,
For house, and court, and realm, will I delay no more.
(*To the* First.)
Thine was, O Prince, the wise arrangement of the host,
And in the crisis thou heroic skill couldst boast;
Therefore work thou as may with times of peace accord.
Arch-Marshal name I thee; to thee I give the sword.

ARCH-MARSHAL.

Thy host, within the realm till now employed alone,
Shall on the border guard thy person and thy throne.
Then be it ours, when crowds make glad on festive day
Thy large ancestral hall, thy banquet to array.
I'll hold it at thy side, or bear it thee before,
Of highest majesty the escort evermore.

EMPEROR (*to the* Second).

With valor who, like thee, doth courtesy unite,
Arch-Chamberlain shall be. The duties are not light.

Of all the house-retainers chief art thou; them I find
But sorry servants still, to household strife inclined:
In honor held, may they, from thy example, see
How they to prince, to court, to all, may gracious be.

ARCH-CHAMBERLAIN.

The master's lofty thought to further, bringeth grace:
Ever to aid the good, nor injure e'en the base;
Frank, without guile to be, and calm without disguise,
That thou shouldst know me, Sire, this boon alone I prize.
Dare fancy to that feast press on with pinions bold —
Thou goest to the board, I reach the ewer of gold,
Thy rings I take, that while joy reigneth and delight,
Thy hand may be refreshed, while gladdens me thy light

EMPEROR.

Too earnest feel I now to think of joyous fest;
Yet be it so — a glad commencement still is best!
(*To the* THIRD.)
Arch-Steward thee I choose. Therefore henceforth to thee
The chase, the poultry-yard, the farm shall subject be.
Choice of my favorite dishes still for me prepare,
As them the month brings round, and dressed with proper care.

ARCH-STEWARD.

Strict fasting be for me the duty that I boast,
Until before thee placed the dish to please thee most:
The kitchen-service shall with me co-operate,
The far to bring anear, seasons to ante-date.
Thee charm not viands rare, wherewith thy board is graced;
Simple and racy food, thereto inclines thy taste

EMPEROR (*to the* FOURTH).

Since festivals perforce alone engage us now,
To Cupbearer transformed, young hero, straightbe thou!
Arch-Cupbearer, henceforth the duty shall be thine
To see our cellars stored richly with generous wine.
Be temperate thyself; be not misled through mirth,
Howe'er allurements tempt, to which the hour gives birth!

ARCH-CUPBEARER.

Your highness, youth itself, if trust therein be shown,
Stands, ere one looks around, to man's full stature grown.
Myself I, too, transport to that great festive day:
The imperial sideboard then right nobly I'll array;
Of gold and silver there shall splendid vessels shine,
Yet first the loveliest cup will I select as thine — 881
A clear Venetian glass, wherein joy lurking waits:
The flavor it improves, yet ne'er inebriates.
In such a wondrous cup, too, great our trust may be:
Thy moderation, sire, still more protecteth thee. 885

EMPEROR.

What, in this solemn hour, I have conferred on you,
Receive with confidence, from valid lips and true;
Great is the Emperor's word, and every gift makes sure,
For confirmation yet there needs his signature.
This duty to prepare, and royal writ thereto, 890
The fitting man appears, at the fit moment, too.

(*The* Archbishop *and* Arch-Chancellor *enter.*)

If to the keystone trusts its weight the vaulted arch,
Securely built it then defies time's onward march.
Thou see'st four princes here. E'en now we have decided 894
How governance shall be for house and court provided.
What the whole realm concerns, be that with weight and power,
To you, ye princes five, entrusted from this hour.
In landed wealth ye shall all others far excel;
Hence, with their heritage who from our standard fell,
The bounds of your possessions I forthwith expand:
Ye faithful ones, be yours full many a goodly land, 901
Also the lofty right, should time the occasion send,
Through purchase, chance, exchange, their limits to extend;
To practise undisturbed, this is secured to you,
What sovereign rights soe'er, as landlords, are your due; 905

As judges, be it yours to speak the final doom, —
From your high stations none will to appeal presume.
Then tribute, tax, and tithe, safe-conduct, toll, and fee,
Mine-salt, and coinage-dues, your property shall be.
That thus my gratitude may validly be shown,
In rank I you have raised next the Imperial throne.

ARCHBISHOP.

In name of all be given our depest thanks to thee!
Us makest thou strong and firm, — thy power shall strengthened be.

EMPEROR.

Yet higher dignities I to you five will give.
Still live I for my realm, and still rejoice to live;
Nathless of my great sires the chain withdraws my gaze,
From keen endeavor back, the coming doom to face:
I also, in *His* time, must bid my friends adieu;
The emperor to name shall then belong to you.
On the high altar raised, crown ye his sacred brow,
And peacefully shall end, what stormful was e'en now!

ARCH-CHANCELLOR.

With pride in their deep breasts, with lowly gestures, stand
Princes, before thee bowed, the foremost of the land.
So long as in our veins the faithful current plays,
The body we, which still thy lightest impulse sways!

EMPEROR.

And, to conclude, what we to-day have done, made sure,
Shall be henceforth for aye, by writ and signature;
Ye hold, indeed, as lords, possession, full and free,
Yet on these terms — that it partitioned ne'er shall be,
And howsoe'er increased, what ye from us receive
Ye to your eldest son shall undivided leave.

ARCH-CHANCELLOR.

For our weal and the realm's, to parchment will I straight,
With joyful mind, confide a statute of such weight;
The Chancery shall seal and document procure,
Then shall confirm it, Sire, thy sacred signature!

EMPEROR.

And so I you dismiss, that on this glorious day,
In solemn conclave met, deliberate ye may.
(*The temporal lords retire. The* Archbishop *remains, and speaks in a pathetic tone.*)

ARCHBISHOP.

The chancellor is gone; the bishop doth remain,
His father's heart for thee trembles with anxious pain:
Him a deep warning soul impels thine ear to seek.

EMPEROR.

What in this joyous hour is thy misgiving? Speak!

ARCHBISHOP.

With what a bitter pang find I, in such an hour,
Thy consecrated head in league with Satan's power!
Confirmed upon thy throne, as it appeareth, — true;
But in despite of God, and Father Pontiff, too!
Hearing of this, forthwith, will he pronounce thy doom;
With sacred fire thy realm, accursed, will he consume;
For he forgets not how, the day when thou wast crowned,
E'en at that hour supreme, the sorcerer hast unbound;
To Christendom's foul shame, on that accursed head,
From out thy diadem, mercy's first beam was shed.
Now smite upon thy breast, and from thy guilty prey
Back to our holy church some little share repay.
The broad hill-space whereon thy tent did lately stand,
Where, thee to aid, themselves did evil spirits band,
There, where the Prince of Lies did late thine ears abuse,
Taught piously, that spot devote to pious use, —
With mountains and thick wood, so far as they extend,
With verdant slopes which yield rich pasture, without end;
Clear lakes, alive with fish, unnumbered brooks that flow,
With swift and snakelike course, down to the vale below;
Then the broad vale itself, with meadow, hollow, plain, —
Let thy repentance speak, and mercy thou'lt obtain!

EMPEROR.

For this, my grievous fault, terror so fills my mind,
By thine own measure be the bounds by thee assigned.

ARCHBISHOP.

First shall the space defiled, by sin so desecrated,
To service of the Highest straight be consecrated!
Swift, to the spirit-eye, the massive walls aspire,
The morning sun's first beam already gilds the choir;
Crosswise the structure grows, the nave, in length and height
Expanding, straightway fills believers with delight.
Through the wide portal now, they throng with ardent zeal,
While over hill and vale resounds the bells' first peal —
From lofty towers they ring, which heavenward strive amain,
The penitent draws near, there to be born again.
On consecration day — that day soon may we see! —
The highest ornament should then thy presence be.

EMPEROR.

And be my pious wish, through work so great made known,
The Lord our God to praise, and for my sin atone!
Enough! Already raised my spirit now I feel.

ARCHBISHOP.

As chancellor, I claim both covenant and seal.

EMPEROR.

A deed which to the church shall all these rights secure —
Bring it, I will with joy affix my signature.

ARCHBISHOP

(*takes leave, but turns back again at the door*).

Thou, as the work proceeds, to it must dedicate
The land's collective dues — tribute, and tithe, and rate —
Forever. Ample wealth for due support we need,
And careful governance still heavy costs doth breed.
For swift erection, too, on spot so waste, some gold,
From thy rich plunder, thou from us wilt not withhold.
Moreover, we shall want — this I cannot disguise —
Timber, and lime, and slate, and such far-off supplies;
Taught from the pulpit, these the willing people bears:
The church still blesses him, who for her service cares.

(*Exit.*)

EMPEROR.

Heavy and sore the sin whose burden I bewail!
These odious sorcerers have wrought me grievous bale!

ARCHBISHOP

(*returning once more with profound obeisance*).

Pardon, O Sire, thou hast to that unworthy man
The realm's seashore conveyed; yet him shall smite the ban,
Unless with tithe and dues, with rent and taxes, thou,
Repentant, also there our holy church endow.

EMPEROR (*with ill-humor*).

The land is not yet there; broad in the sea it lies.

ARCHBISHOP.

For him the time will come who potent is and wise,
For us still may your word in its full powers remain.
(*Exit.*)

EMPEROR (*alone*).

So may I sign away the realm o'er which I reign!

ACT THE FIFTH.

Open country.

WANDERER.

Yes, 'tis they, their branches rearing,
Hoary lindens, strong in age;—
There I find them, reappearing,
After my long pilgrimage!
'Tis the very spot;—how gladly
Yonder hut once more I see,
By the billows raging madly,
Cast ashore, which sheltered me!
My old hosts, I fain would greet them,
Helpful they, an honest pair;
May I hope to-day to meet them?
Even then they aged were.
Worthy folk, in God believing!
Shall I knock? or raise my voice?

Hail to you if, guest receiving,
In good deeds ye still rejoice!

BAUCIS (*a very aged woman*).

Stranger dear, beware of breaking
My dear husband's sweet repose!
Strength for brief and feeble waking
Lengthened sleep on age bestows.

WANDERER.

Mother, say then, do I find thee,
To receive my thanks once more,
In my youth who didst so kindly,
With thy spouse, my life restore?
Baucis, to my lips half-dying,
Art thou, who refreshment gave?
(*The husband steps forth.*)
Thou Philemon, strength who plying,
Snatched my treasure from the wave?
By your flames, so promptly kindled,
By your bell's clear silver sound —
That adventure, horror-mingled,
Hath a happy issue found.
Forward let me step, and gazing
Forth upon the boundless main,
Kneel, and thankful prayers upraising,
Ease of my full heart the strain!
(*He walks forward upon the downs.*)

PHILEMON (*to* BAUCIS).

Haste to spread the table, under
The green leafage of our trees.
Let him run, struck dumb with wonder,
Scarce he'll credit what he sees.
(*He follows the wanderer. Standing beside him.*)
Where the billows did maltreat you,
Wave on wave in fury rolled,
There a garden now doth greet you,
Fair as Paradise of old.
Grown more aged, as when stronger,
I could render aid no more;
And, as waned my strength, no longer

Rolled the sea upon the shore:
Prudent lords, bold serfs directing,
It with trench and dyke restrained;
Ocean's rights no more respecting,
Lords they were, where he had reigned.
See, green meadows far extending; —
Garden, village, woodland, plain.
But return we, homeward wending,
For the sun begins to wane.
In the distance sails are gliding,
Nightly they to port repair;
Bird-like, in their nests confiding,
For a haven waits them there.
Far away mine eye discerneth
First the blue fringe of the main;
Right and left, where'er it turneth,
Spreads the thickly-peopled plain.

In the Garden. The three at table.

BAUCIS (*to the stranger*).

Art thou dumb? No morsel raising
To thy famished lips?

PHILEMON.

I trow,
He of wonders so amazing
Fain would hear; inform him thou.

BAUCIS.

There was wrought a wonder truly,
Yet no rest it leaves to me;
Naught in the affair was duly
Done, as honest things should be!

PHILEMON.

Who as sinful can pronounce it?
'Twas the Emperor gave the shore; —
Did the trumpet not announce it
As the herald passed our door?
Footing firm they first have planted
Near these downs. Tents, huts, appeared;

O'er the green, the eye, enchanted,
Saw ere long a palace reared.

BAUCIS.

Shovel, axe, no labor sparing,
Vainly plied the men by day;
Where the fires at night shone flaring,
Stood a dam, in morning's ray.
Still from human victims bleeding,
Wailing sounds were nightly borne;
Seaward sped the flames, receding;
A canal appeared at morn!
Godless is he, naught respecting;
Covets he our grove, our cot;
Though our neighbor, us subjecting,
Him to serve will be our lot.

PHILEMON.

Yet he bids, our claims adjusting,
Homestead fair in his new land.

BAUCIS.

Earth, from water saved, mistrusting,
On thine own height take thy stand.

PHILEMON.

Let us, to the chapel wending,
Watch the sun's last rays subside;
Let us ring, and prayerful bending,
In our fathers' God confide!

Palace.

Spacious ornamental garden; broad, straight canal.
FAUST, *in extreme old age, walking about meditating.*

LYNCEUS, THE WARDER

(through a speaking trumpet).

The sun sinks down, the ships belated
Rejoicing to the haven steer.
A stately galley, deeply freighted,
On the canal, now draweth near;
Her chequered flag the breeze caresses,
The masts unbending bear the sails:

Thee now the grateful seaman blesses,
Thee at this moment Fortune hails.
(*The bell rings on the downs.*)

FAUST (*starting*).

Accursed bell! Its clamor sending,
Like spiteful shot it wounds mine ear!
Before me lies my realm unending;
Vexation dogs me in the rear;
For I, these envious chimes still hearing,
Must at my narrow bounds repine;
The linden grove, brown hut thence peering,
The mouldering church, these are not mine.
Refreshment seek I, there repairing?
Another's shadow chills my heart,
A thorn, nor foot nor vision sparing, —
O far from hence could I depart!

WARDER (*as above*).

How, wafted by the evening gales,
Blithely the painted galley sails;
On its swift course, how richly stored!
Chest, coffer, sack, are heaped aboard.

A splendid galley, richly and brilliantly laden with the produce of foreign climes.

MEPHISTOPHELES. *The three mighty comrades.*

CHORUS.

Here do we land,
Here are we now,
Hail to our lord;
Our patron, thou!

(*They disembark. The goods are brought ashore*).

MEPHISTOPHELES.

So have we proved our worth — content
If we our patron's praises earn:
With but two ships abroad we went,
With twenty we to port return.
By our rich lading all may see
The great successes we have wrought.
Free ocean makes the spirit free:

There claims compunction ne'er a thought!
A rapid grip there needs alone;
A fish, a ship, on both we seize.
Of three if we the lordship own,
Straightway we hook a fourth with ease,
Then is the fifth in sorry plight—
Who hath the power, has still the right;
The *What* is asked for, not the *How*.
Else know I not the seaman's art:
War, commerce, piracy, I trow,
A trinity, we may not part.

THE THREE MIGHTY COMRADES.

No thank and hail;
No hail and thank!
As were our cargo
Vile and rank!
Disgust upon
His face one sees:
The kingly wealth
Doth him displease!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Expect ye now
No further pay;
For ye your share
Have taken away.

THE THREE MIGHTY COMRADES.

To pass the time,
As was but fair;
We all expect
An equal share.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

First range in order,
Hall on hall,
These wares so costly,
One and all!
And when he steps
The prize to view,

And reckons all
With judgment true,
He'll be no niggard;
As is meet,
Feast after feast
He'll give the fleet.
The gay birds come with morning tide;
Myself for them can best provide,
(*The cargo is removed.*)

MEPHISTOPHELES (*to* FAUST).

With gloomy look, with earnest brow
Thy fortune high receivest thou.
Thy lofty wisdom has been crowned;
Their limits shore and sea have found;
Forth from the shore, in swift career,
O'er the glad waves, thy vessels steer;
Speak only of thy pride of place,
Thine arm the whole world doth embrace.
Here it began; on this spot stood
The first rude cabin formed of wood;
A little ditch was sunk of yore
Where plashes now the busy oar.
Thy lofty thought, thy people's hand,
Have won the prize from sea and land.
From here, too ——

FAUST.

That accursed here!
It weighs upon me! Lend thine ear;—
To thine experience I must tell,
With thrust on thrust, what wounds my heart,
To bear it is impossible ——
Nor can I, without shame, impart:
The old folk there above must yield;
Would that my seat those lindens were;
Those few trees not mine own, that field,
Possession of the world impair.
There I, wide view o'er all to take,
From bough to bough would scaffolds raise;
Would, for the prospect, vistas make,
On all that I have done to gaze;

To see at once before me brought
The master-work of human thought,
Where wisdom hath achieved the plan,
And won broad dwelling-place for man. —
Thus are we tortured; — in our weal,
That which we lack, we sorely feel!
The chime, the scent of linden-bloom,
Surround me like a vaulted tomb.
The will that nothing could withstand,
Is broken here upon the sand:
How from the vexing thought be safe?
The bell is pealing, and I chafe!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Such spiteful chance, 'tis natural,
Must thy existence fill with gall.
Who doubts it! To each noble ear,
This clanging odious must appear;
This cursed ding-dong, booming loud,
The cheerful evening-sky doth shroud,
With each event of life it blends,
From birth to burial it attends,
Until this mortal life doth seem,
Twixt ding and dong, a vanished dream!

FAUST.

Resistance, stubborn selfishness,
Can trouble lordliest success,
Till, in deep angry pain one must
Grow tired at last of being first!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Why let thyself be troubled here?
Is colonizing not thy sphere?

FAUST.

Then go, to move them be thy care!
Thou knowest well the homestead fair,
I've chosen for the aged pair —

MEPHISTOPHELES.

We'll bear them off, and on new ground
Set them, ere one can look around.

The violence outlived and past,
Shall a fair home atone at last.

(*He whistles shrilly.*)

The THREE *enter.*

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Come! straight fulfil the lord's behest;
The fleet to-morrow he will feast.

THE THREE.

The old lord us did ill requite;
A sumptuous feast is ours by right.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

What happed of old, here happens, too:
Still Naboth's vineyard meets the view.
(1 *Kings* xvi.)

Deep night.

LYNCEUS THE WARDER (*on the watch-tower singing*).

Keen vision my birth-dower,
I'm placed on this height,
Still sworn to the watch-tower,
The world's my delight,
I gaze on the distant,
I look on the near,
On moon and on planet,
On wood and the deer:
The beauty eternal
In all things I see;
And pleased with myself
All bring pleasure to me.
Glad eyes, look around ye
And gaze, for whate'er
The sight they encounter,
It still hath been fair!

(*Pause.*)

Not alone for pleasure-taking
Am I planted thus on high;
What dire vision, horror-waking,
From yon dark world scares mine eye!
Fiery sparkles see I gleaming

Through the lindens' twofold night;
By the breezes fanned, their beaming
Gloweth now with fiercest light!
Ah! the peaceful hut is burning;
Stood its moss-grown walls for years;
They for speedy help are yearning—
And no rescue, none appears!
Ah! the aged folk, so kindly,
Once so careful of the fire,
Now to smoke a prey, they blindly
Perish, oh, misfortune dire!
'Mid red flames, the vision dazing,
Stands the moss-hut, black and bare;
From the hell, so fiercely blazing,
Could we save the honest pair!
Lightning-like the fire advances,
'Mid the foliage, 'mid the branches;
Withered boughs,—they flicker, burning,
Swiftly glow, then fall;—ah me!
Must mine eyes, this woe discerning,
Must they so far-sighted be!
Down the lowly chapel crashes
'Neath the branches' fall and weight;
Winding now, the pointed flashes
To the summit climb elate.
Roots and trunks the flames have blighted;
Hollow, purple-red, they glow!

(*Long pause. Song.*)

Gone, what once the eye delighted,
With the ages long ago!

FAUST (*on the balcony towards the downs*).

From above what plaintive whimper?
Word and tone are here too late!
Wails my warder; me, in spirit
Grieves this deed precipitate!
Though in ruin unexpected
Charred now lie the lindens old,
Soon a height will be erected,
Whence the boundless to behold.

I the home shall see, enfolding
In its walls, that ancient pair,
Who, my gracious care beholding,
Shall their lives end joyful there.

MEPHISTOPHELES *and* THE THREE (*below*).

Hither we come full speed. We crave
Your pardon! Things have not gone right!
Full many a knock and kick we gave,
They opened not, in our despite;
Then rattled we and kicked the more,
And prostrate lay the rotten door;
We called aloud with threat severe,
Yet, sooth, we found no listening ear.
And as in such case still befalls,
They heard not, would not hear our calls;
Forthwith thy mandate we obeyed,
And straight for thee a clearance made.
The pair — their sufferings were light,
Fainting they sank, and died of fright.
A stranger, harbored there, made show
Of force, full soon was he laid low;
In the brief space of this wild fray,
From coals, that strewn around us lay,
The straw caught fire; 'tis blazing free,
As funeral death-pyre for the three.

FAUST.

To my commandments deaf were ye!
Exchange I wished, not robbery.
For this your wild and ruthless part; —
I curse it! Share it and depart!

CHORUS.

The ancient saw still rings to-day:
Force with a willing mind obey;
If boldly thou canst stand the test,
Stake house, court, life, and all the rest!
(*Exeunt.*)

FAUST.

The stars their glance and radiance veil;
Smoulders the sinking fire, a gale

Fans it with moisture-laden wings,
Vapor to me and smoke it brings.
Rash mandate! — rashly, too, obeyed! —
What hither sweeps like spectral shade?

Midnight.

Four gray women enter.

FIRST.

My name, it is Want.

SECOND.

And mine, it is Blame.

THIRD.

My name, it is Care.

FOURTH.

Need, that is my name.

THREE (*together*).

The door is fast-bolted, we cannot get in;
The owner is wealthy, we may not within.

WANT.

There fade I to shadow.

BLAME.

There cease I to be.

NEED.

His visage the pampered still turneth from me.

CARE.

Ye sisters, ye cannot, ye dare not go in;
But Care through the keyhole an entrance may win.
(CARE *disappears.*)

WANT.

Sisters, gray sisters, away let us glide!

BLAME.

I bind myself to thee, quite close to thy side.

NEED.

And Need at your heels doth with yours blend her breath.*

* Noth and Tod, the German equivalents for Need and Death, form a rhyme. As this cannot be rendered in English, I have introduced a slight alteration in my translation.

THE THREE.

Fast gather the clouds, they eclipse star on star.
Behind there, behind, from afar, from afar,
There comes he, our brother, there cometh he —
Death.

FAUST (*in the palace*).

Four saw I come, but only three went hence.
Of their discourse I could not catch the sense;
There fell upon mine ear a sound like breath,
Thereon a gloomy rhyme-word followed — Death;
Hollow the sound, with spectral horror fraught!
Not yet have I, in sooth, my freedom wrought;
Could I my pathway but from magic free,
And quite unlearn the spells of sorcery,
Stood I, oh, nature, man alone 'fore thee.
Then were it worth the trouble man to be!
Such was I once, ere I in darkness sought,
And curses dire, through words with error fraught,
Upon myself and on the world have brought;
So teems the air with falsehood's juggling brood,
That no one knows how them he may elude!
If but one day shines clear, in reason's light —
In spectral dream envelopes us the night;
From the fresh fields, as homeward we advance —
There croaks a bird: what croaks he? some mischance!
Ensnared by superstition, soon and late;
As sign and portent, it on us doth wait —
By fear unmanned, we take our stand alone;
The portal creaks, and no one enters, — none.

(*Agitated.*)

Is some one here?

CARE.

The question prompteth, **yes!**

FAUST.

What art thou, then?

CARE.

Here, once for all, am I.

FAUST.

Withdraw thyself!

CARE.

My proper place is this.

FAUST

(*first angry, then appeased. Aside*).

Take heed, and speak no word of sorcery.

CARE.

Though by outward ear unheard,
By my moan the heart is stirred;
And in ever-changeful guise,
Cruel force I exercise;
On the shore and on the sea,
Comrade dire hath man in me,
Ever found, though never sought,
Flattered, cursed, so have I wrought.
Hast thou as yet Care never known?

FAUST.

I have but hurried through the world, I own.
I by the hair each pleasure seized;
Relinquished what no longer pleased,
That which escaped me I let go,
I've craved, accomplished, and then craved again;
Thus through my life I've stormed — with might and main,
Grandly, with power, at first; but now, indeed,
It goes more cautiously, with wiser heed.
I know enough of earth, enough of men;
The view beyond is barred from mortal ken;
Fool, who would yonder peer with blinking eyes,
And of his fellows dreams above the skies!
Firm let him stand, the prospect round him scan,
Not mute the world to the true-hearted man.
Why need he wander through eternity?
What he can grasp, that only knoweth he.
So let him roam adown earth's fleeting day,
If spirits haunt, let him pursue his way;
In joy or torment ever onward stride,
Though every moment still unsatisfied!

CARE.

To him whom I have made mine own
All profitless the world hath grown:
Eternal gloom around him lies;
For him suns neither set nor rise;
With outward senses perfect, whole,
Dwell darknesses within his soul;
Though wealth he owneth, ne'ertheless
He nothing truly can possess.
Weal, woe, become mere phantasy;
He hungers 'mid satiety;
Be it joy or be it sorrow,
He postpones it till the morrow;
Of the future thinking ever,
Prompt for present action never.

FAUST.

Forbear! Thou shalt not come near me!
I will not hear such folly. Hence!
Avaunt! This evil litany
The wisest even might bereave of sense.

CARE.

Shall he come or go? He ponders;—
All resolve from him is taken;
On the beaten path he wanders,
Groping on as if forsaken.
Deeper still himself he loses,
Everything his sight abuses,
Both himself and others hating,
Taking breath — and suffocating,
Without life — yet scarcely dying,
Not despairing — not relying.
Rolling on without remission:
Loathsome ought, and sad permission,
Now deliverance, now vexation,
Semi-sleep — poor recreation,
Nail him to his place and wear him,
And at last for hell prepare him.

FAUST.

Unblessèd spectres! Ye mankind have so
Treated a thousand times, their thoughts deranging;
E'en uneventful days to mar ye know,
Into a tangled web of torment changing!
'Tis hard, I know, from demons to get free,
The mighty spirit-bond by force untying;
Yet Care, I never will acknowledge thee,
Thy strong in-creeping, potency defying.

CARE.

Feel it then now; as thou shalt find
When with a curse from thee I've wended:
Through their whole lives are mortals blind —
So be thou, Faust, ere life be ended!

(*She breathes on him.*)

FAUST (*blind*).

Deeper and deeper night is round me sinking;
Only within me shines a radiant light.
I haste to realize, in act, my thinking;
The master's word, that only giveth might.
Up, vassals, from your couch! my project bold,
Grandly completed, now let all behold!
Seize ye your tools; your spades, your shovels ply;
The work laid down, accomplish instantly!
Strict rule, swift diligence — these twain
The richest recompense obtain.
Completion of the greatest work demands
One guiding spirit for a thousand hands.

Great fore-court of the Palace.

Torches.

MEPHISTOPHELES (*as overseer leading the way*).

This way! this way! Come on! come on!
Ye Lemures, loose of tether,
Of tendon, sinew, and of bone,
Half natures, patched together!

LEMURES (*in chorus*).

At thy behest we're here at hand;
Thy destined aim half guessing—
It is that we a spacious land
May win for our possessing.
Sharp-pointed stakes we bring with speed,
Long chains wherewith to measure,
But we've forgotten why, indeed,
To call us was thy pleasure.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

No artist-toil we need to-day;
Sufficeth your own measure here:
At his full length the tallest let him lay!
Ye others round him straight the turf uprear;
As for our sires was done of yore,
An oblong square delve ye once more.
Out of the palace to the narrow home—
So at the last the sorry end must come!

LEMURES

(*digging, with mocking gestures*).

In youth when I did live and love,
Methought, it was very sweet!
Where frolic rang and mirth was rife,
Thither still sped my feet.

Now with his crutch hath spiteful age
Dealt me a blow full sore:
I stumbled o'er a yawning grave,
Why open stood the door!

FAUST

(*comes forth from the palace, groping his way by the door-posts*).

How doth the clang of spades delight my soul!
For me my vassals toil, the while
Earth with itself they reconcile,
The waves within their bounds control,
And gird the sea with steadfast zone—

MEPHISTOPHELES (*aside*).

And yet for us dost work alone,

While thou for dam and bulwark carest;
Since thus for Neptune thou preparest,
The water-fiend, a mighty fête;
Before thee naught but ruin lies;
The elements are our allies;
Onward destruction strides elate.

FAUST.

Inspector!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Here.

FAUST.

As many as you may,
Bring crowds on crowds to labor here;
Then by reward and rigor cheer;
Persuade, entice, give ample pay!
Each day be tidings brought me at what rate
The moat extends which here we excavate.

MEPHISTOPHELES (*half aloud*).

They speak, as if to me they gave
Report, not of a moat — but of a grave.*

FAUST.

A marsh along the mountain chain
Infecteth what's already won;
Also the noisome pool to drain —
My last best triumph then were won:
To many millions space I thus should give,
Though not secure, yet free to toil and live;
Green fields and fertile; men, with cattle blent,
Upon the newest earth would dwell content,
Settled forthwith upon the firm-based hill,
Uplifted by a valiant people's skill;
Within, a land like Paradise; outside,
E'en to the brink, roars the impetuous tide,
And as it gnaws, striving to enter there,
All haste, combined, the damage to repair.

* The play of words contained in the original cannot be reproduced in translation, the German for moat being Graben, and for grave Grab.

Yea, to this thought I cling, with virtue rife,
Wisdom's last fruit, profoundly true:
Freedom alone he earns as well as life,
Who day by day must conquer them anew.
So girt by danger, childhood bravely here,
Youth, manhood, age, shall dwell from year to year;
Such busy crowds I fain would see,
Upon free soil stand with a people free;
Then to the moment might I say:
Linger awhile, so fair thou art!
Nor can the traces of my earthly day
Through ages from the world depart!
In the presentiment of such high bliss,
The highest moment I enjoy — 'tis this.

(Faust *sinks back, the* Lemures *lay hold of him and lay him upon the ground.*)

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Him could no pleasures sate, no joys appease,
So wooed he ever changeful phantasies;
The last worst empty moment to retain,
E'en to the last, the sorry wretch was fain.
Me who so stoutly did withstand —
Time conquers, — lies the old man on the sand!
The clock stands still —

CHORUS.

Stands still, no sound is heard;
The index falls —

MEPHISTOPHELES.

It falls, 'tis finished now.

CHORUS.

Yes, it is past!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Past, 'tis a stupid word.
Why past?
Past and pure nothingness are one, I trow.
Of what avail creation's ceaseless play?
Created things forthwith to sweep away?
"There, now 'tis past." — 'Tis past, what may it mean?
It is as good as if it ne'er had been,

And yet as if it Being did possess,
Still in a circle it doth ceaseless press:
I should prefer the Eternal — Emptiness.

[*BURIAL.*]

LEMUR (*solo*).

Who hath the house so badly built,
With shovel and with spade?

LEMURES (*in chorus*).

For thee, sad guest, in hempen vest,
'Tis all too deftly made.

LEMUR (*solo*).

Who furnished hath so ill the place?
Chair, table, where are they?

LEMURES (*in chorus*).

Short was the let; there came apace
New claimants, day by day.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

There lies the body, would the spirit flee,
I'd show him speedily the blood-signed scroll —
Yet they've so many methods, woe is me,
To cheat the devil now of many a soul!
On the old way one is not sure;
Upon the new we're not commended
Else had I done it unattended,
Assistants must I now procure.
In all things we're in evil plight!
Transmitted usage, ancient right —
In these the time for confidence is past.
With the last breath once sped the soul away;
And like the nimblest mouse, I watched my prey;
Snap! Locked within my claws I held it fast;
Now she delays, nor will the dismal cell,
The loathsome body, leave, though reft of life,
The elements, in ceaseless strife,
Her, in the end, disgracefully expel.
For days and hours I've plagued myself ere now; —
Abides the sorry question; — when? where? how?

Old death has lost his power, once swift and strong;
If dead or no? in doubt we tarry long;
On rigid members oft I've lustful gazed;
'Twas but a feint, it stirred, once more itself upraised!

(*Fantastic gestures of conjuration.*)

Come swiftly on! Double your speed; no pause!
Lords of the straight, lords of the crooked horn!
Chips of the ancient block, true devils born,
Hither bring ye forthwith Hell's murky jaws.
Hell, to be sure, full many jaws may claim;
Which gape as rank enjoins, and dignity;
But we however in this final game,
Not so particular henceforth will be.

(*The ghastly jaws of Hell open on the left.*)

Clatter the corner-teeth; the fire-stream whirling,
The vault's abyss doth overflow,
And through the background-smoke up-curling
The town of flame I see in endless glow;
Up to the very teeth the ruddy billow dashes;
The damned, salvation hoping, swim amain,
Them in his jaws the huge hyæna crashes,
Then they retrace their path of fiery pain.
In nooks fresh horrors lurk to scare the sight,
In narrowest space supremest agony:
Full well ye do, thus sinners to affright,
They hold it but for dream, deceit and lie.

(*To the stout devils, with short straight horns.*)

Now, paunchy slaves, with cheeks that hotly burn,
On hellish brimstone richly fed, ye glow,
Clumsy and short, with necks that never turn —
For gleam like phosphor-light, watch here below:
It is the soul, Psyche, with soaring wing;
The wings pluck off, so 'tis a sorry worm.
First with my seal I'll stamp the ugly thing,
Then off with it to fiery whirling-storm!

Mark ye the lower regions duly,
Ye bladders! 'tis your duty so!
If there she likes to harbor, — truly,
We cannot accurately know;

She in the navel loves to bide:
Take heed, lest from you thence away she glide!

(*To the lean devils, with long crooked horns.*)

Buffoons, ye fuglemen, a giant crew,
Grasp in the air, still clutch without repose,
With outstretched arms, claws sharp and pliant, too,
The fluttering, fleeing creature to enclose!
In her old home she rests uneasily,
Genius aspires, it fain would soar on high.

(*Glory from above, on the right.*)

THE HEAVENLY HOST.

Follow, ye envoys blest,
Leave, brood of heaven, your rest,
Earthward to steer:
Sinners do ye forgive,
Dust cause ye now to live!
Floating on outspread wing
Through nature's sphere,
Kindliest traces bring
Of your career!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Discordant tones I hear, an odious noise
Comes with unwelcome daylight from above:
A mawkish whimper, fit for girls and boys,
Such as a canting taste doth still approve.
Ye know how we, in hours with curses fraught,
Planned the destruction of the human race:
The most atrocious product of our thought
In their devotion finds a fitting place.

They come, the fools, in hypocritic guise!
Full many a soul from us they've snatch'd away —
With our own weapons warring 'gainst us, they
Are devils also, only in disguise.
Here your defeat eternal shame would bring;
On to the grave, and to the margin cling!

CHORUS OF ANGELS (*scattering roses*).

Roses, with dazzling sheen,
Balsam outpouring!

Float heaven and earth between,
Sweet life restoring!
Branchlets with plumy wing,
Buds softly opening
Hasten to blow!
Burst into verdure, Spring,
Purple and green!
To him who sleeps below,
Paradise bring!

MEPHISTOPHELES (*to the Satans*).

Why duck and shrink? Is this hell's wonted way?
Stand firm, and let them scatter to and fro.
Back to his place each fool! Imagine they,
Forsooth, with such a pretty flowery show,
To cover the hot devils, as with snow?
They'll shrink and shrivel where your breathings play.

Blow now, ye Blowers! Hold! not quite so fast!
Pales the whole bevy 'neath your fiery blast.
Not quite so fiercely! Mouth and nostril close!
Your breathing now too strongly blows.
O that ye never the just mean will learn!
That shrivels not alone, 'twill scorch and burn.

Floating they come, with poisonous flames and clear;
Stand firm against them, press together here!—

Force is extinguished, courage all is spent;
A strange alluring glow the devils scent.

ANGELS.

Blossoms, with rapture crowned,
Flames fraught with gladness,
Love they diffuse around,
Banishing sadness,
As the heart may:
Words, blessed truth that tell,
Give, by their potent spell,
Spirits eterne to dwell
In endless day!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

A curse upon the idiot band!
Upon their heads the Satans stand!

Tail foremost down the hellward path
Plunge round and round the clumsy host.
Enjoy your well-earned fiery bath!
But, for my part, I'll keep my post.

(*Striking aside the hovering roses.*)

Off, will o' the wisp! How bright soe'er thy ray,
Captured, thou'rt but an odious, pulpy thing;
Why flutterest? Wilt vanish, straight away!—
Like pitch and brimstone to my neck doth cling?

ANGELS (*chorus*).

Doth aught thy nature mar?
Cease to endure it;
If 'gainst thy soul it war,
Must ye abjure it;
If to press in it try,
Quell it right valiantly!
'Tis love the loving-one
Leadeth on high.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I'm all aflame, head, heart, and liver burn—
An over-devilish element,
Than hellish fire more sharp by far!
Hence ye so mightily lament,
Unhappy lovers, who, when scorned ye are,
After your sweethearts still your necks must turn.

Thus, too, with me, what draws my head aside?
Them have I not to deadly war defied?
My fiercest hate their aspect waked of yore;
Hath something alien pierced me through and through?
These gracious youths, them am I fain to view!—
What now restrains me that I curse no more?
And if befooled I now should be,
Who may henceforth "the fool" be styled?—
The rascals, whom I hate, for me
Too lovely are, I fairly am beguiled!

Sweet children, tell me, to the race
Belong ye not of Lucifer?
So fair ye seem, you I would fain embrace!

At the right moment ye appear;
So pleasant 'tis, so natural, as though
I you had seen a thousand times before,
So lustfully alluring now ye show.
With every look your beauty charms me more!
O nearer come! O grant me but one glance!

ANGEL.

We come, why dost thou shrink as we advance?
So, if thou canst, abide; go not away.
(*The angels hover round, and occupy the entire space.*)

MEPHISTOPHELES
(*who is pressed into the proscenium*).

As spirits damned we're blamed by you —
Yourselves are yet the sorcerers true,
For man and maid ye lead astray. —
A cursed adventure this, I trow!
Is this love's element? My frame
In fire is plunged, I scarcely now
Feel on my neck the scorching flame! —

Ye hover to and fro; with pinions furled
Float downward, after fashion of the world
Move your sweet limbs; in sooth, that earnest style
Becomes you, yet, for once, I fain would see you smile;
That were for me a rapture unsurpassed, —
A glance, I mean, like that which lovers cast:
A slight turn of the mouth, so is it done. —
Thee, tall and stately youth, most dearly thee I prize;
But ill beseemeth thee that priestly guise,
Give me one loving glance, I crave but one!
Ye might, with decency, less clothed appear,
O'er modest in such lengthened drapery. —
They wheel around, to see them in the rear!
All too enticing are the rogues for me!

CHORUS OF ANGELS.

Love now with lustrous ray
Thy fires reveal!
Those to remorse a prey
Truth's power can heal;

No longer evil's thrall,
Joyful and blest,
One with the All-in-all,
Henceforth they rest!

MEPHISTOPHELES (*collecting himself*).

How is't with me? The man entire, like Job,
Must loathe himself, cleft through with boil on boil,—
Yet triumphs, too, after the first recoil,
If he his inward nature fairly probe,
And in himself confides and in his kin:
Saved are the noble devil parts within.
This love attack he casts upon the skin,—
Burnt out already are the cursed flames,
And, one and all, I curse you, as the occasion claims!

CHORUS OF ANGELS.

Whom ye with hallowed glow,
Pure fires, o'erbrood,
Blest in love's overflow,
Lives with the good.
Singing with voices clear,
Soar from beneath;
Pure is the atmosphere,
Breathe, spirit, breathe!

They rise, bearing with them the immortal part of FAUST.)

MEPHISTOPHELES (*looking around*)

How is it? Whither are they gone?
Me have ye cozened, young things though ye be!
They with their booty now are heavenward flown.
Therefore they nibbled at this grave! From me
A great rare prize they've captured: the high soul,
That pledged itself to me with written scroll,—
This have they filched away, right cunningly!
From whom shall I now seek redress?
Who can secure my well-earned right?
In thine old days thou'rt cheated! Yet confess,
Thou hast deserved it, art in sorry plight;
Mismanaged have I in disgraceful sort,
Vast outlay shamefully away have thrown;

The devil's sense, though seasoned well, the sport
Of common lust! — a love absurd I own.
And if the shrewd old devil chose
Himself to busy with this childish freak,
Not small the foolishness, the truth to speak,
Which him hath thus o'ermastered at the close.

Mountain defiles, Forest, Rock, Wilderness. Holy Anchorites, dispersed up the hill, stationed among the clefts.

CHORUS *and* ECHO.

Forests are waving here,
Rocks their huge fronts uprear,
Roots round each other coil,
Stems thickly crowd the soil;
Wave gusheth after wave,
Shelter yields deepest cave;
Lions, in silence round
Tamely that rove,
Honor the hallowed ground,
Refuge of love.

PATER ECSTATICUS.

(*floating up and down*).

Joy's everlasting fire,
Love's glow of pure desire,
Pang of the seething breast,
Rapture, a hallowed guest!
Darts, pierce me through and through,
Lances, my flesh subdue,
Clubs, me to atoms dash,
Lightnings, athwart me flash,
That all the worthless may
Pass like a cloud away,
While shineth from afar
Love's germ, a deathless star.

PATER PROFUNDUS.

(*Lower region.*)

As the rock-chasm, sheer descending,
On chasm resteth more profound,
As thousand sparkling streamlets blending,
Foam in the torrent's headlong bound;

As soars, the realm of air invading,
The stem, impelled by inward strain;
So love, almighty, all-pervading,
Doth all things mould, doth all sustain.

A roaring that the heart appalleth
Sounds as if shook the wood-crowned steep;
Yet, lovely in its plashing, falleth
The wealth of water to the deep,
Refreshment to the valley bearing;
The atmosphere, with poison fraught,
The lightning clearcth, wildly flaring,
Whose deadly flash dire ruin brought —
Love's heralds these, His purpose telling
Who, ever-working, us surrounds.
Come, holy fire, within me dwelling,
Where, tortured in the senses' bounds,
Fetters of pain my soul enclosing,
Hold it immured in rayless gloom!
O God, my troubled thoughts composing,
My needy heart do thou illume!

PATER SERAPHINUS.

(*Middle region.*)

Through the pine-trees' waving tresses,
What bright cloud floats high and higher?
What it shrouds my spirit guesses!
Soars from earth and youthful choir.

CHORUS OF BLESSED BOYS.

Whither, father, are we hieing?
Tell us, kind one, who are we?
Happy are we, upward flying;
Unto all 'tis bliss to be!

PATER SERAPHINUS.

Boys, ere soul or sense could waken,
Ye were born at midnight hour;
From your parents straightway taken,
For the angels a sweet dower.
You a loving one embraces,
This ye feel — then hither fare!

But of earth's rude paths no traces,
Blessed ones, your spirits bear.
In the organ now descending
Of my worldly, earth-born, eyes;
Use them, thus thy need befriending—
View the sphere that round you lies:

(*He takes them into himself.*)

There are trees; there rocks up-soaring;
Headlong there the flood doth leap;
Cleaves the torrent, loudly roaring,
Shorter passage to the deep.

BLESSED BOYS (*from within*).

Grand the scene, but fear awaking:—
Desolate the spot and drear,
Us with dread and horror shaking.
Hold us not, kind father, here!

PATER SERAPHINUS.

Rise to higher spheres, and higher!
Unobserved your growth, yet sure,
As God's presence doth inspire
Strength, by laws eternal, pure.
This the spirit's nurture, stealing
Through the ether's depths profound:
Love eternal, self-revealing,
Sheds beatitude around.

CHORUS OF BLESSED BOYS

(*circling round the highest summit*).

Through ether winging,
Hands now entwine,
Joyfully singing
With feelings divine!
Taught by the Deity,
Trust in his grace;
Whom ye adore shall ye
See face to face!

ANGELS

(*hovering in the higher atmosphere, bearing the immortal part of* FAUST).

Saved is this noble soul from ill,
Our spirit-peer. Whoever
Strives forward with unswerving will,—
Him can we aye deliver;
And if with him celestial love
Hath taken part,—to meet him
Come down the angels from above;
With cordial hail they greet him.

THE YOUNGER ANGELS.

Roses, from fair hands descending,
Holy, penitent, and pure,
Our high mission gladly ending,
Helped our conquest to secure,
Making ours this spirit-treasure.
Demons shrank, in sore displeasure,
Devils fled, as we assailed them,
Hell's accustomed torture failed them,
They by pangs of love were riven;
The old Satan-master even,
Piercèd was by sharp annoyance.
Conquered have we! shout with joyance!

THE MORE PERFECT ANGELS.

Sad 'tis for us to bear
Spirit earth-encumbered;
Though of asbest he were,
Yet is he numbered
Not with the pure. For where
Worketh strong spirit-force,
Elements blending,
No angel may divorce
Natures thus tending
Of twain to form but one;
Parts them God's love, alone,
Their union ending.

THE YOUNGER ANGELS.

Mistlike, with movement rife
Rock-summits veiling,

Near us a spirit-life
Upwards is sailing;
Now grow the vapors clear;
Yonder blest boys appear,
In chorus blending;
They from earth's pressure free
Circle united;
Still upward tending,
In the new spring with glee
Bathe they delighted:
Here let him then begin,
Yet fuller life to win,
With these united.

BLESSED BOYS.

Him as a chrysalis
Joyful receive we:
Pledge of angelic bliss
In him achieve we.
Loosen the flakes of earth
That still enfold him!
Great through the heavenly birth,
And fair, now behold him.

DOCTOR MARIANUS

(*in the highest, purest cell*)

Here is the prospect free,
The soul subliming.
Yonder fair forms I see,
Heavenward they're climbing;
In starry wreath is seen,
Lofty and tender,
Midmost the heavenly Queen,
Known by her splendor.

(*Enraptured.*)

In thy tent of azure hue,
Queen supremely reigning,
Let me now thy secret view,
Vision high obtaining!
With the holy joy of love,
In man's breast, whatever
Lifts the soul to thee above,
Kind one, foster ever!

All invincible we feel,
If our arm thou claimest;
Suddenly assuaged our zeal
If our breast thou tamest.
Virgin, pure from taint of earth,
Mother, we adore thee,
With the Godhead one by birth,
Queen, we bow before thee!

Cloudlets are pressing,
Gently around her;
Her knee caressing
Cloudlets surround her;
Penitents are they;
Ether inhaling,
Their sins bewailing.

Passionless and pure, from thee
Hath it not been taken,
That poor frail ones may to thee
Come, with trust unshaken.
In their weakness snatched away,
Hard it is to save them;
By their own strength rend who may
Fetters that enslave them?
Glide on slippery ground the feet
Swiftly downward sailing!
Whom befool not glances sweet,
Flattery's breath inhaling?

(MATER GLORIOSA *soars forward.*)

CHORUS OF FEMALE PENITENTS.

To realms eternal
Upward art soaring;
Peerless, supernal,
Hear our imploring,
Thy grace adoring.

(*St. Luke* vii. 36.)

MAGNA PECCATRIX.

By the love, warm tears outpouring,
Laving as with balsam sweet,

Pharisaic sneers ignoring,
Of thy godlike Son the feet;
By the vase, rich odor breathing,
Lavishing its costly store;
By the locks, that gently wreathing,
Dried his holy feet once more —

MULIER SAMARITANA (*St. John* iv.)

By the well, whereto were driven
Abram's flocks in ancient days;
By the cooling draught thence given,
Which the Saviour's thirst allays;
By the fountain, still outsending
Thence its waters, far and wide,
Overflowing, never-ending,
Through all worlds it pours its tide —

MARIA AEGYPTIACA (*Acta Sanctorum*).

By the hallowed grave, whose portal
Closed upon the Lord of yore;
By the arm, unseen by mortal,
Back which thrust me from the door;
By my penance, slowly fleeting,
Forty years amid the waste;
By the blessèd farewell greeting,
Which upon the sand I traced —

THE THREE.

Thou, unto the greatly sinning,
Access who dost not deny,
By sincere repentance winning
Bliss throughout eternity,
So from this good soul thy blessing,
Who but once itself forgot,
Sin who knew not, while transgressing,
Gracious One, withhold thou not!

UNA PŒNITENTIUM

(*formerly named* GRETCHEN, *pressing towards her*).

Incline, oh, incline,
All others excelling,
In glory are dwelling,
Unto my bliss thy glance benign!

The loved one, ascending,
His long trouble ending,
Comes back, he is mine!

BLESSED BOYS.

(*They approach, hovering in a circle.*)

Mighty of limb, he towers
E'en now above us,
He for this care of ours
Richly will love us.
Dying, ere we could reach
Earth's pain or pleasure;
What he hath learned he'll teach
In ample measure.

A PENITENT

(*formerly named* GRETCHEN.)

Encircled by the choirs of heaven,
Scarcely himself the stranger knows;
Scarce feels the existence newly given,
So like the heavenly host he grows.
See, how he every band hath riven!
From earth's old vesture freed at length,
Now clothed upon by garb of heaven,
Shines forth his pristine youthful strength,
To guide him, be it given to me;
Still dazzles him the new-born day.

MATER GLORIOSA.

Ascend, thine influence feeleth he,
He'll follow on thine upward way.

DOCTOR MARIANUS

(*adoring, prostrate on his face.*)

Penitents, her Saviour-glance
Gratefully beholding
To beatitude advance,
Still new powers unfolding!
Thine each better thought shall be
To thy service given!
Holy Virgin, gracious be,
Mother, Queen of Heaven!

CHORUS MYSTICUS.

All of mere transient date
As symbol showeth;
Here, the inadequate
To fulness groweth;
Here the ineffable
Wrought is in love;
The ever-womanly
Draws us above.

ANNOTATIONS

TO THE

SECOND PART OF FAUST.

On the first appearance of the "Helena," Goethe declared with reference to the completion of "Faust," that in the second part the hero must be introduced into a higher sphere, and be brought into social relations of a more elevated character. This purpose is manifest in each act of the second part. It may be well, however, before entering upon the study of the poem, to bear in mind that Goethe repudiated the notion that "the rich, varied, and highly diversified life which he has brought to view in Faust is strung upon the slender thread of one pervading idea." His utterance with reference to "Helena" is, in a certain degree, applicable to the other scenes of the drama; "it forms," he says, "an independent little world, and is only connected with the whole by a slight reference to what precedes and follows;" "the only matter of importance in such compositions," he adds, "is, that the single masses should be clear and significant, while the whole remains incommensurable; and even on that account, like an unsolved problem, constantly lures mankind to study it again and again." *

Act I.

A Pleasing Landscape.

Faust's remorseful agony, and his resolve to venture his life for the deliverance of Gretchen, as portrayed in the concluding scene of the first part, indicate that the voice of conscience is not stifled in his soul. In the opening scene of the second part he is represented as coming under the healing influences of time and of nature, typified by Ariel and the Elfin choir. They allay the anguish of remorse; soothe and tranquillize the troubled spirit; summon him to cast aside the shell of sleep, and to return to the active duties of life. The break of day, heralded by the rising sun, symbolizes the new life-career upon which he is about to enter, inspired by the high resolve.

"Aye to press on to being's sovereign height."

The Imperial Court.

The visit of Mephistopheles to the imperial court, suggested by the old Faust-book, affords Goethe the opportunity of exhibiting, in the

* "Conversations of Goethe with Eckermann" (Bohn Trans., p. 507).

feckless expenditure which there prevails, while the people perish for lack of food and of justice, the evils which threaten the fall of an empire, together with their cause.

"In the Emperor," he said, "I have endeavored to represent a prince who has all the necessary qualities for losing his land, and at last succeeds in so doing. He does not concern himself about the welfare of his kingdom and his subjects; he only thinks of himself and how he can amuse himself from day to day. The land is without law and justice; the judge himself is on the side of the criminals; the most atrocious crimes are committed without check and with impunity. The army is without pay and without discipline. . . . . The state treasury is without money. . . . . In the Emperor's own household things are no better. . . . . The councillor of state wishes to remonstrate with his majesty upon all these evils, and advises as to their remedy; but the gracious sovereign is unwilling to lend his sublime ear to anything so disagreeable; he prefers amusing himself. Here now is the true element of Mephisto, who quickly supplants the former fool, and is at once at the side of the Emperor as new fool and counsellor." * The greatest embarrassment is caused by the want of money, which Mephistopheles promises to provide. This theme continues through the masquerade.

The Carnival Masquerade.

In this scene a series of groups is introduced, representing manifold aspects of human society, and intended possibly to exhibit the progress of civilization, together with the agencies by which it is retarded or advanced. It also serves to introduce the paper-money device, which forms the subject of the following scene.

The first group brings before the eyes some features of the golden age, when the human race, free from selfishness and greed, lived together in joyous liberty; the peace and plenty, the richness of imagination and love, which characterized that idyllic period, are aptly symbolized by the Olive-branch, the Wheat-sheaf, the Fancy-nosegay, and the Budding Roses, in the hands of the Florentine Garden-girls.

In the succeeding group of the Mother and Daughter, this picture of primeval simplicity is contrasted with life under a more conventional aspect. As civilization advances the fruits of the field no longer suffice for human nourishment. Fishermen and Bird-catchers are introduced, and the Wood-cutters appear as representatives of manly toil. It is not difficult to discern the social classes represented by the Pulcinelli and the Parasites, while the Drunken Man exhibits the debasing influence of sensual indulgence.

The figures of Grecian mythology, which next appear, represent those spiritual forces and qualities which permanently manifest themselves in civilized society, under all its various aspects. The Graces, through the courteous interchange of kindly aid, restore to life its freedom and its charm. The Fates are the representatives of law, of just measure and established order; while the Furies, appearing not as the avengers but as the authors of crime, under the guise of evil passions, calumny, and slander, are the destroyers alike of public and domestic peace.

In order to bridle these unruly elements, firm Authority is needed, and accordingly one of the most significant groups is next introduced. A living Colossus symbolizes the State, guided by Prudence, while delusive Hope, and desponding Fear, two of the most potent disturbers of public tranquillity, walk chained on either side; Victoria, queen of all activities, is enthroned upon the summit.

* Conversations of Goethe with Eckermann.

The accompanying figure of Zoilo-Thersites (a combination formed from the Thersites of the Iliad and Zoilus, a grammarian of the third century before Christ, known as the defamer of Homer) represents the spirit of envious detraction, manifested more especially in public life.

Drawn by dragons and guided by the Boy-Charioteer, Faust appears as the god of wealth, spiritual as well as material, while Mephistopheles is introduced, seated upon the chariot, as Avarice. By means of a magic lantern the picture of the dragon-team has passed in rapid flight over and through the crowd.

Düntzer sees in Faust the symbol of prosperity as the result of well directed activity in the state, while art, which is closely connected with it, which reconciles the useful and the beautiful, and is itself a source of national wealth, is typified by the Boy-Charioteer; as the spirit of poetry, he is the first appearance of the genius subsequently embodied in Euphorion. Of the latter, Goethe is reported to have said, "he is not a human, but an allegorical being. In him is personified Poetry, which is bound to neither time, place, nor person. The same spirit who afterwards chooses to be Euphorion, appears here as the Boy-Charioteer, and is so far like a spectre, that he can be present everywhere and at all times."

Poetry and art, which prepare for life its richest embellishments, must seek their inspiration far from the bustle of resort; the Boy-Charioteer is accordingly dismissed by Plutus, that "in solitude he may create his own world;" thither, to the realms of The Mothers, he will soon be followed by Faust himself. The relation between Goethe and Karl August, the Grand Duke of Weimar, are supposed to be represented in those between the Boy-Charioteer and Plutus. The interpretation of the allegory in its details must be left to the penetration of the reader; suffice it to say that therein is portrayed the vulgar crowd, who, incapable of appreciating the beautiful and the true, mistake appearance for reality, and are unable to reach the idea which underlies it. By them gold is prized as the means of purchasing the frivolous enjoyments of sense, and thus, instead of raising the national life to a higher level, it becomes a source of immorality and corruption. In the final group the Emperor appears in the mask of Pan, "the All of the world," reminding us of Louis XIVth's celebrated exclamation: "The state, it is I." The Fauns, Satyrs, Gnomes and Giants, supposed by some commentators to symbolize the privileged classes attendant upon royalty, are represented by his courtiers. The Emperor is conducted to the fount of gold; the fiery catastrophe may be regarded as a delusive magic show, which has its counterparts in the old Faust-book. It probably symbolizes the revolution caused by misgovernment, and may have been designed by Faust as a warning to the pleasure-loving Emperor. The moral of the show is embodied in the words of the Herald.

> "O youth, O youth, and wilt thou never
> To joy assign its fitting bound?
> O Majesty, with reason never
> Will thy omnipotence be crowned?"

The Pleasure Garden.

The paper-money device, the subject of this scene, shows that a corrupt society is stimulated by the acquisition of wealth, not to the accomplishment of noble deeds, but to idleness and self indulgence. The sudden influx of riches, instead of being employed in making available, through labor and skill, the undeveloped resources of the country, tends to relax the energies of the nation, and thus prepares the way for the dangers which threaten it, as represented in the fourth act.

Dark Gallery. (*The Mothers.*)

Goethe, when asked by Eckermann for an explanation of this scene, replied, "I can only reveal that I found it mentioned in Plutarch, that in Grecian antiquity certain goddesses were revered under the name of 'The Mothers.'" These Mothers were old Pelasgian Nature-deities, who were superseded by the great goddesses, Demeter and Persephone.

Of special significance in this connection is the following passage from Plutarch ("De Defect.," chap. 22). "There are 183 worlds; they were arranged in the figure of a triangle, and every side contained sixty worlds, the remaining three occupy the corners; in this order they gently touch each other, and ceaselessly revolve as in a dance. The space within the triangle is to be regarded as a common hearth for all, and is called the field of Truth. Within lie, motionless, the causes, forms, and original images of all things, which have been and which shall be. Eternity surrounds them, from which Time, as an effluence, flows over the worlds. Human souls of transcendent excellence, obtain permission, every thousand years, to contemplate the spectacle, and the most glorious mysteries on earth are simply dreams of such contemplation."

The realm of "The Mothers" is that field of Truth; they are its imaginary guardians; the conceptions, causes, energies of all created things repose in its mysterious depths, issue thence, and are developed in time and space; it is the realm of the infinite as opposed to the finite; of the ideal as opposed to the real.

As in everything which receives new life on earth, the female principle is most in operation; these creating divinities are rightly thought of as female, and the august title of "The Mothers" may be given to them not without reason.

Faust is required to invoke Helena and Paris, in whom he recognizes the ideal impersonation of womanly and manly beauty, whose forms had been embodied in Grecian art. In order to reproduce them he must forget the region of actuality, and enter that of the Infinite and the Eternal; he must, moreover, realize in the depths of his spiritual consciousness the sentiments and ideas from which they originally sprang. This can only be accomplished by an intense effort of mental abstraction, combined with the patient study of classical antiquity. It is given to creative genius alone to unlock with its glowing key the treasury of the past, to summon thence the spirits of a bygone age, and to breathe into them the breath of life. This intellectual process is typified by Faust's descent to "The Mothers." At first he shrinks back appalled from the effort; having, however, at length entered the realm of the invisible, the contemplation of the divine ideal is for him a spiritual new-birth. The tripod appears to have a double signification, and to symbolize at the same time the original creative energy subsisting at the heart of things, and also the inspiration of genius, which is alone the source of ideal impersonation.

The Brilliantly-lighted Hall.

This and the following scene exhibit the contrast between the frivolous impulses of the courtly throng, and Faust's earnest devotion to his ideal aim. Genuine art is regarded by them simply as an amusement, and their contemplation of its masterworks is accompanied by the shallowest remarks.

Hall of the Knights.

What to the audience is merely a charming spectacle is to Faust a profound experience His ideal, conceived in the innermost depths of

his spirit, meets his enraptured gaze; with that passionate desire, which is characterized by Plato as a divine madness, he seeks to grasp it, to retain it as an enduring possession. Without this fiery enthusiasm nothing great is accomplished either in life or in art; it is, however, the beginning, not the end; perfection can be achieved only by long and patient labor; to him who thinks to hold the ideal with a sudden grasp, it vanishes in mist. Faust falls prostrate to the ground as, in the first act, at the appearance of the Earth-spirit. Now, however, he will follow the star which has arisen within him; he will prepare "the twofold realm;" the spirit-realm of antiquity, which has vanished from his consciousness, will again arise within him, and will combine with the actual to form an ideal world, over which beauty and order shall reign supreme, as symbolically portrayed in the picture of Arcadia, in the "Helena."

Act II.

Faust's Study.

Faust has seen his ideal; paralyzed by the vision he is borne sleeping by Mephistopheles to the study from which he had escaped in bygone years, and from which, lighted by Homunculus, he is speedily to issue forth in quest of Helena. The poet here symbolizes his own experience; like Faust, he drew his ideals from the depth of his inner consciousness. How earnestly he devoted himself to the study of nature, art, and antiquity, as the necessary condition for their realization, is revealed by the whole course of his biography.

During Faust's absence his chamber has remained undisturbed, and amidst its dust and mould are generated the whims and crotchets typified by the chorus of insects. Mephisto assumes Faust's furry gown; that he first shakes thence the chafers and other insects is not without significance. When the contemner of ancient authority, the Voltaire of the age, occupies the professor's chair, a revolution is at hand; the bell sounds which announces the advent of a new epoch; the walls tremble, the doors spring open, giving access to the fresh air of independent thought.

Genuine knowledge requires that careful observation and reverence for the past shall be combined with freedom from prejudice, and perfect liberty of thought; these elements are here disjoined, the former having their representatives in Wagner and his Famulus, the latter in the character of the Baccalaureus, in whom is personified, as Goethe himself said, the arrogance peculiar to youth. The conversation between him and Mephisto is a satirical comment upon the philosophy of Fichte, whose extravagant idealism found no favor with Goethe.

The Laboratory.

Antiquity was acquainted with certain small waxen figures, in the human shape, called Homunculi, which were employed by dealers in magical arts. The name also occurs in the writings of Paracelsus, which contain a curious receipt for the "*generatio Homunculorum.*" The passage is quoted by Düntzer, who adds that through the lectures of the philosopher, John Jacob Wagner, who maintained that all organisms were developed metals, the assertion was disseminated throughout Germany that chemists could succeed in producing organized bodies, and in creating men through crystallization. The name of this philosopher may have suggested to Goethe to ascribe the attempt to his Wagner. Through the co-operation of Mephistopheles he succeeds: Homunculus appears like a small human form in the phial; being a product of the

understanding, without any physical attributes, he may fairly be represented as desiring incorporation. With regard to the signification of the Homunculus various interpretations have been suggested. He has been supposed to symbolize the truth that reflection and study, of which he is the product, must be associated with inspiration and genius for the accomplishment of any great master-work. By Düntzer he is regarded as the type of thoughtful, self-conscious striving after the ideal, which cannot be conquered by storm, but can be won only by sustained and patient effort. Hermann Küntzel gives a wider application to the symbol. After alluding to the Darwinian theory, that all organized beings have their origin in a primal cell, so Homunculus, he says, may be regarded as the spiritual protoplasma of the anticipated new epoch.

"As a being to whom the present is perfectly clear and transparent, the Homunculus sees into the soul of the sleeping Faust, who, enraptured by a lovely dream, beholds Leda visited by swans while she is bathing in a pleasant spot." With reference to this dream, Eckermann remarked to Goethe, "It is wonderful to me how the several parts of such a work bear upon, perfect, and sustain one another! By this dream of Leda, 'Helena' gains its proper foundation." Goethe acquiesced, and said in reply: "Thus you will see that in these earlier acts the chords of the classic and romantic are constantly struck, so that, as on a rising ground, where both forms of poetry are brought out, and in some sort balance one another, we may ascend to 'Helena.'" *

The Classical Walpurgis-Night.

The scene is laid in the Pharsalian field where, 48 B.C., the triumph of Cæsar over Pompey put an end to the Roman republic and inaugurated a new epoch in the history of the world. It represents Faust's passionate striving after the realization of his ideal, together with the transition from lower to higher forms of being, as manifested more especially in the history of Grecian art. With these motives are associated two others, namely, the search of Mephistopheles for an appropriate form which brings out the repulsive elements in classical mythology, where supreme ugliness, in contrast with ideal beauty, has its type in the Phorkyads; and also the striving of Homunculus after organic existence.

We are presented at the opening of the scene with figures from the East, which were adopted and developed by the Greeks, the Assyrian Griffin and the Egyptian Sphinx, together with the Arimaspians, who were of Scythian origin. To these strange beings Mephistopheles introduces himself as the Old Iniquity; he is, however, soon recognized by the Sphinxes, who tell him that he himself is the greatest riddle. While Mephistopheles feels not quite at home among these antique forms, Faust awakens to new life upon the classic soil. He inquires from the Sphinxes the way to Helena, and is referred by them to Chiron, the Centaur, the teacher of Æsculapius, who carries him to the Prophetess Manto. This venerable sybil sympathized with his striving to win the apparently impossible; she suffers him to descend through the temple of Apollo to the depths of Olympus, where Persephone sits enthroned queen of the dead. With reference to this scene Goethe is reported by Eckermann to have spoken as follows: "Then only think what is to be said on that mad night! Faust's speech to Proserpine when he would move her to give him Helena, what a speech that would be when Proserpine herself is moved to tears!" We cannot but regret that the poet was never inspired to embody his

* "Conversations of Goethe with Eckermann."

conception, but has left its realization to the imagination of the reader.

Faust here withdraws from the scene, in order to prepare for the consummation in the following act, when, through the union between classical and mediæval culture, a new epoch is to be inaugurated.

The idea of Being and Development is now transferred to the history of the earth; in geological phenomena Goethe preferred the theory which refers to water as the chief agency in modifying the surface of the globe; alike in the moral and the material world he was opposed to everything violent and explosive; hence, when he wished to picture a period of transition under the image of a struggle between the elements, he would naturally give the victory to water and to air.

While the Sirens sing the praise of water, the soil is upheaved by an earthquake, personified by the giant Seismos. Rafael, in a picture of the imprisonment of St. Paul, has similarly represented an earthquake under the form of a powerful giant, who, with his broad shoulders presses upward through the earth. The process of transition from lower to higher forms of being, alike in nature and in history, is accompanied not unfrequently by seasons of revolution and disruption; such a period seems to be indicated by the Seismos episode, with the Pigmies and Dactyles, the slaughter of the Herons, and the subsequent attack of the avenging Cranes: it would be beyond the scope of these notes to attempt any elaborate interpretation of the scene. It is regarded by Hermann Küntzel as typifying a political insurrection; and to his work I must refer for a fuller exposition of his views. I will accordingly pass on to the moonlit bay, where the festival prepared by the Nereids indicates the transition from a period of anarchy and confusion to one of happiness and peace.

They hasten to Samothrace to bring thence the venerable Cabiri, which they carry upon the giant shield of Chelone (the ancient shell of the turtle covered with hieroglyphics). The Cabiri, according to Hermann Küntzell, indicate the religious element; they are mentioned by Strabo as primeval Pelasgian divinities, who sat in council with the greater gods; they were the mediators between the gods and men, and as such it is striking that Goethe should have introduced them as symbols of the great religions of the world; their likenesses are found only on coins and pottery; they also appeared as figures on the bowsprits of Phœnician vessels, and were supposed by the mariners to insure protection against shipwreck.

Three only of the Cabiri are brought by the Nereids and Tritons upon their hieroglyphic-covered shield; the ancient Indian, the Egyptian, and the Grecian Mythus are probably indicated. The fourth god, who was not willing to come, must be regarded as the Mosaic Monotheistic religion, which in its abhorrence of symbols would fain keep aloof from the mythological festivity of the Walpurgis-night.

The Cabiri were regarded as seven in number, which, with the introduction of the Egyptian god, was increased to eight. Four have been accounted for; the Sirens inquire "Where are the other three?" They are yet concealed in Olympus; the Buddhist, Mohammedan, and Christian religions belong to the future; they are not yet ready; and there in Olympus abides the eighth god, of whom as yet no one thinks. Goethe may be supposed to refer to his own religious conceptions, which combined the idea of a self-acting nature pervaded by the Deity, with belief in a personal God who could be apprehended by thought, and who comes into direct relation with the human soul. How strongly was Goethe possessed by the idea of the Divine love appears from the following dialogue between Eckermann and himself; the former, struck with admiration at seeing a bird which had been set free re-

turn through the window to fed its young, remarked, "Such parental love, superior to danger and imprisonment, moved me deeply, and I expressed my surprise to Goethe."

"Foolish man!" he replied, with a meaning smile; "if you believed in God you would not wonder. Did not God inspire the bird with this all-powerful love for its young, and did not similar impulses pervade all animate nature, the world could not subsist. But thus is the Divine energy everywhere diffused, and Divine love everywhere active."

To return, however, to the Ægean Sea. The religious element having been introduced by the arrival of the Cabiri, the peaceful festival proceeds, heralded by the Telchines of Rhodes, the mythological fire-workers who forged the trident of Neptune.

Proteus transforms himself into a dolphin, in order to carry Homunculus to the sea; the words which follow are of interest as bearing upon the Darwinian theory. Thales commends the praiseworthy desire to commence creation at the beginning, and assures Homunculus that he shall progress, by eternal laws, through a thousand and still a thousand forms towards his goal, in order eventually to become a man. Thales, the materialistic philosopher, is in error. He regards Homunculus as an organic, whereas he is a spiritual protoplasma. Proteus takes a juster view of the matter, and assures him that if he once becomes a man there will be an end of him. The true destination of ideas is their diffusion, not their incorporation, in individual forms, where they are liable to perish. Meanwhile appear new messengers of peace, the love-enkindled doves sent by Paphos, the island of Galatea.

Should aught of danger threaten, in water or on land, the Pselli and Marsè, the serpent-destroyers, draw near, to establish security and to purify the way for the approach of Galatea. The female element is represented by the Nereids and the Dorides, both daughters of Nereus; the former strong and sturdy, resembling their father, the latter graceful and tender, like their mother Doris. Galatea now draws near, advancing with her innumerable host, in extended chain-circles, symbolizing the path of culture and of progress; such spiral lines were before indicated as described by the Paphian doves, who, in wonderful flight learned in olden time, accompanied the chariot of the goddess. Thus with a revolving, yet ever-advancing motion, comes Galatea, as portrayed in Rafael's beautiful fresco on the walls of the Farnesina Palace at Rome. The lovely sea nymph, being the successor of Aphrodite, the queen of beauty, her apparition forms a fitting prelude to the Helena.

Fain would she stay to greet her aged father; in vain; time's onward movement knows no pause; her innumerable attendants, the representatives of the new epoch, festively follow in her train. Meanwhile the glass of Homunculus gives forth a beautiful sound, and glitters like a flame. He feels the presence of Eros, the primeval god, the origin of all things; he feels the constraining power of infinite longing; he renounces his self-existence; his glass is shattered against the throne of Galatea, and the ideas which constituted his essence are far and wide diffused over the waves. It is interesting to compare the concluding chorus, which celebrates the praise of Eros, with the final chorus of the poem, where Divine love, symbolized as the Mater Gloriosa, is represented as the pervading, all-inspiring principle of the universe.

Act III.

The marriage of Faust with Helena, forming, as it does, a prominent feature of the mediæval legend, belongs to the oldest of Goethe's con-

ceptions, a sketch of it having been brought with him to Weimar in 1775. After his Italian journey, the thought occurred to him that this element of the old legend might be employed to symbolize the union between classical and romantic poetry. In 1825 Byron's individuality and tragic fate, having supplied him with the long-sought motive for his Euphorion, the child of Helena and Faust, the type of modern poetic genius, he applied himself to the completion of the work. Goethe himself directs attention to the fundamental idea which underlies it: "It is time," he says, "that the passionate conflict between the classic and the romantic should at last be reconciled;" and adds, "the delivery of the human mind from the monkish barbarism of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries was largely due to the extended survey then obtained over Greek and Roman literature." We are, moreover, justified, by the poet's own words, in saying that his own inward experience is embodied in this poem; that it symbolizes the union of his own spirit with classical antiquity, together with the refining of his poetic genius, the perfection of artistic form, and the spiritual new birth to which it conducted him.

Thus Helena and Faust represent the culture of two distinct world-epochs, from whose union was to spring a new form of spiritual development, wherein the depth and intensity of sentiment and other characteristics of Mediævalism were to be associated with the harmony, the moderation, the plastic clearness of conception, which formed the chief elements of Grecian art, a spirit which was to exert an enlightening and emancipating influence, not only over poetry, but over life.

This thought finds expression in the description of Arcadia, the imaginary realm over which Faust and Helena are to exercise their united sway. The state of things here described forms a striking contrast to the lawlessness and disorder portrayed in the scene at the Emperor's court, and exhibits the purifying and regenerating influences of ideal beauty, when regarded as the crowning glory of the reign of law.

Act IV.

A Mountain Ridge.

Helena's veil has wafted Faust from the imaginary realms of Arcadia and set him down on German soil; how great has been the distance thus traversed is symbolized by the seven-league boots employed by Mephistopheles to overtake him. The veil dissolves to a cloud, which, mirroring the affections of his soul, take the forms of Helena and Gretchen; art and early love are thus recognized as the ideal powers which raise the spirit above the vulgar and the mean.

Through the contemplation of ideal beauty, Faust has won for his guidance in actual life, the conception of moderation and self-restraint; an aimless activity, the alternate reeling from desire to enjoyment, these have become repulsive to him; this idea underlies the word wherein he gives expression to Goethe's idea of creation, as a process of orderly development as opposed to the Plutonic theory, symbolized by the action of Moloch and other Satanic agencies described by Mephistopheles.

Faust strives no longer after the vague and the undefined; he desires a distinct, practical aim for his activity. Mephistopheles endeavors to divert him from his purpose by the prospect of sensual enjoyment and the lure of fame; Faust, however, does not swerve from his ideal; not art, but life, is the true aim of life; to realize man's highest welfare is the problem of humanity. The sea-waves, breaking with unfettered violence upon the strand, barren themselves and causing barrenness,

are the symbols of the ungoverned impulses of his early life; both shall now be restrained, and a region recovered from the lawless elements where a free people may dwell upon a free soil. Faust is no longer the type of isolated genius; he has learned the great lesson that "man is made for man," and that all efforts must be glorified by consecration to the service of humanity.

Upon the Headland.

Here the masquerade of the first act is realized in actual life; the Emperor, made apparently rich by the influx of paper money, has, in accordance with the character there attributed to him, let things take their course, till the insurrection, symbolized by the magical conflagration, has actually broken out. Faust helps to suppress it, that he may thus obtain the privilege of reclaiming a tract of land from the sea. In his description of the battle and its accompaniments, Goethe directs his irony against the admirers of Mediævalism, with its party hatreds, gross popular superstitions, and strange military paraphernalia. The three mighty men represent the more brutal aspects of war.

The Rival Emperor's Tent.

In the hour of victory the Emperor speaks proud words, and tells how he had turned his gaze inward, and has learnt through the experience of years the value of the moment. Nevertheless, in this crisis of his affairs, instead of applying himself to the establishment of good government, he forthwith augments the power of the princes, and, that they may give lustre to his court, he allows them to oppress the people by the arbitrary imposition of taxes. Goethe here exhibits the Golden Bull, by which the Emperor, Charles VI., in the Reichtag at Mainz, 1356, defined the hereditary offices of the Kurfursts. Hollow pomp and artificial ceremonialism take the place of genuine political activity. The insurrection had been promoted by the clergy, whose bigotry and rapacity are strikingly exhibited in the person of the Archbishop. We have here a picture of the political state of Germany from the days of Faust to the days of Goethe. Such a state of things offered no sphere for the high and earnest purpose of Faust, which, for its realization, must create for itself a new and appropriate sphere.

Act V.

Open Country.

The names of Philemon and Baucis recall the ancient pair whose piety is celebrated by Ovid. "These names," said Eckermann to Goethe, "transport me to the Phrygian coast, and remind me of the famous couple of antiquity. But our scene belongs to modern days, and a Christian landscape."

"My Philemon and Baucis," said Goethe, "have nothing to do with that renowned ancient couple and the tradition connected with them. I gave this couple the names merely to elevate the characters."

The return of the wanderer to the scene of his shipwreck in bygone years shows us the magnitude of the work accomplished by Faust, in reclaiming from the now distant sea a vast area of fertile and thickly-peopled land.

The Palace.

"Faust," said Goethe to Eckermann, "when he appears in the fifth act, should, according to my design, be exactly a hundred years old; and I rather think it would be well expressly to say so in some pas-

sage." His desire to appropriate the cottage of the aged pair exemplifies the familiar experience that new desires are awakened by the consciousness of success; that the lust for power is too often generated by the possession of power. Thus Faust grows weary of being just; he cannot brook opposition. The aged pair are to be deprived of their inheritance, and to receive in compensation a new estate.

Deep Night.

Such unrestrained self-will is, however, sinful egotism, and its exercise is often attended by consequences more disastrous than were anticipated. The cottage, the chapel, and the linden-trees perish in the flames. Faust vainly laments the impatient deed, still hoping that the aged couple, in the enjoyment of their new estate, will forgive the destruction of their property; he has to learn, however, that the arrow when it has left the bow is no longer under the control of the archer. On hearing from Mephistopheles that the aged pair, together with their guest, have perished in the flames, he curses the savage execution of his command. He cannot, however, prevent that the smoke of the murderous conflagration shall shape itself into vague shadowy figures, tormenting spirits that hover round him, presageful of approaching death.

Midnight.

Faust now recognizes that he has not yet attained true freedom, perfect self-control; that imperious interference with the established order, expressed by magic, has become habitual to him; he would now fain stand face to face with the world in simple humanity, and with that very patience which had been the object of his special curse. Nevertheless he manfully fights with Care, which now seeks to embitter his last hours; he abides by his resolve to speak no magic word, no longer through self-will forcefully to interrupt the established order; and thus, though the outward power of vision is extinguished, a spiritual light arises within his soul. The fact that he does not murmur against his calamity, that he patiently bears it and elevates himself above it, in the joy of beneficial activity, reveals that his reconciliation with the moral order has been achieved.

Fore-court of the Palace.

Faust recognizes in his dying speech that genuine freedom is no external possession; that it is the permanent enfranchisement of the human spirit, which can only be achieved and maintained through constantly repeated effort. He hopes to stand with a free people upon a free soil; he recognizes that he has labored for the highest welfare of humanity, and inspired by such thoughts he can address to the moment the fateful words, "Linger awhile, so fair thou art!" In accordance with his compact, this should be his death-hour; there is here a direct allusion to his curse in the first part; "The clock stands still, the index falls"—as there indicated, his earthly career is ended.

We must now inquire into the significance of the compact, one condition of which is thus fulfilled. As the wager between the Lord and Mephistopheles had preceded the compact, Faust could not unconditionally sign away his soul. Mephistopheles was to be Faust's servant here, and in return Faust was to be surrendered to him when they met in the world beyond. Would this come to pass? That is the question. The answer depends upon whether Mephistopheles has succeeded in dragging Faust upon the downward way, or whether the higher elements of Faust's nature have eventually triumphed over the lower.

The moment which he would fain arrest finds him possessed not by sinful egotistic desires, but by aspirations in harmony with the highest moral order.

In speaking of the conclusion of "Faust," Goethe directed Eckermann's attention to the following passage: —

> "Saved is this noble soul from ill,
> Our spirit peer. Whoever
> Strives forward with unswerving will,
> Him can we aye deliver;
> And if with him celestial love
> Hath taken part, — to meet him
> Come down the angels from above;
> With cordial hail they greet him."

"In these lines," said he, "is contained the key to Faust's salvation. In Faust himself there is an activity which becomes constantly higher and purer to the end, and from above there is eternal love coming to his aid. This harmonizes perfectly with our religious views, according to which we cannot obtain heavenly bliss through our own strength alone, but with the assistance of Divine grace."

Goethe recognized that the human spirit is an imperishable essence, an ever-unfolding energy, which, like the sun, appears only to the bodily eye to set, but in reality shines on without intermission; he maintained that the best proof of our immortality is that we cannot do without it. So Kant also named it a postulate of the practical reason, a necessary condition of our moral self-consciousness. The traditional conceptions of heaven and hell, of devil and angels, are accepted by him as mythical symbols of ideal truth; as he himself said, "amid such supersensual matters, I might easily have lost myself in the vague, if I had not, by means of sharply drawn figures and images from the Christian church, given my poetical design a desirable form and substance."

The contest between devils and angels for the soul of the dying, as portrayed in mediæval pictures and wood-carvings, formed the kernel of the "Moralities." In the letter of Judas, verse 9, it is mentioned that the archangel Michael quarrelled with the devil over the soul of Moses; a legend to which Goethe alludes in the "Xenien."

Hell yawns below, heaven opens above, and the angels descend to awaken life, to bring aid and salvation to the sinner, and to manifest to all nature the richness of Divine grace.

How often in pictures angels are represented scattering roses, which however become burning flames to the devils; just as in the depraved soul, which has lost the capacity for ideal enjoyment, the vision of pure beauty awakens only the torment of ungratified desire. This is experienced by Mephistopheles.

The form of the mediæval Latin hymns is reproduced in the angels' songs, which intentionally echo those of the Easter morning of the first part.

Between the musical harp-like tones of the angels' songs are heard in wonderful contrast the discordant utterances of Mephistopheles, as he now exhorts the devils to pluck off the Psyche-wings of Faust's soul, now recognizes and deplores his own lustful and futile cravings. Thus he retires, like the stupid devil in the popular religious plays, self-deceived, rather than deceived by others.

In Goethe's treatment of the subject, as in the mediæval dramas, the humorous element is associated with the earnest conception of the struggle between heaven and hell; the poet has ventured to blend together the sublime and the burlesque, heavenly peace and demoniacal desire, and has succeeded.

Mountain-gorge, Woods, Rocks, and Desert-place.

The song of the angels who bear aloft the immortal part of Faust contains, according to Goethe's own confession to Eckermann (ii. 350), the key to his deliverance: the providence of God, guiding men from error and perplexity to freedom and light, corresponds to the innate tendency to goodness and truth implanted in the human soul. This thought embodied in the Prologue in Heaven, finds expression also in the Epilogue.

As the Prologue in Heaven was suggested to Goethe by the Book of Job, so the Epilogue reminds us of Dante. If the poet desired to bring the supersensual sphere before the spiritual gaze, and at the same time poetically to represent the blessed immortality of the human soul, his object was most effectually accomplished by freely employing the conceptions wherewith Christianity, from the earliest times, had endeavored to symbolize the infinite and unseen, and which no one has set forth with greater nobleness than Dante. As the Florentine bard is conducted by Beatrice, the beloved of his youth, so Faust is led to higher spheres by Gretchen. Both symbolize the glorified spirit, a ray of the everlasting truth and love. As in the vision of Dante, the mountain of purification rises from earth to heaven, from the summit of which the purified spirits soar aloft, while angels descend from the celestial spheres, so Goethe transports us to an eminence, where anchorites and hermits, hovered round by glorified spirits, dedicate themselves to the worship of the Divine. The mountains of Montserrat, near Barcelona, with its hermitages, nestling amid the loftiest and most rugged summits, of which William von Humboldt had sent the poet a masterly description, doubtless hovered before his mental eye.

Pater Ecstaticus, lifted above the earth by the heavenward impulse of his soul, as is related of St. Theresa and Philip Neri, together with expressions of sorrow for sin and heavenly rapture, blends the passionate longing to be redeemed from everything transient, and purified from all earthly dross.

Pater Profundus (who recalls Bernhard of Clairvaux or Thomas of Bradwardyne), in strains which harmonize with the song of the Archangels in the Prologue, gives expression to the hope that the Eternal Love, all-embracing, all-sustaining, ever actively beneficent, may deliver him from the earthly limitations which imprison his spirit as with bonds of pain, and lead him to freedom and to light.

Pater Seraphicus (the representative, perchance, of Francis of Assisi or Bonaventura) offers his eyes as organs of sense to the blessed boys, early deceased, that they may thus acquire some knowledge of the earth, which they were obliged to forsake before they had attained to perfect consciousness. He intimates that God's presence, pervading all things, is the eternal source of strength, and that to recognize the revelation of His love, whose goal is the blessedness of His creatures, is the spirit's true nourishment.

Emanuel Swedenborg imagined himself to be in communication with spirits, who entered into him in order, through his senses, to obtain the perception and knowledge of earthly things.

Faust's association with the blessed boys recalls the words of Jesus, that we must become as little children, in order to enter into the kingdom of heaven; while their desire to learn from him, and the rapidity with which he outgrows them, indicate the significance which attaches to our earthly existence, with its intellectual and moral striving, for all futurity.

The soul of Faust is not yet free from the dross of earth, and it is intimated by the more perfect angels that God's eternal love is alone

able to purify the spirit from the lower elements with which it has been associated, and to bring it into harmony with the eternal goodness. Faust is at length freed from the old coil of earthly bondage, and Gretchen can exclaim with joy, that his first truthful strength shines forth, full and beautiful, from its ethereal robes.

It is the privilege of poetry thus to give expression to the deepest yearning of the human heart. Doctor Marianus, like the scholastic doctor, Duns Scotus, derives his name from the worship of the Virgin Mary. The womanly element, impersonating Love, as an essential principle in the divine nature, has manifested itself in all ancient religions. Goethe has here followed the symbolism of mediæval art. The Mater Gloriosa is here introduced as the manifestation of Divine mercy, which, with saving power, is near to all those who confidingly seek it.

Three pardoned sinners implore that Gretchen, who has sinned without evil intention, may be received into eternal blessedness; Mary Magdalene and the woman of Samaria are known to us from the Gospels; the story of the Egyptian Mary (Mary Ægyptiaca) is related in the legend of the saints.

Gretchen's rapturous words, intentionally on the part of the poet, recalls the prayer of anguish addressed by her to the Mater Dolorosa, in the first part. The whole image is bathed in light. The Mystical Chorus (Chorus Mysticus) reminds us that all things visible and transient are only types of the unseen and eternal; only symbolically can the world beyond be represented. There will be perfected what on earth is fragmentary or incomplete. The ever-womanly, type of pure, self-sacrificing love, the innermost core of woman's nature, makes us one with God.